Our Gang

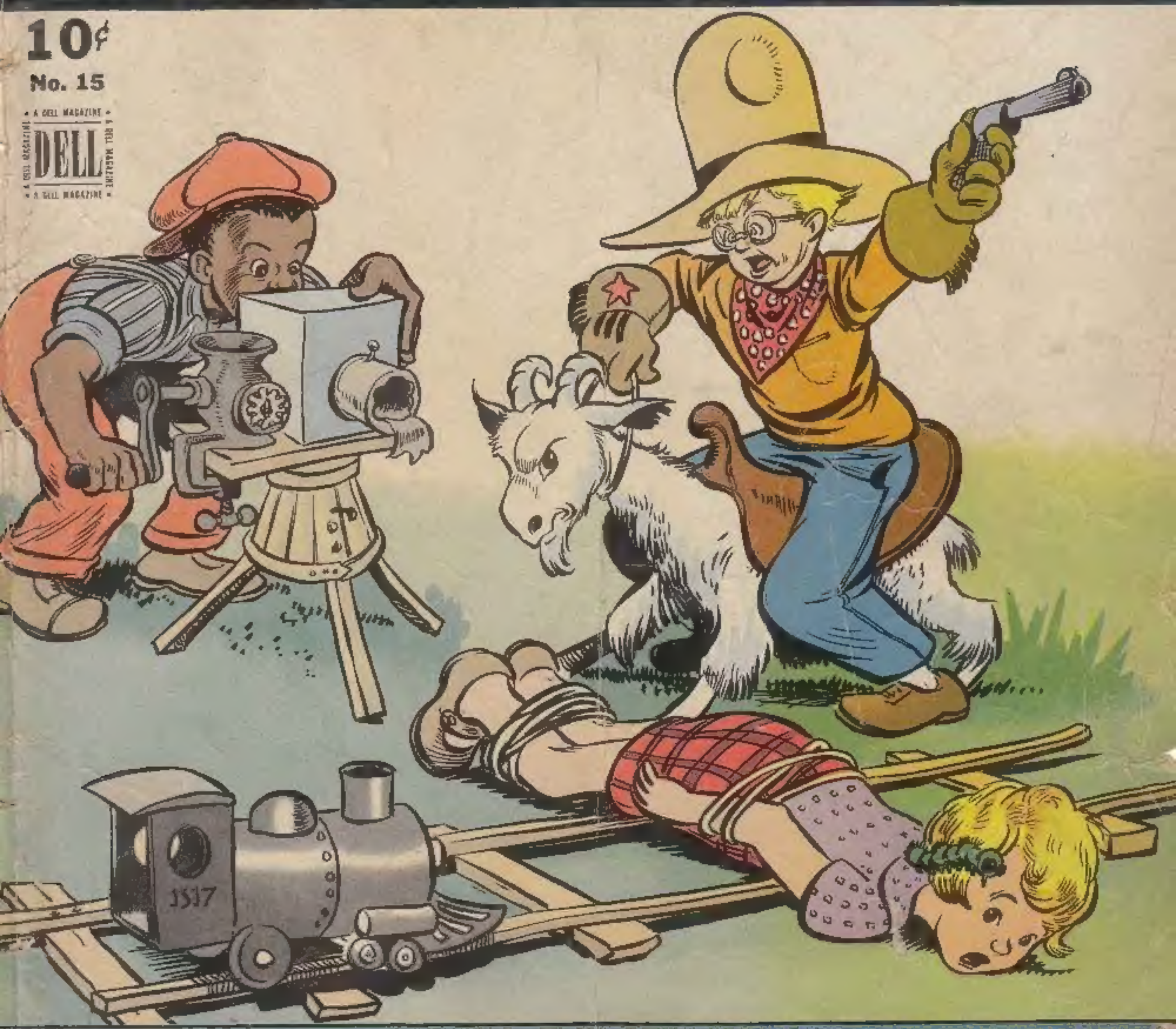
JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1946 COMICS

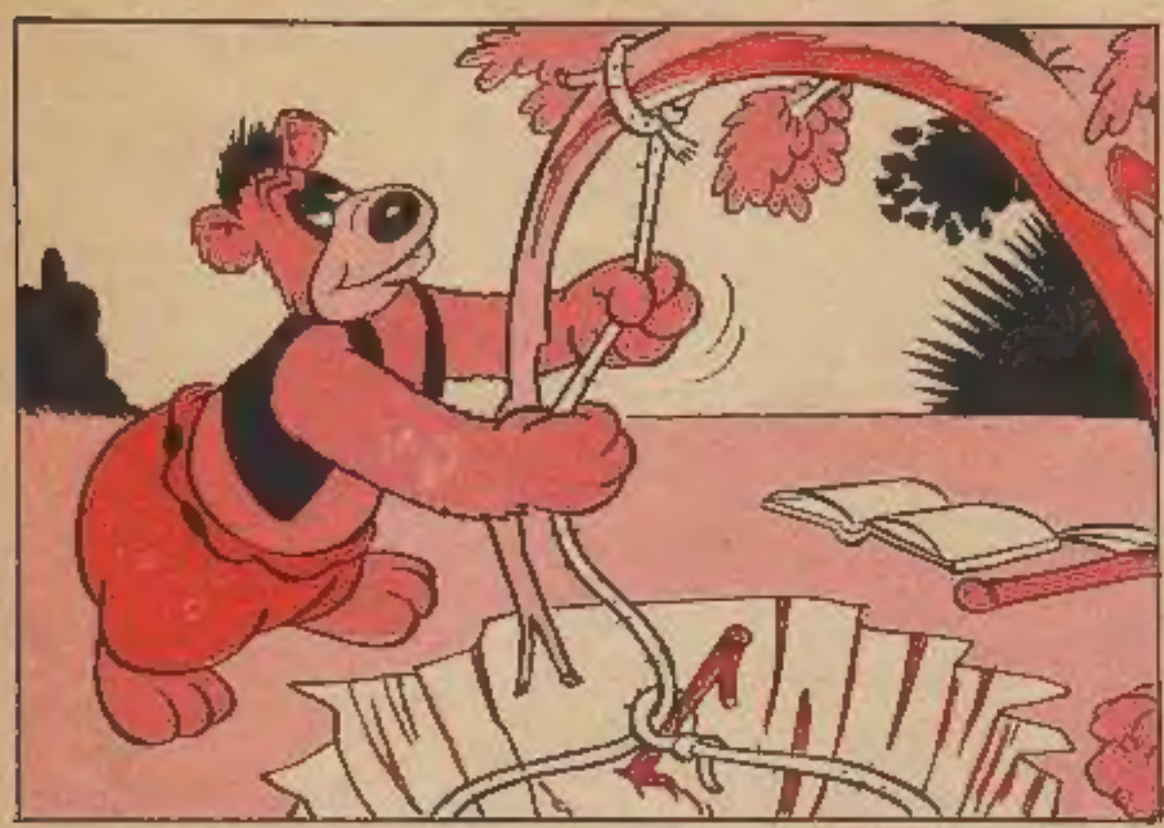
10¢

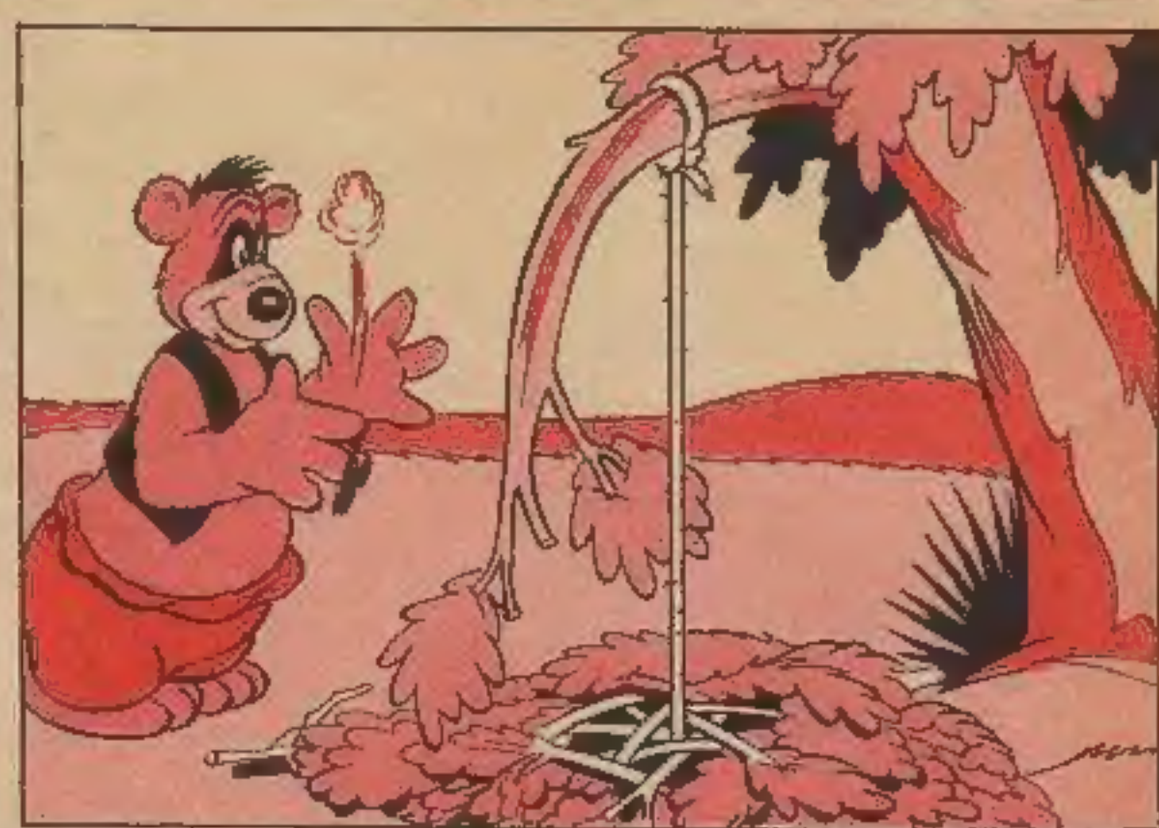
No. 15

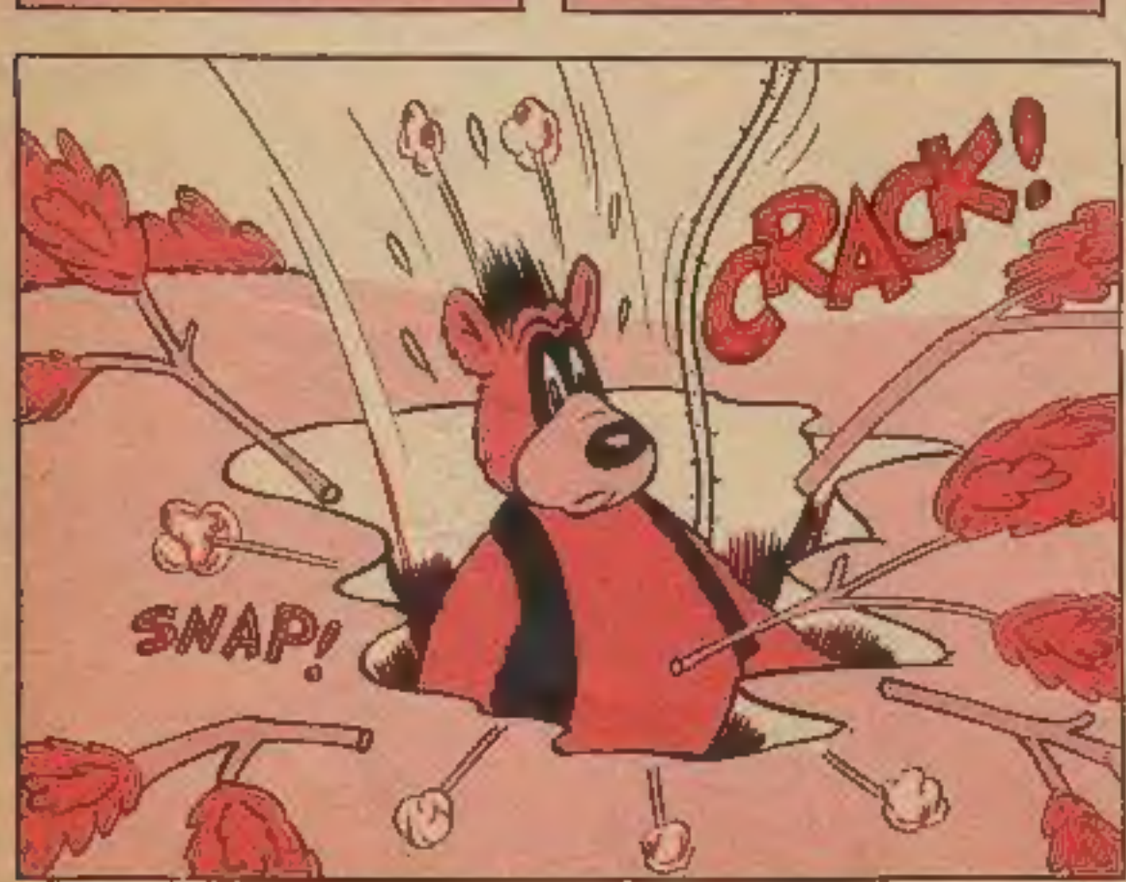
A DELL MAGAZINE

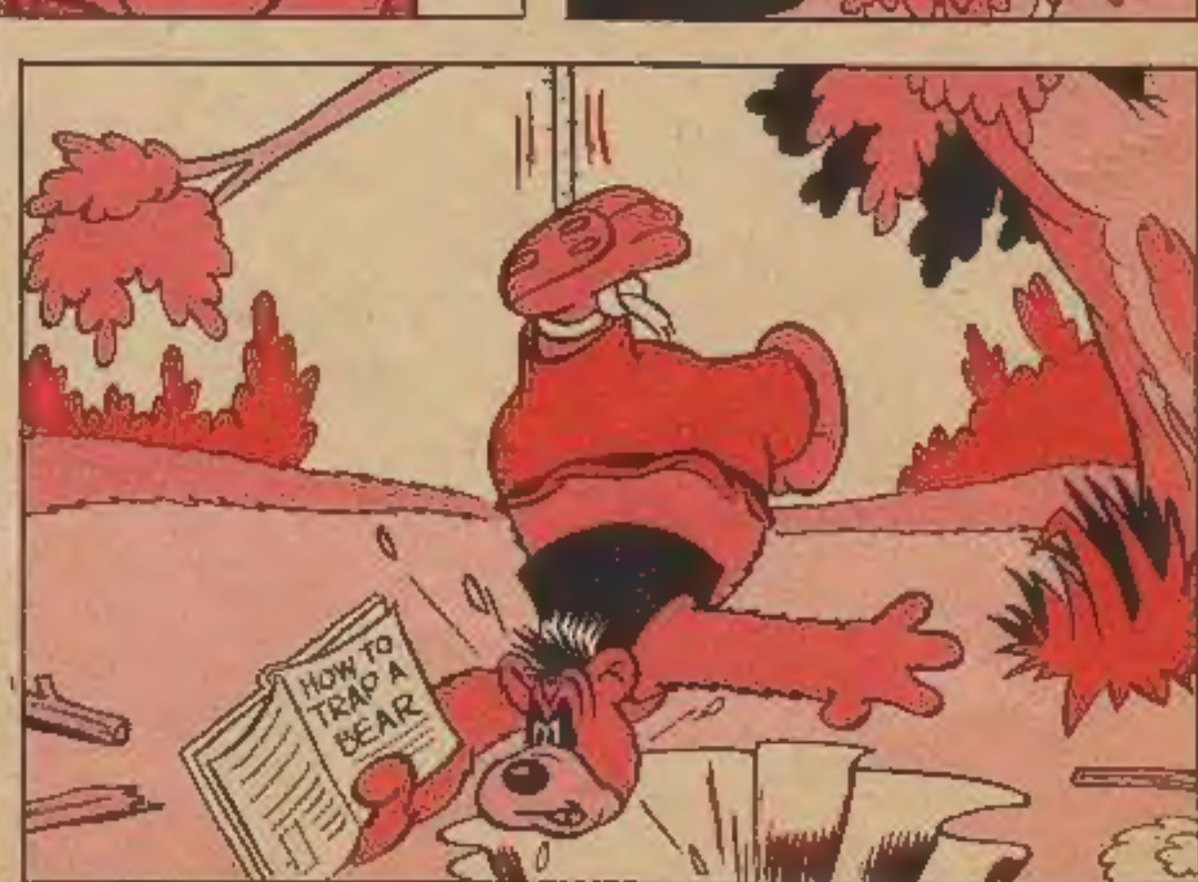
DELL











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Our Gang

GOSH, FROGGIE, YOU'VE BEEN INVENTIN' STUFF ALL MORNING— WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

KEEP OUT. PROF. FROGGIE inventor

THE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY, RED!

AAAH—EVERY INVENTOR SAYS THAT!

MR. McDOUGAL, IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T BELITTLE YOUR ELDERS.

ELDERS—NUTS! ELDERBERRIES TO YOU!

YOU'RE NOT MORE'N A MONTH ELDER'N ME!

LEMME SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

STAND BACK, RED!

WITHIN THIS HERE BOX, THERE REPOSES A INVENTION, THE LIKE OF WHICH NEVER WAS SEEN BY MAN BEFORE!

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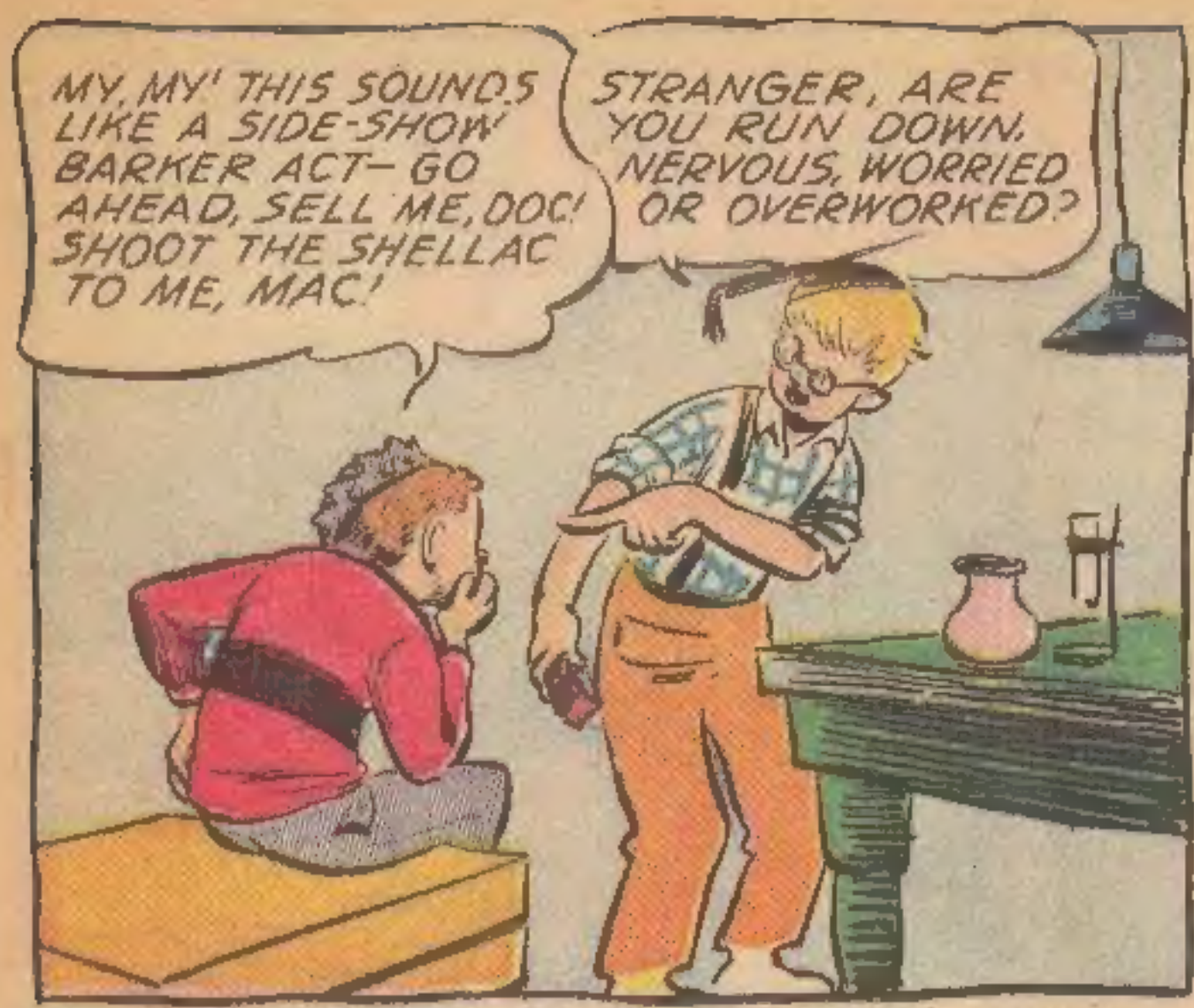
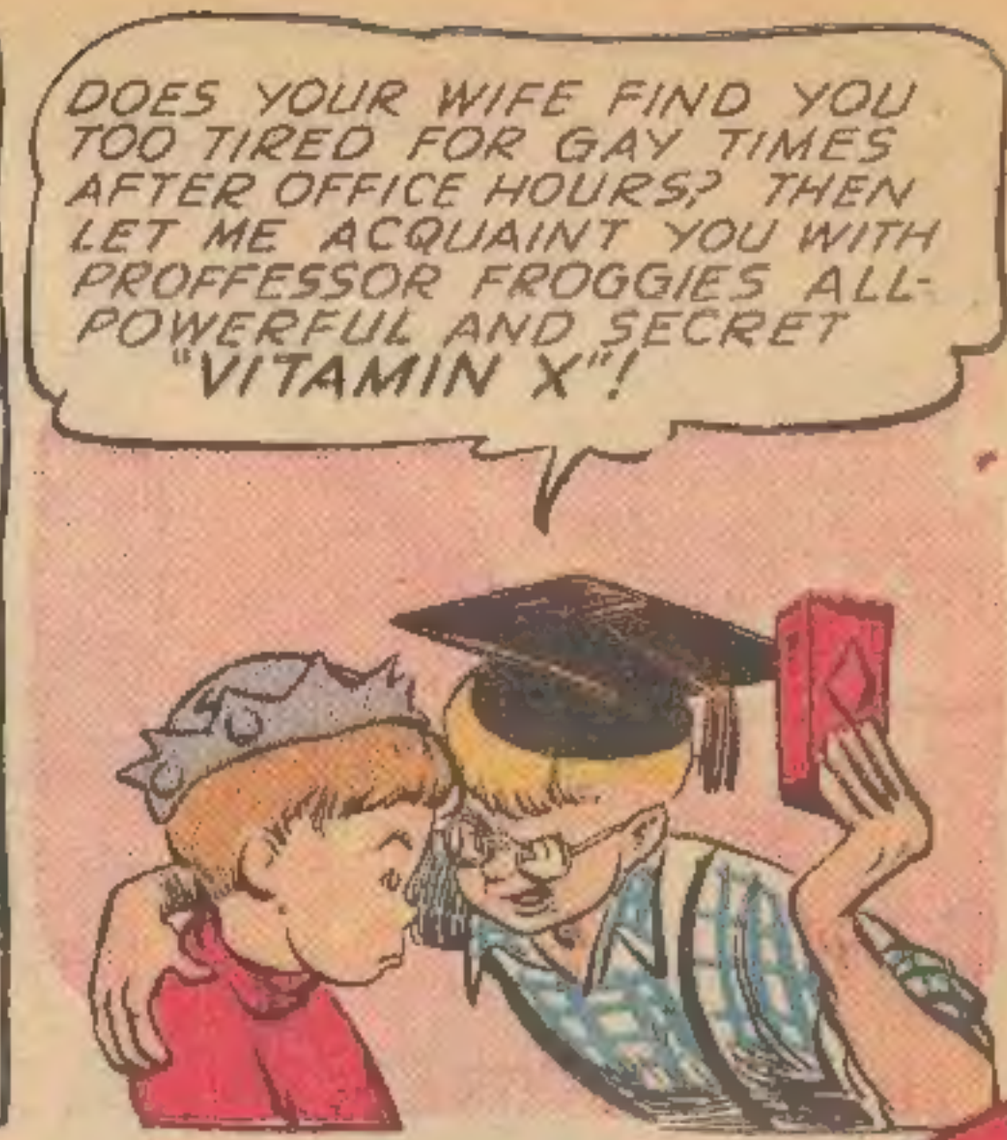
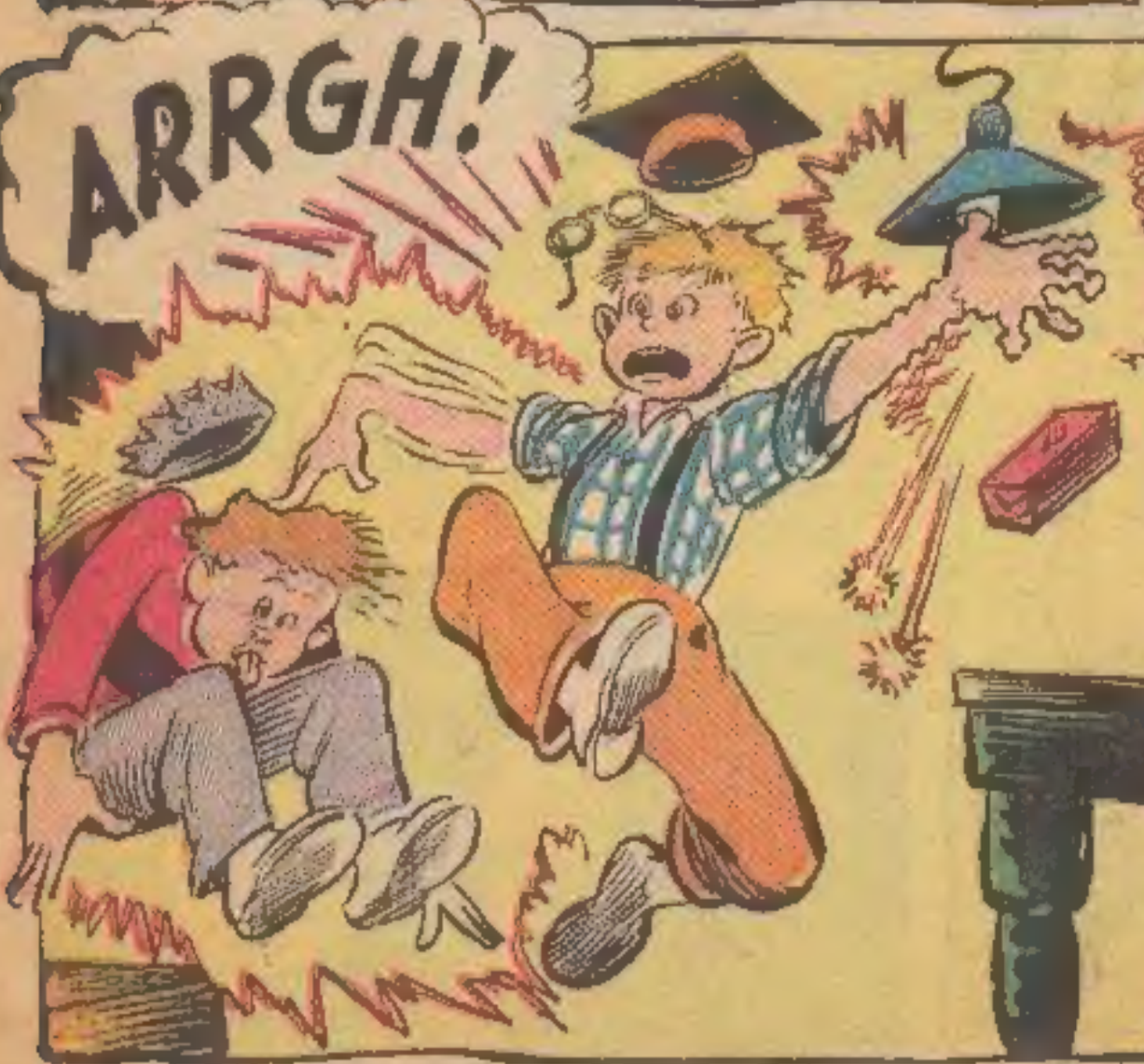

MY, MY! THIS SOUNDS LIKE A SIDE-SHOW BARKER ACT— GO AHEAD, SELL ME, DOC! SHOOT THE SHELLAC TO ME, MAC!
STRANGER, ARE YOU RUN DOWN, NERVOUS, WORRIED OR OVERWORKED?


DOES YOUR WIFE FIND YOU TOO TIRED FOR GAY TIMES AFTER OFFICE HOURS? THEN LET ME ACQUAINT YOU WITH PROFFESSOR FROGGIES ALL-POWERFUL AND SECRET "VITAMIN X"!

NOW, I PERSONALLY HAVE MIXED THE FORMULA AND PERSONALLY HAVE SWALLOWED A SAMPLE... IT IS PLEASANT TO THE PALATE, PLEASING TO THE EYE AN'—
OH, BROTHER! WHAT A CORNY ROUTINE!

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE A DEMONSTRATION.
SURE!

120 W
ZOWIE!


ARRGH!

JUMPIN' GINGERBREAD! I ONLY TOOK A LITTLE OF THAT STUFF—BOY! IT MADE ME A REGULAR PAUL BUNYAN!
YOU'RE NOT LYIN', CHUM! THAT STUFF 'S T.N.T. PLUS!

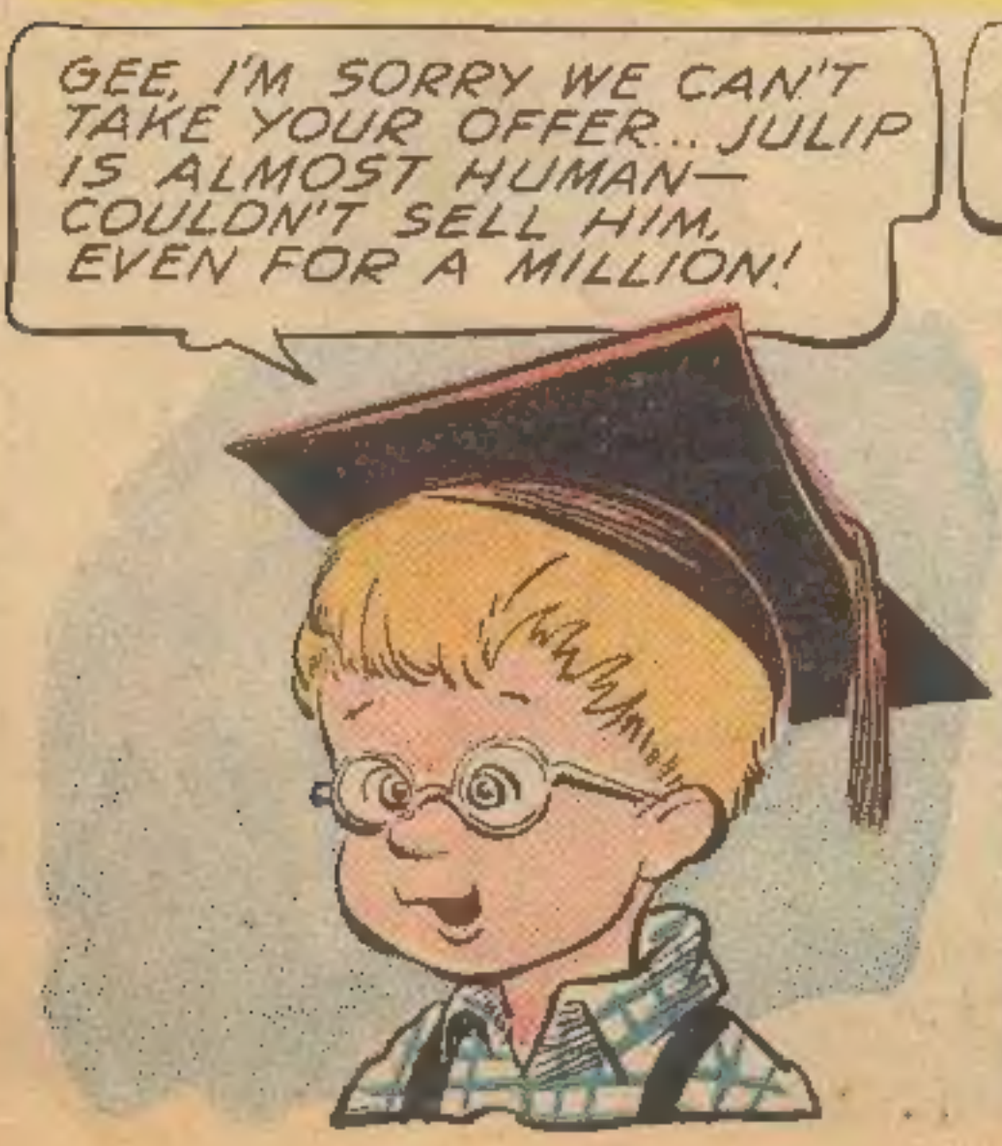
THAT SETTLES IT, RED! THIS STUFF IS VALUABLE! IT PROBABLY IS THE BEST VITAMIN THAT'S EVER BEEN MADE!

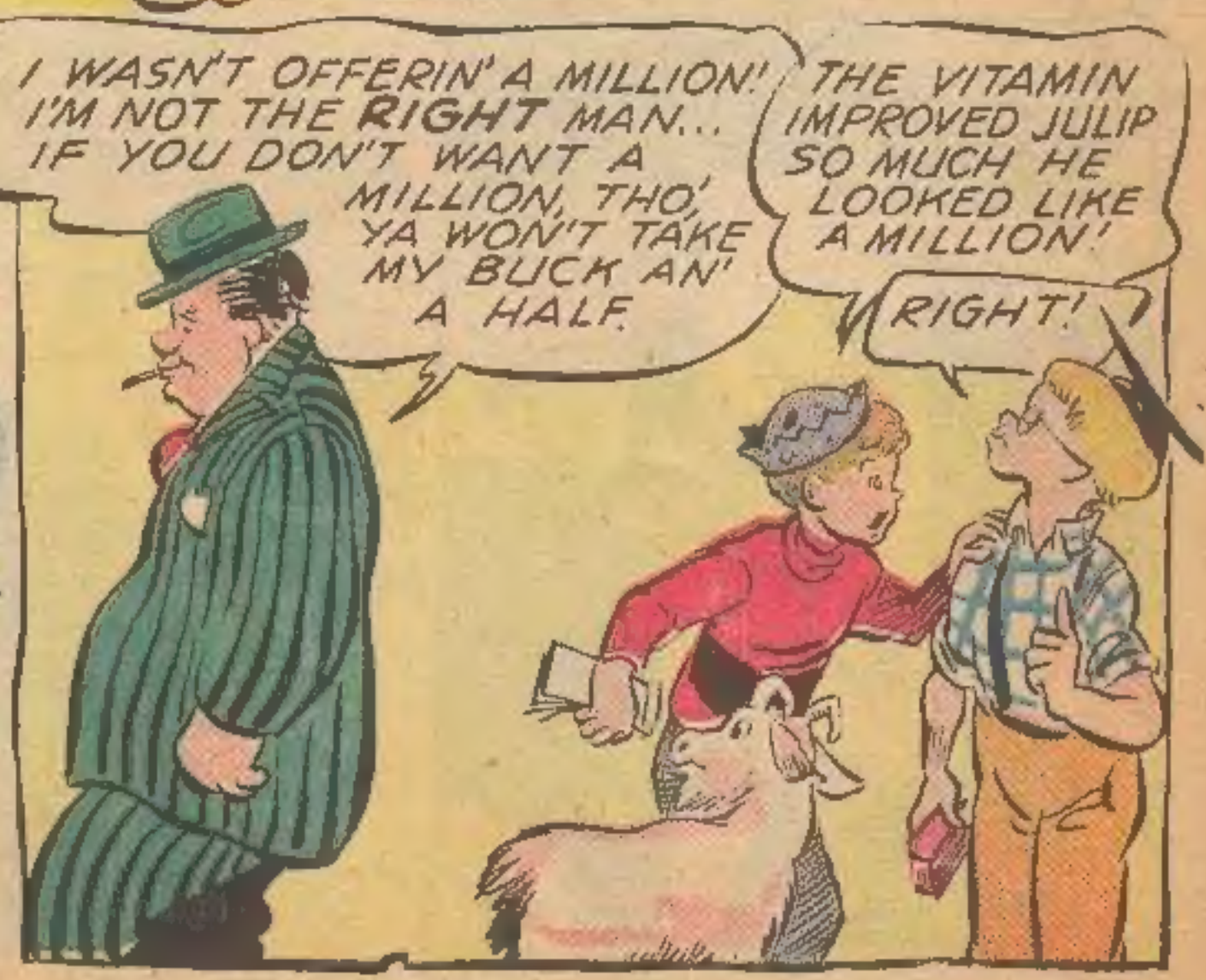
HERE, JULIP, TRY SOME OF THIS... IT'LL MAKE YOU A LOT FRISKIER THAN TIN CANS WILL.

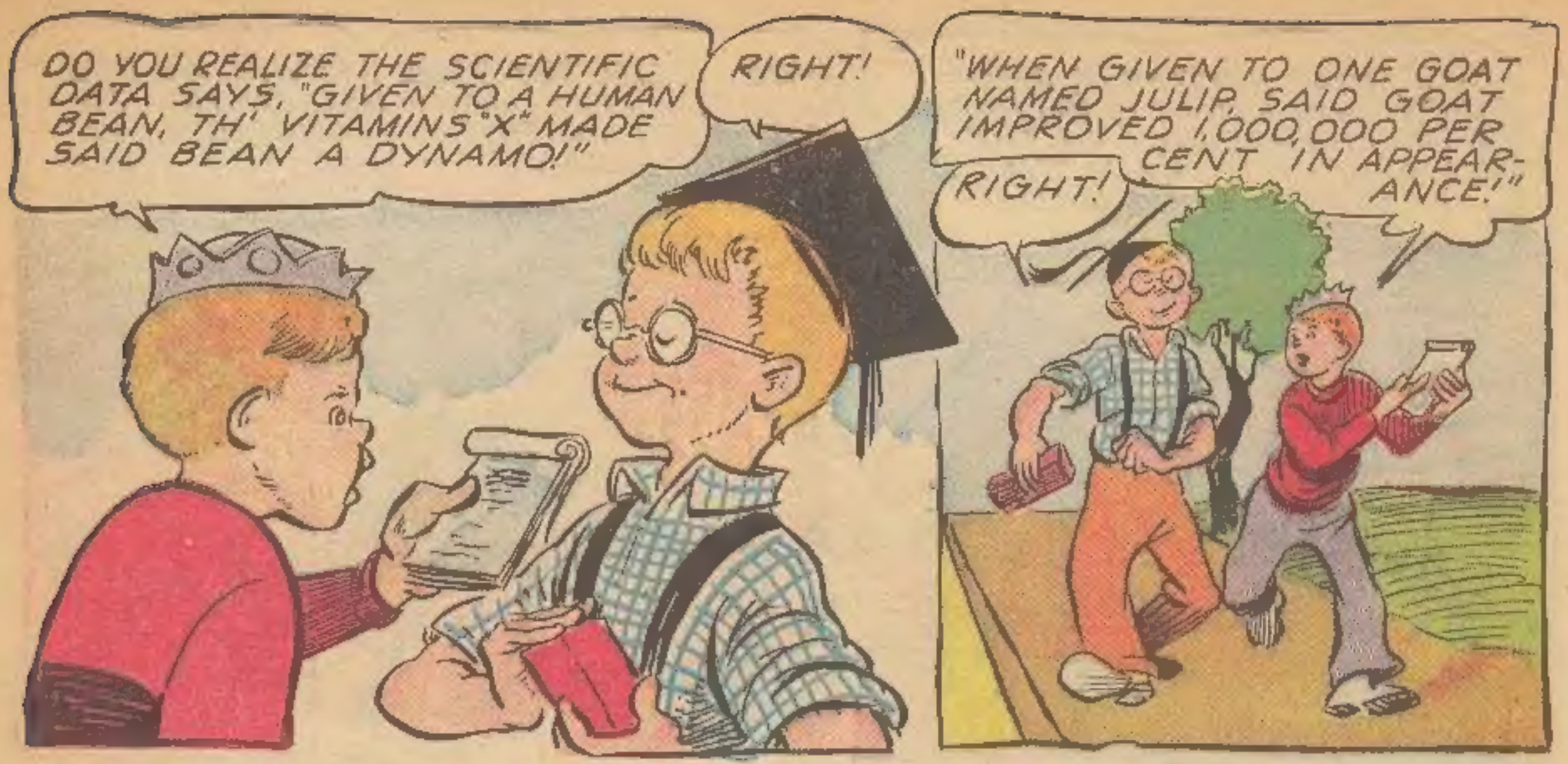
WAIT! AS ONE SCIENTIST TO ANOTHER, WE BETTER KEEP DATA ON THIS EXPERIMENT.

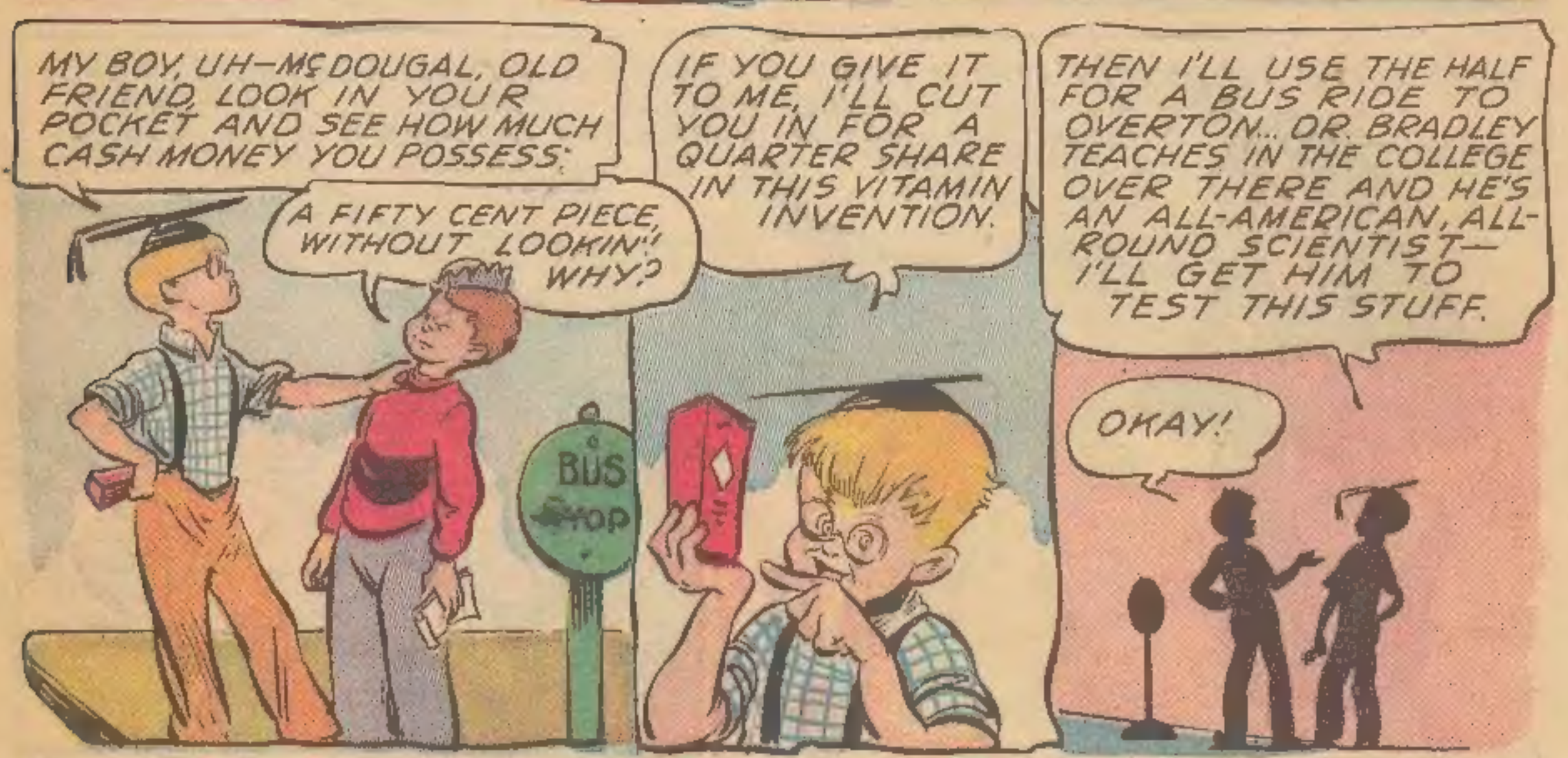
H'LO, KIDS! I'M LOOKIN' FOR A GOAT FOR MY KID—TO PULL A CART, YOU KNOW. IS THIS GOAT FER SALE?

THAT'S A THORO'BRED GOAT—WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE RIGHT MAN.
NOBODY EVER OFFERED US A DIME BEFORE!


GEE, I'M SORRY WE CAN'T TAKE YOUR OFFER... JULIP IS ALMOST HUMAN—COULDN'T SELL HIM, EVEN FOR A MILLION!

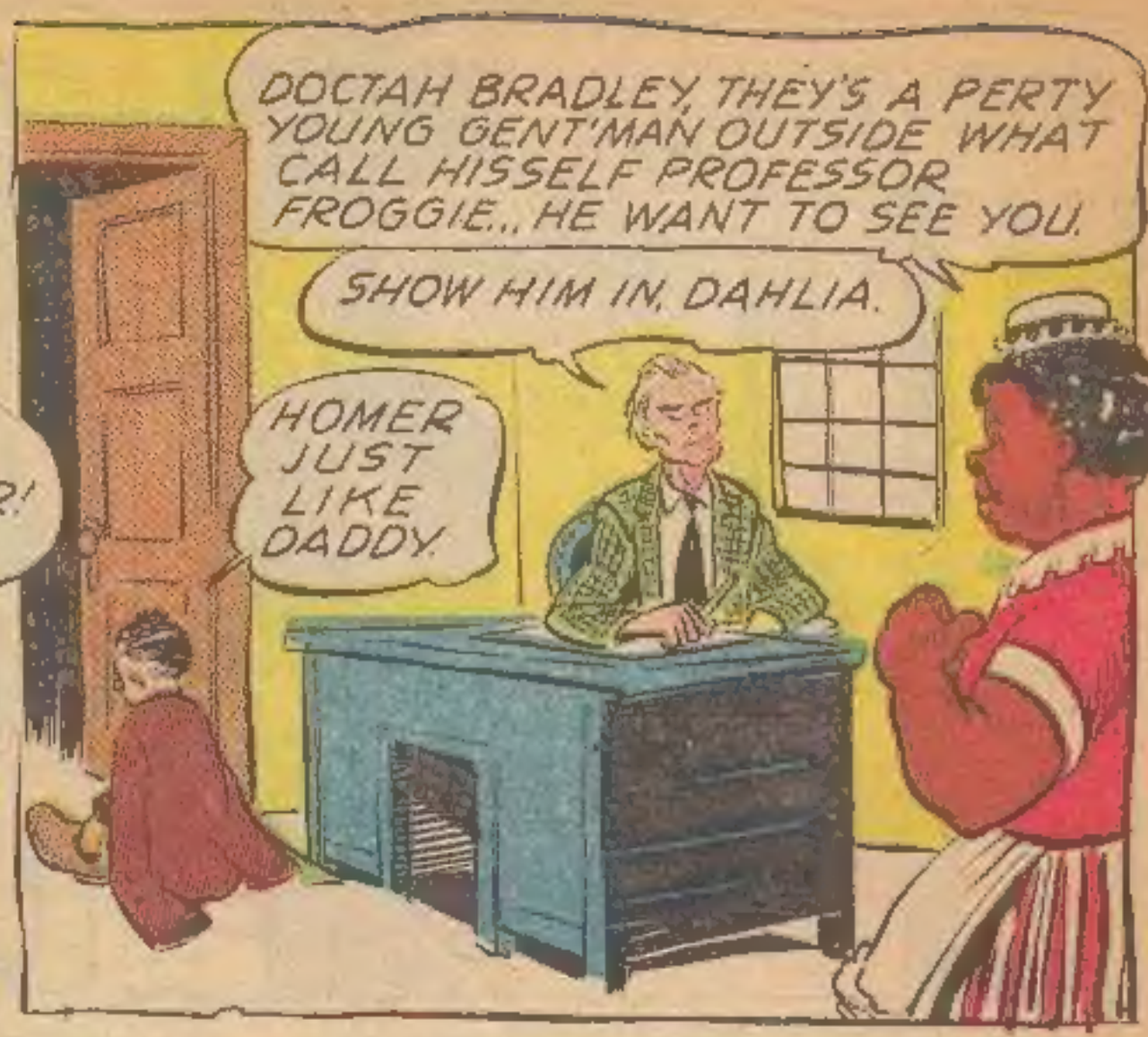

I WASN'T OFFERIN' A MILLION! I'M NOT THE RIGHT MAN... IF YOU DON'T WANT A MILLION, THO', YA WON'T TAKE MY BUCK AN' A HALF.
THE VITAMIN IMPROVED JULIP SO MUCH HE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION!
RIGHT!





AND IN THE HOME OF DOCTOR BRADLEY IN OVERTON

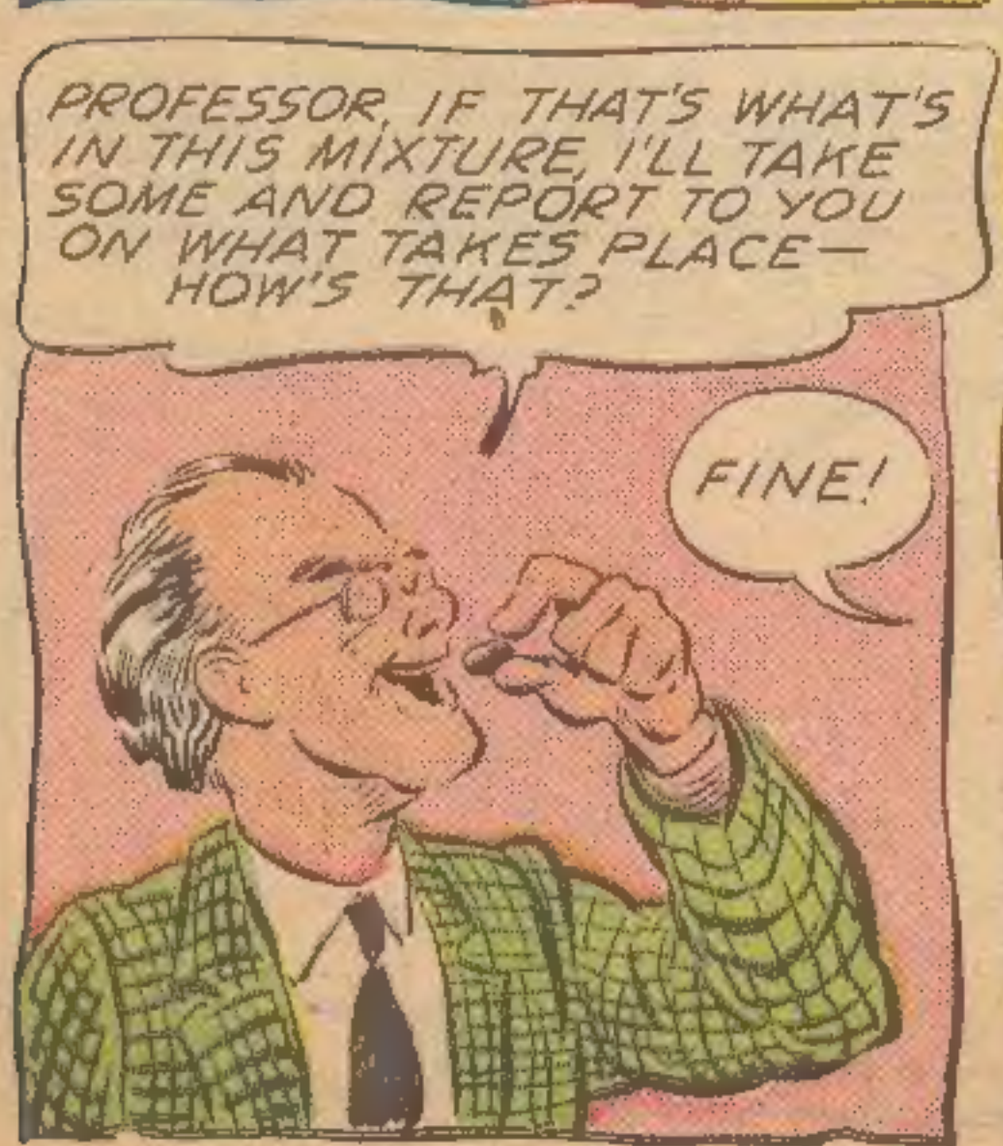
YESSIRREE! IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU—JUST TELL THEM YOU'RE DOCTOR BRADLEY!
HOMER PLAY DOCTOR!


DOCTAH BRADLEY, THEY'S A PERTY YOUNG GENT'MAN OUTSIDE WHAT CALL HISSELF PROFESSOR FROGGIE... HE WANT TO SEE YOU.
SHOW HIM IN, DAHLIA.
HOMER JUST LIKE DADDY.

WELL, WELL, SO YOU SAY YOU'VE INVENTED A SUPER-VITAMIN? HOW DO YOU KNOW?
WE TESTED IT—AND IT WORKS! NOW WE WANT YOU TO TEST IT.

WHAT'S IN IT? THAT'S IMPORTANT.

WELL, FRANKLY, I JUST MIXED UP A BUNCH OF ALL KINDS OF VITAMIN TABLETS, ADDED WATER AND LET 'EM DRY OUT—AND GOT THIS STUFF HERE.


PROFESSOR, IF THAT'S WHAT'S IN THIS MIXTURE, I'LL TAKE SOME AND REPORT TO YOU ON WHAT TAKES PLACE—HOW'S THAT?
FINE!

GOODBYE, PROFESSOR, I'LL WRITE YOU A REPORT.
THANKS, DOCTOR.

HOMER GO OUT... ME PLAY DOCTOR!
GO AHEAD, SON! EVERYBODY IS A SCIENTIST TODAY.

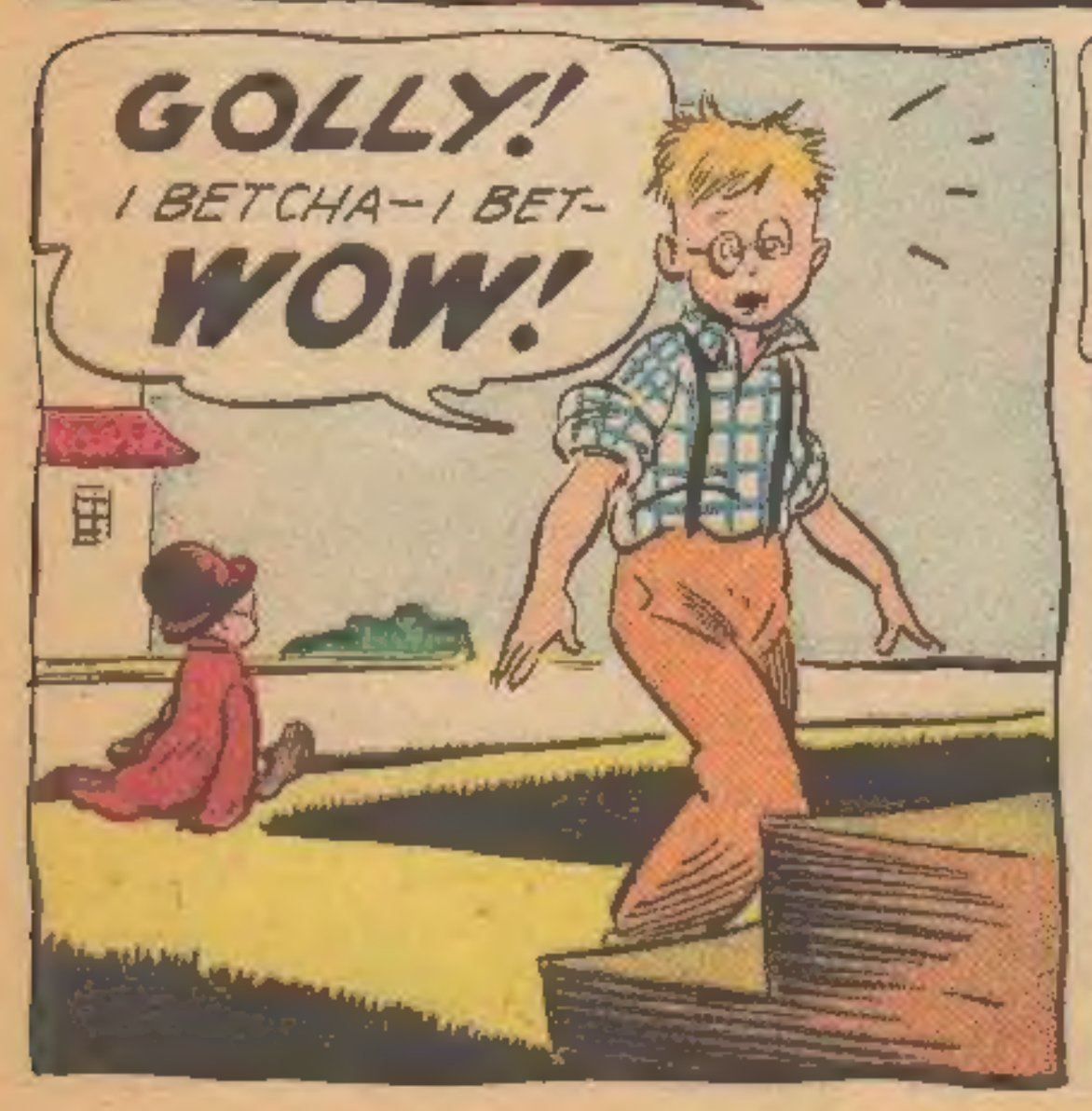
SHUCKS! I FORGOT MY PROFESSOR'S HAT—HAVE TO GO BACK! BESIDES, I DIDN'T GIVE THE DOC MY ADDRESS.

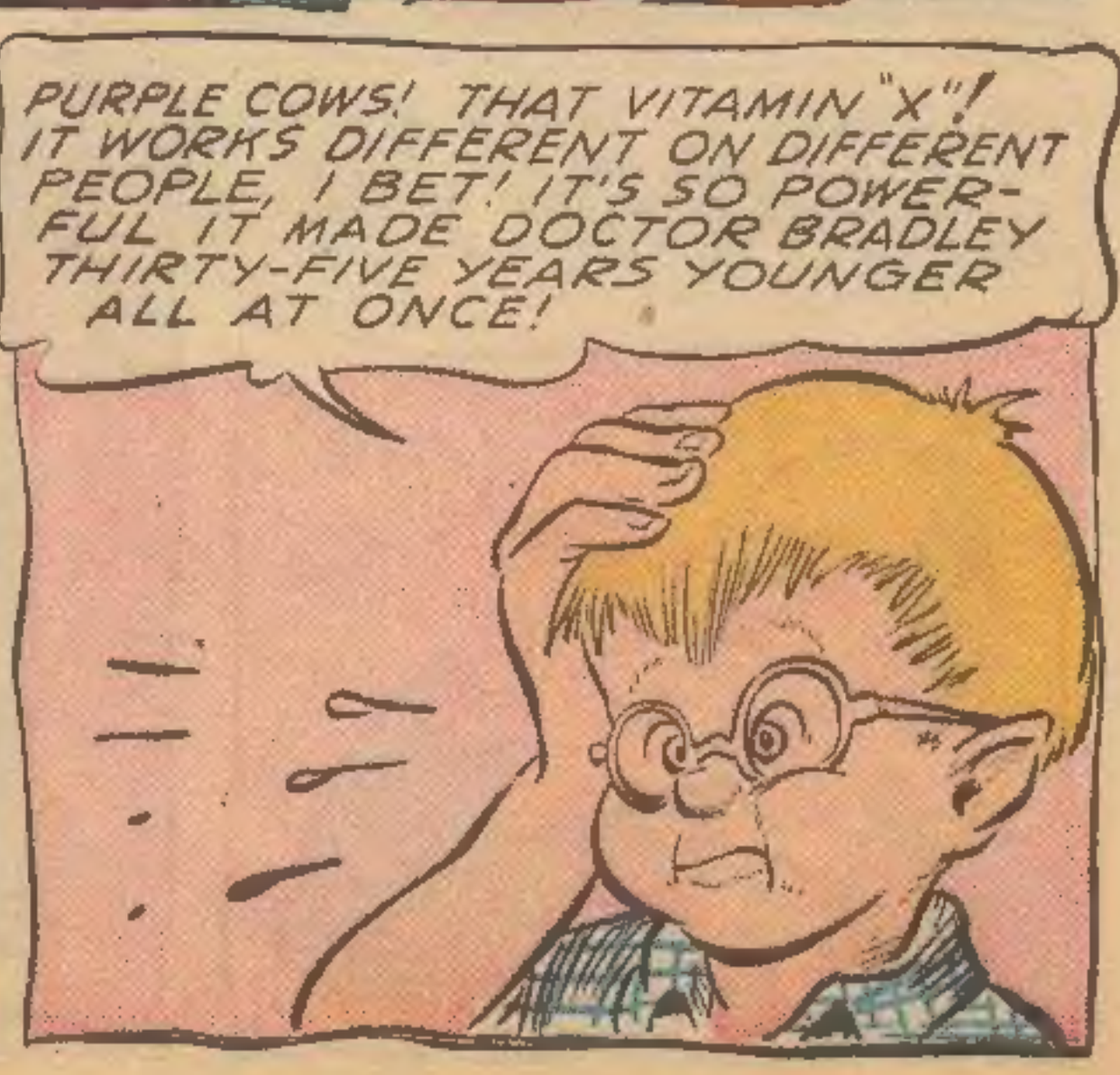
THERE'S THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE... I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD A LITTLE BOY.

WELL, WELL! YOU LOOK JUST LIKE DR. BRADLEY! YOU MUST BE HIS LITTLE BOY!
ME NO LITTLE BOY.

ME DOCTOR BRADLEY!

WELL, THAT'S FINE! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE COLLEGE.
SURE! ME TEACH!

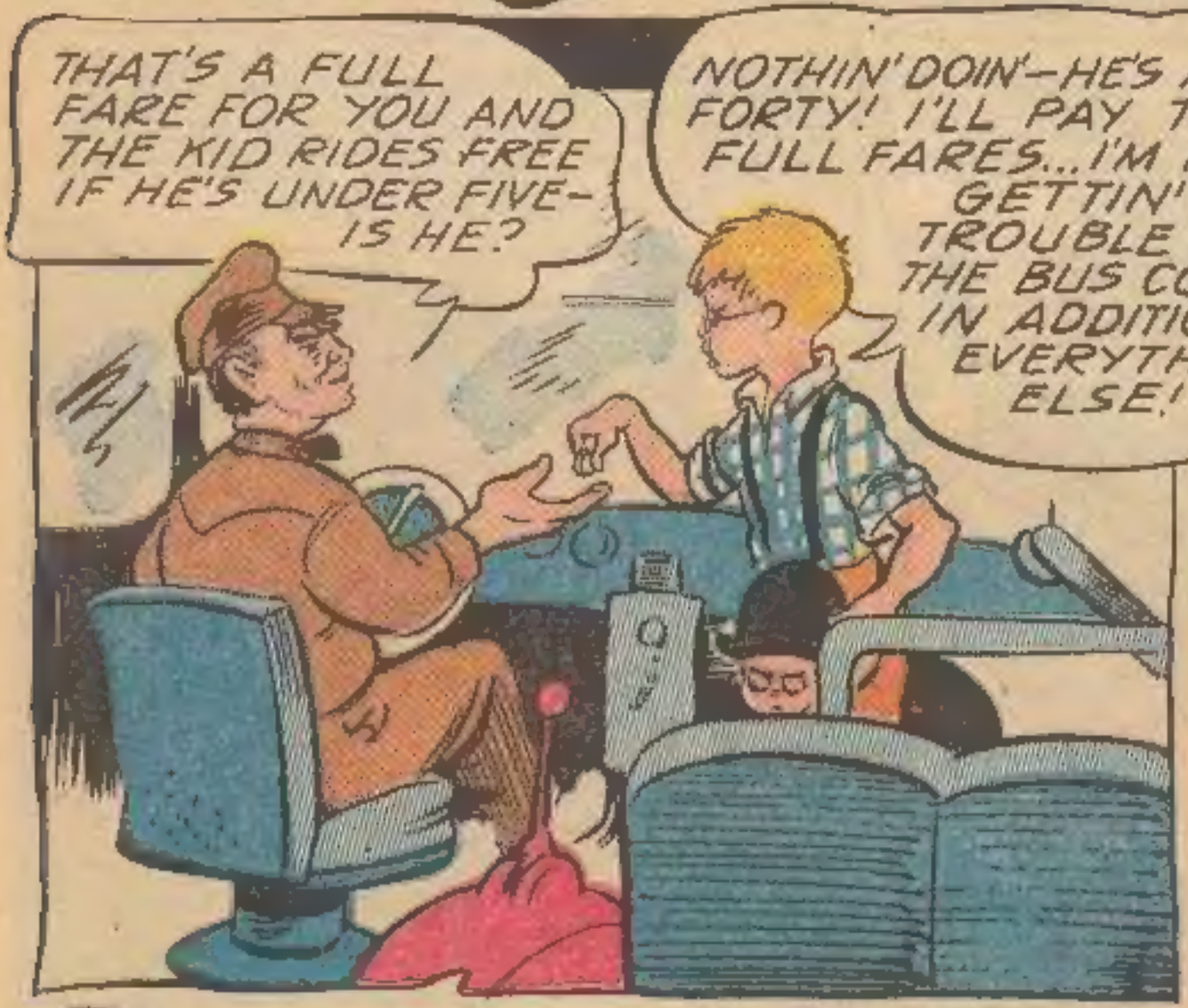

GOLLY! I BETCHA—I BET— WOW!

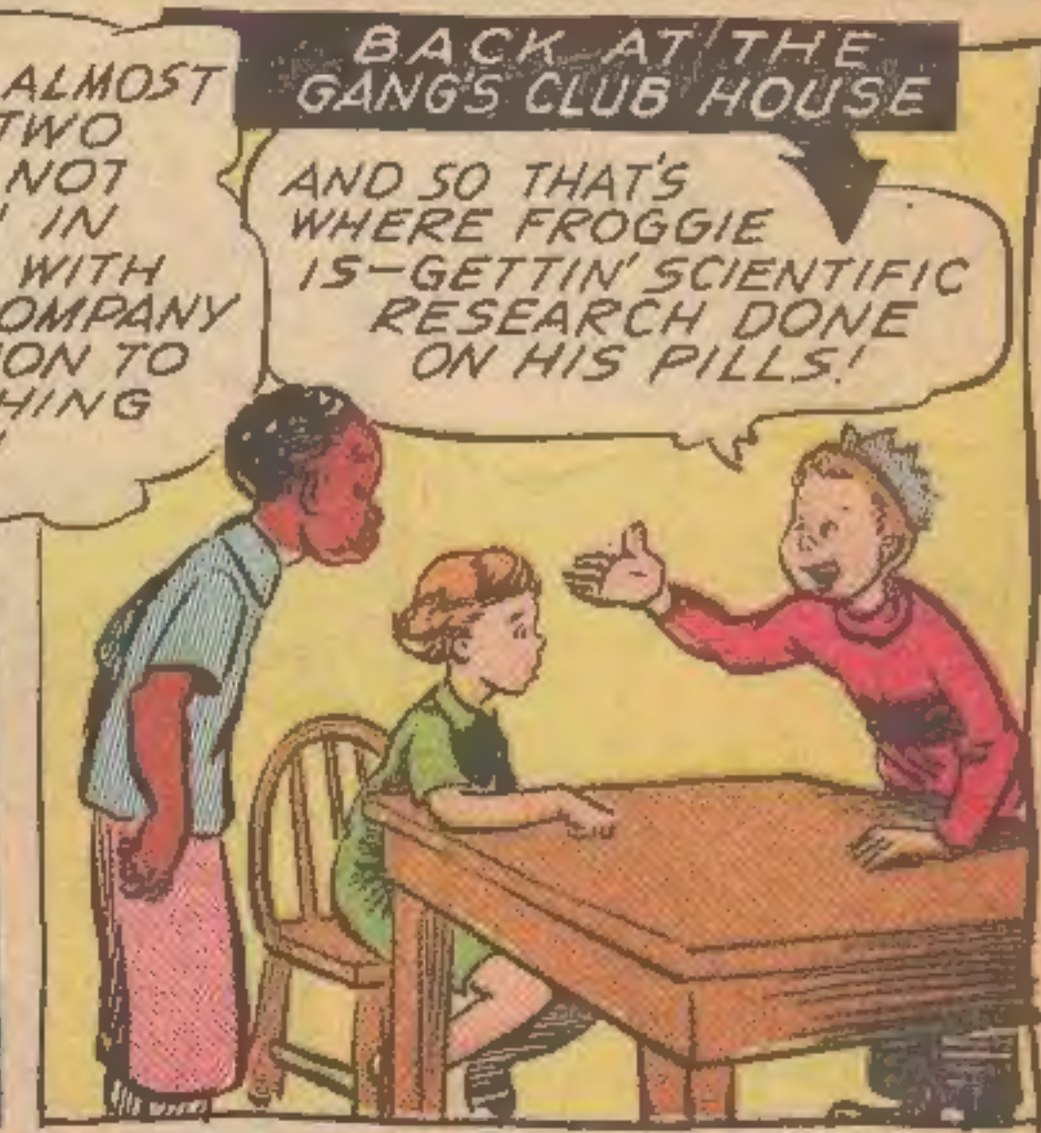

PURPLE COWS! THAT VITAMIN "X"! IT WORKS DIFFERENT ON DIFFERENT PEOPLE, I BET! IT'S SO POWERFUL IT MADE DOCTOR BRADLEY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNGER ALL AT ONCE!

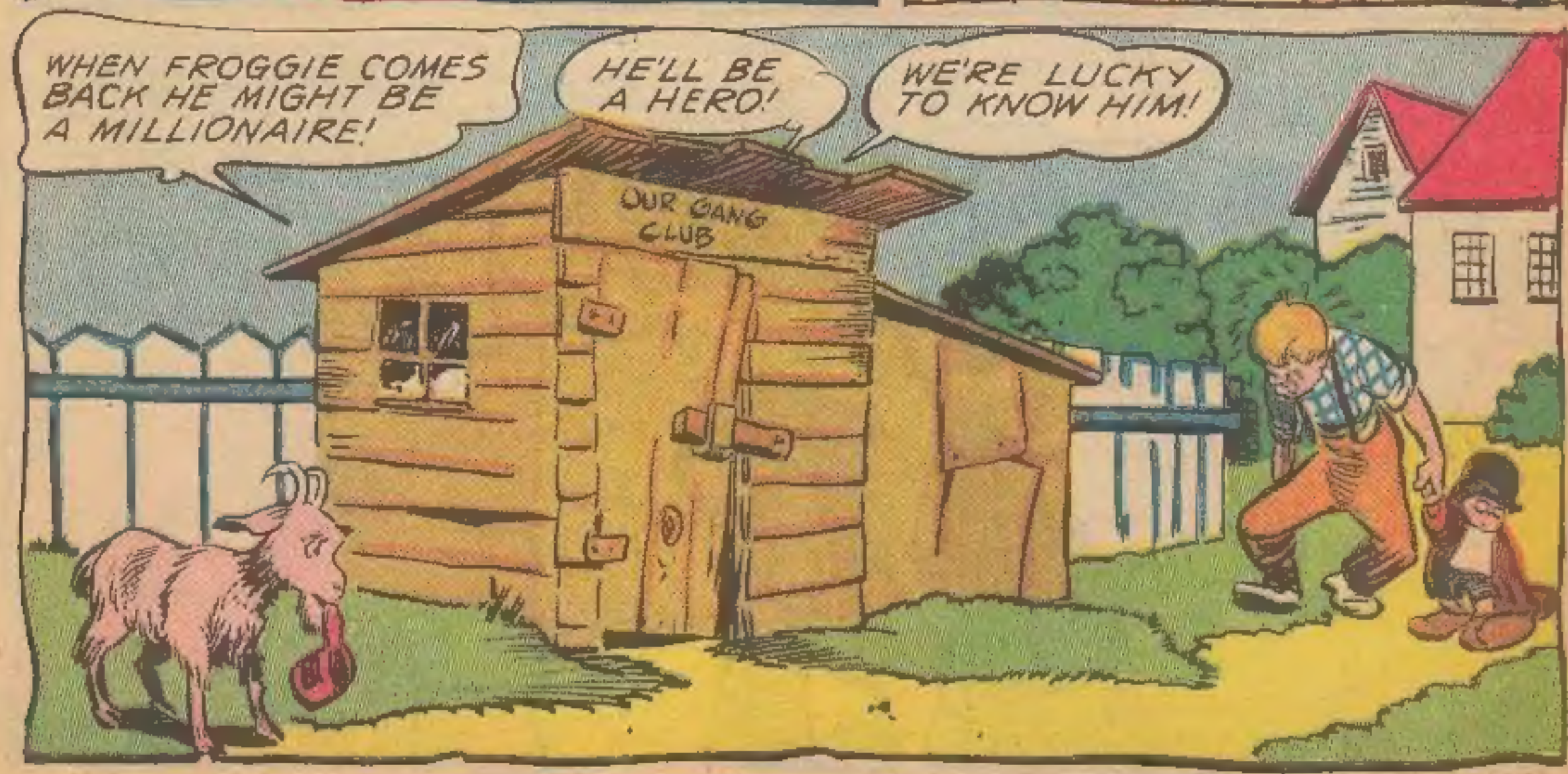
GOLLY! MAYBE I'LL BE PUT IN JAIL! THE DOCTOR IS AN IMPORTANT SCIENTIST—AN' I'LL BE CONSIDERED A CRIMINAL!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO—MAKE THE DOCTOR GO BACK HOME WITH ME, AN' THE GANG'LL HELP ME FIGURE OUT HOW TO CURE HIM.

SAY, DR. BRADLEY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A BUS RIDE WITH ME?
DR. BRADLEY LIKE BUS RIDE!


THAT'S A FULL FARE FOR YOU AND THE KID RIDES FREE IF HE'S UNDER FIVE—IS HE?
NOTHIN' DOIN'—HE'S ALMOST FORTY! I'LL PAY TWO FULL FARES...I'M NOT GETTIN' IN TROUBLE WITH THE BUS COMPANY IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE!


BACK AT THE GANG'S CLUB HOUSE
AND SO THAT'S WHERE FROGGIE IS—GETTIN' SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH DONE ON HIS PILLS!


WHEN FROGGIE COMES BACK HE MIGHT BE A MILLIONAIRE!
HE'LL BE A HERO!
WE'RE LUCKY TO KNOW HIM!
OUR GANG CLUB

HI, FROGGIE! GEE, YOU LOOK GLUM... WOULDN'T THE DOC SEE YOU?

OH, SURE! IN FACT, I BROUGHT HIM ALONG!

WHERE IS HE?

THIS IS HIM... DR. BRADLEY. MEET THE GANG!

H'LO.

I'M NOT CRAZY AND IT'S NOT A JOKE... I GAVE DR. BRADLEY SOME VITAMIN "X" AND IN FIVE MINUTES HE GREW 35 YEARS YOUNGER!

JIMINY! AN' SUPPOSE THE EFFECTS AREN'T ALL WORN OFF YET— HE MIGHT DISAPPEAR ENTIRELY!

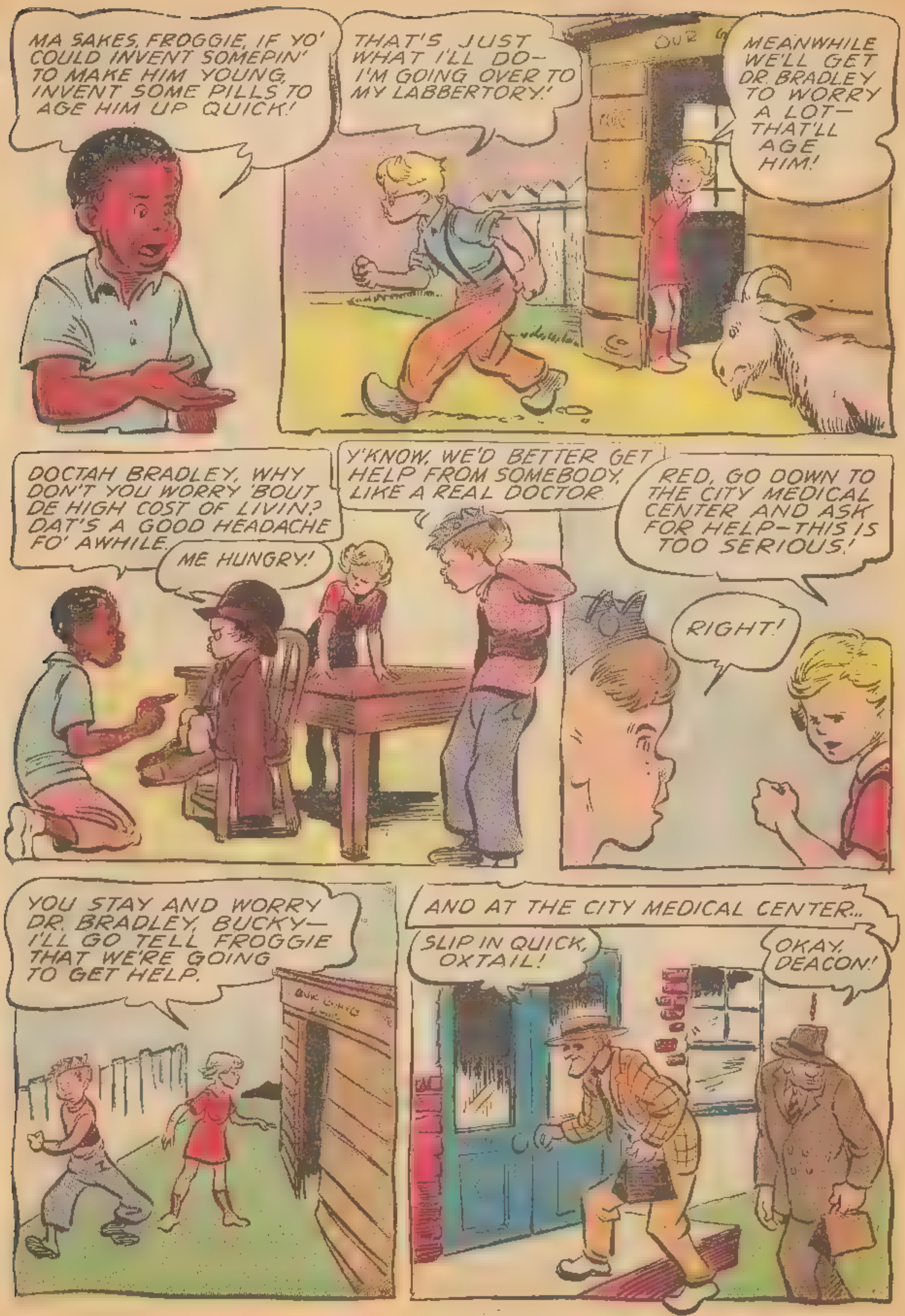
THAT'S ENOUGH FO' ME! ANYBODY WHUT DISAPPEARS IS NO FIT COMP'NY FO BUCKY-AH IS DISAPPEARIN' MYSELF!

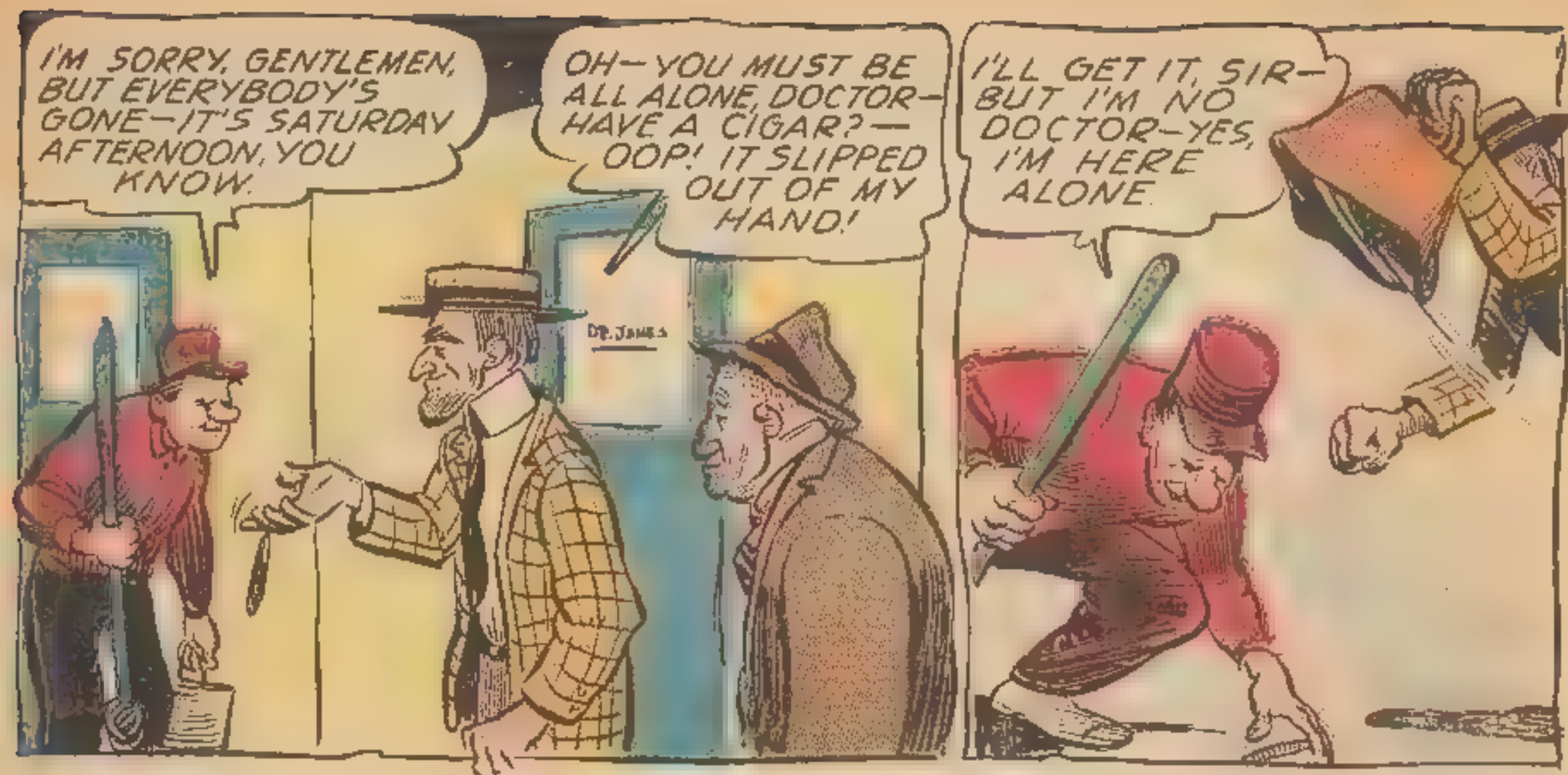
COME BACK!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF MAKIN' THE DOC OLDER...

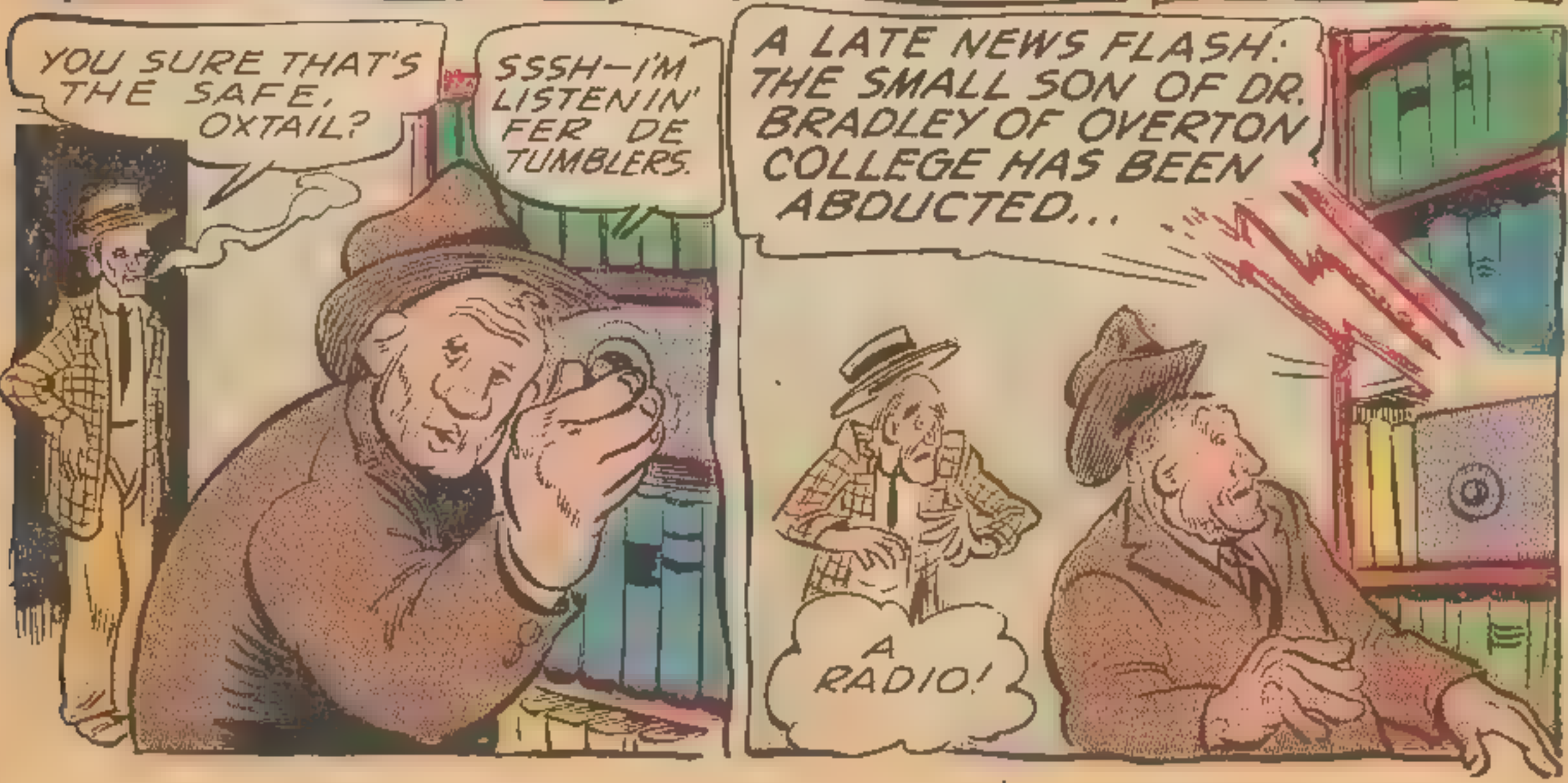
I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL SCARE HIM! DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR ANYBODY SAY, "I WAS SCARED OUT OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH?"

NOTHIN' DOIN'! HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH WAY THAT'LL WORK? IF IT SCARES HIM OUT OF THE GROWTH HE'S GOT NOW, IT'LL BE FIVE YEARS BEFORE HE'S BORN AGAIN!


MA SAKES, FROGGIE, IF YO' COULD INVENT SOMEPIN' TO MAKE HIM YOUNG, INVENT SOME PILLS TO AGE HIM UP QUICK!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO— I'M GOING OVER TO MY LABBERTORY!
MEANWHILE WE'LL GET DR. BRADLEY TO WORRY A LOT— THAT'LL AGE HIM!
DOCTAH BRADLEY, WHY DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT DE HIGH COST OF LIVIN? DAT'S A GOOD HEADACHE FO' AWHILE.
ME HUNGRY!
Y'KNOW, WE'D BETTER GET HELP FROM SOMEBODY, LIKE A REAL DOCTOR.
RED, GO DOWN TO THE CITY MEDICAL CENTER AND ASK FOR HELP—THIS IS TOO SERIOUS!
RIGHT!
YOU STAY AND WORRY DR. BRADLEY, BUCKY— I'LL GO TELL FROGGIE THAT WE'RE GOING TO GET HELP.
AND AT THE CITY MEDICAL CENTER...
SLIP IN QUICK, OXTAIL!
OKAY, DEACON!


I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT EVERYBODY'S GONE—IT'S SATURDAY AFTERNOON, YOU KNOW.
OH—YOU MUST BE ALL ALONE, DOCTOR—HAVE A CIGAR?—OOP! IT SLIPPED OUT OF MY HAND!
I'LL GET IT, SIR—BUT I'M NO DOCTOR—YES, I'M HERE ALONE.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO OUT FER AWHILE?
DUCK HIM INTO THAT OFFICE, OXTAIL... WE'LL FIND THE SAFE AND LIFT THE MORPHINE IN A FEW MINUTES.
CHEESE, DEACON, HERE'S DE SAFE IN HERE!


YOU SURE THAT'S THE SAFE, OXTAIL?
SSSH—I'M LISTENIN' FER DE TUMBLERS.
A LATE NEWS FLASH: THE SMALL SON OF DR. BRADLEY OF OVERTON COLLEGE HAS BEEN ABDUCTED...
A RADIO!

A REWARD OF $5,000 HAS BEEN OFFERED FOR INFORMATION... THE BOY WAS LAST SEEN WEARING A DERBY, GLASSES, HIS FATHER'S COAT AND SHOES...

CHEESE, FIVE GRAND!

TURN IT OFF!

SAY, DOCTOR JONES, COULD YOU COME LOOK AT A STRANGE CASE?

DR. JONES

BEAT IT, KID, BEAT IT!

SHUT UP, DR. OXTAIL! THIS HERE'S A CUSTOMER. YOU KNOWS WE'RE HERE FER THE PUBLIC WELFARE!

GEE, I'M GLAD YOU'LL HELP! IT'S ABOUT DR. BRADLEY, FROM OVERTON COLLEGE...

CHEESE! DAT'S DE GUY WHAT'S OFFERIN' FIVE GRAND FER—

SHUT UP, DR. OXTAIL!

Y'SEE, WE GOT DR. BRADLEY OVER AT OUR CLUB, ONLY BY A ACCIDENT HE'S ONLY ABOUT FOUR YEARS OLD...

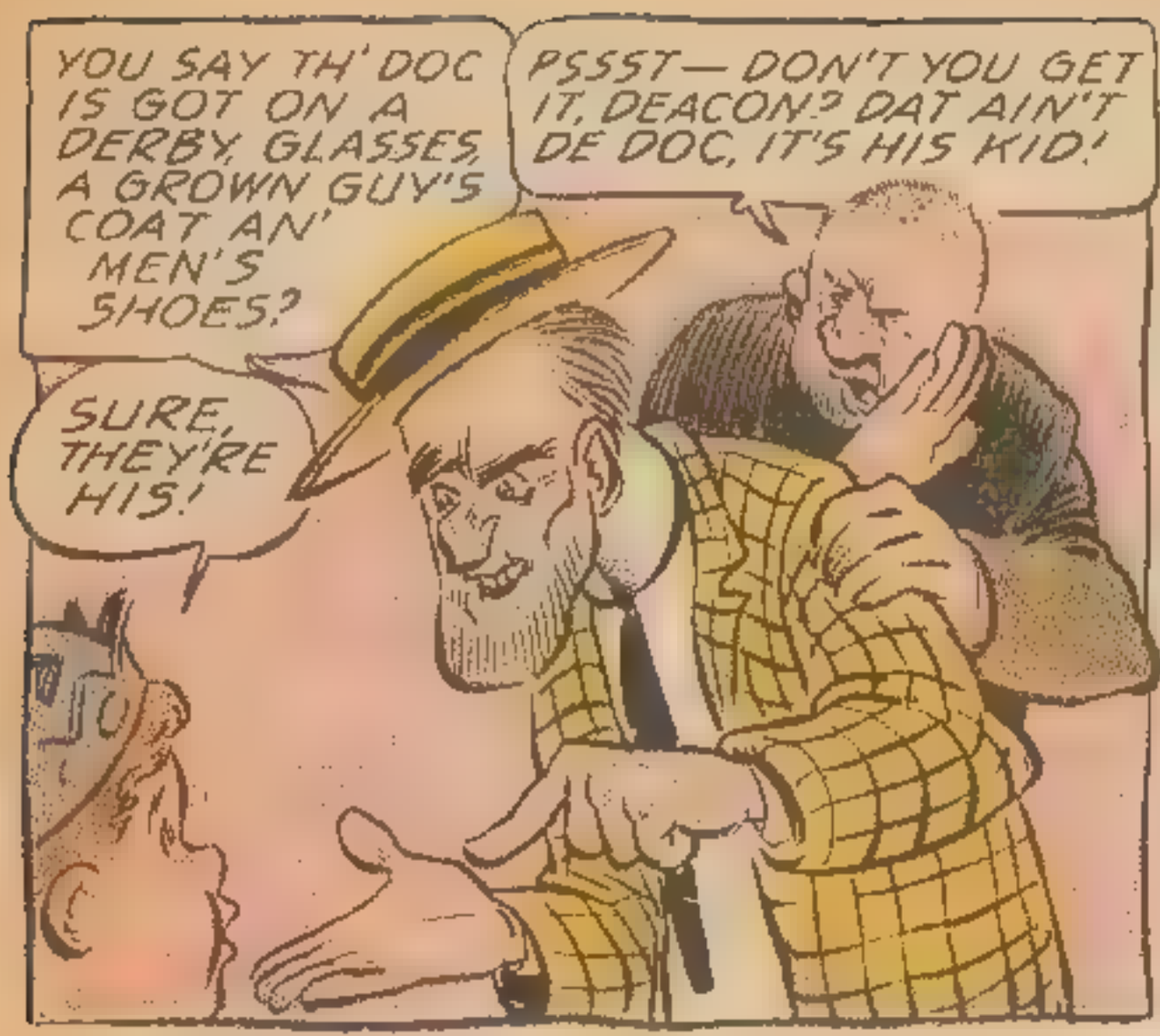
WHAT!

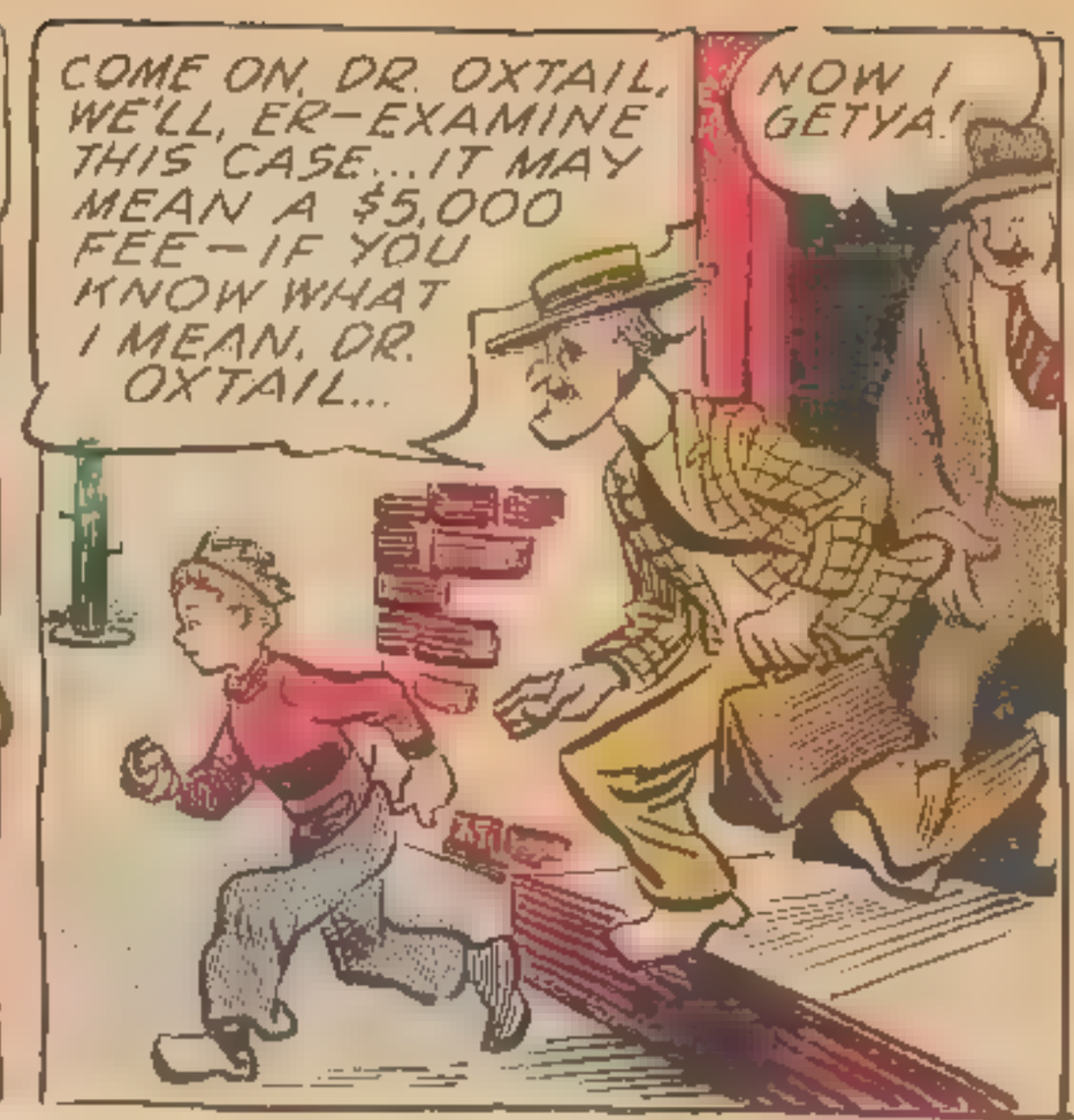
DR. BRADLEY'S ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD—ARE YOU CRAZY?

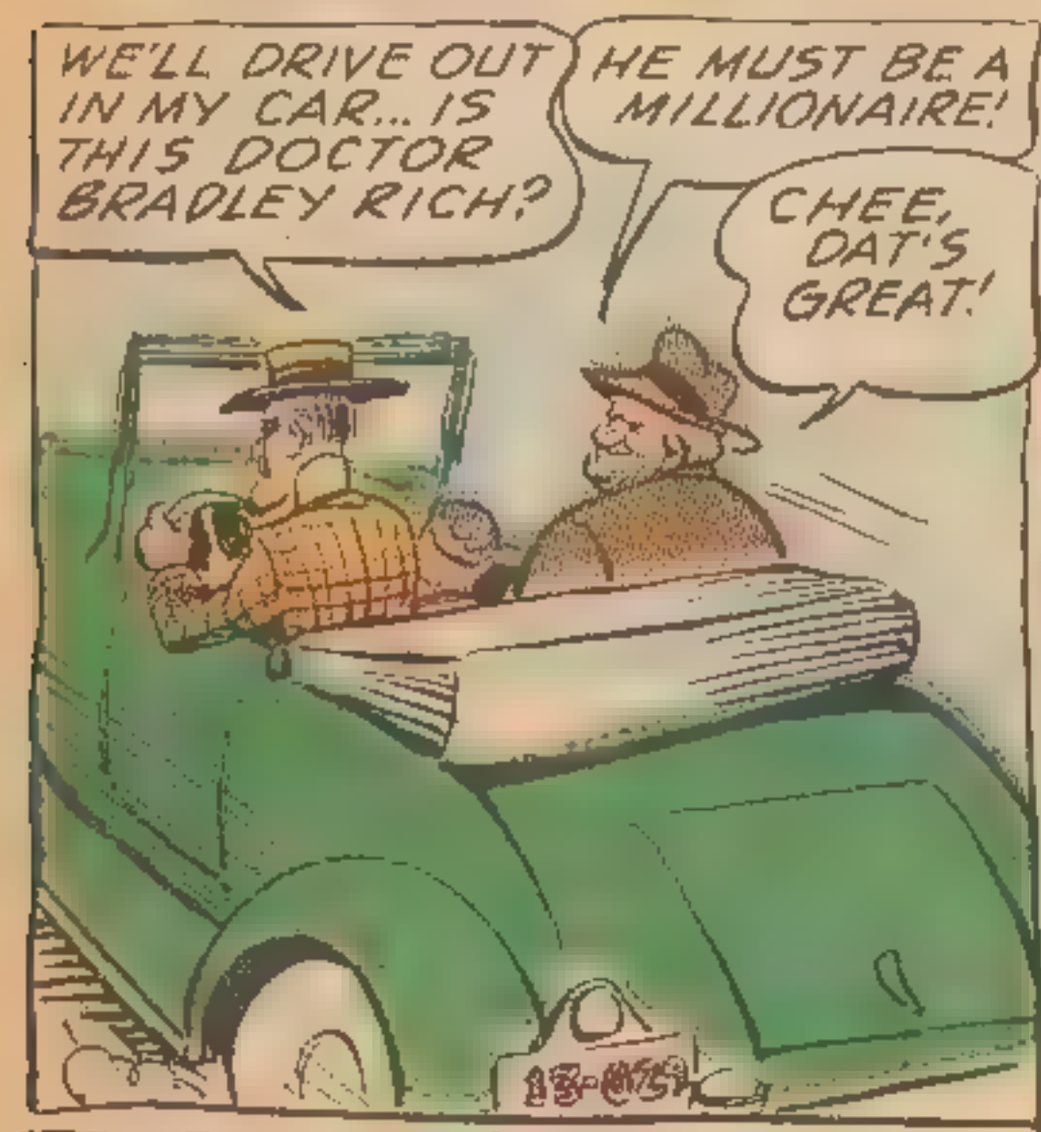
Y'SEE, DR. BRADLEY TOOK SOME VITAMIN PILLS THAT MADE HIM A LOT YOUNGER. YOU'LL SEE IT'S DR BRADLEY ALL RIGHT. HE'S GOT ON HIS DERBY AND COAT AND MAN'S SHOES, AN' WE WANT YOU TO MAKE HIM AS OLD AS HE WAS!

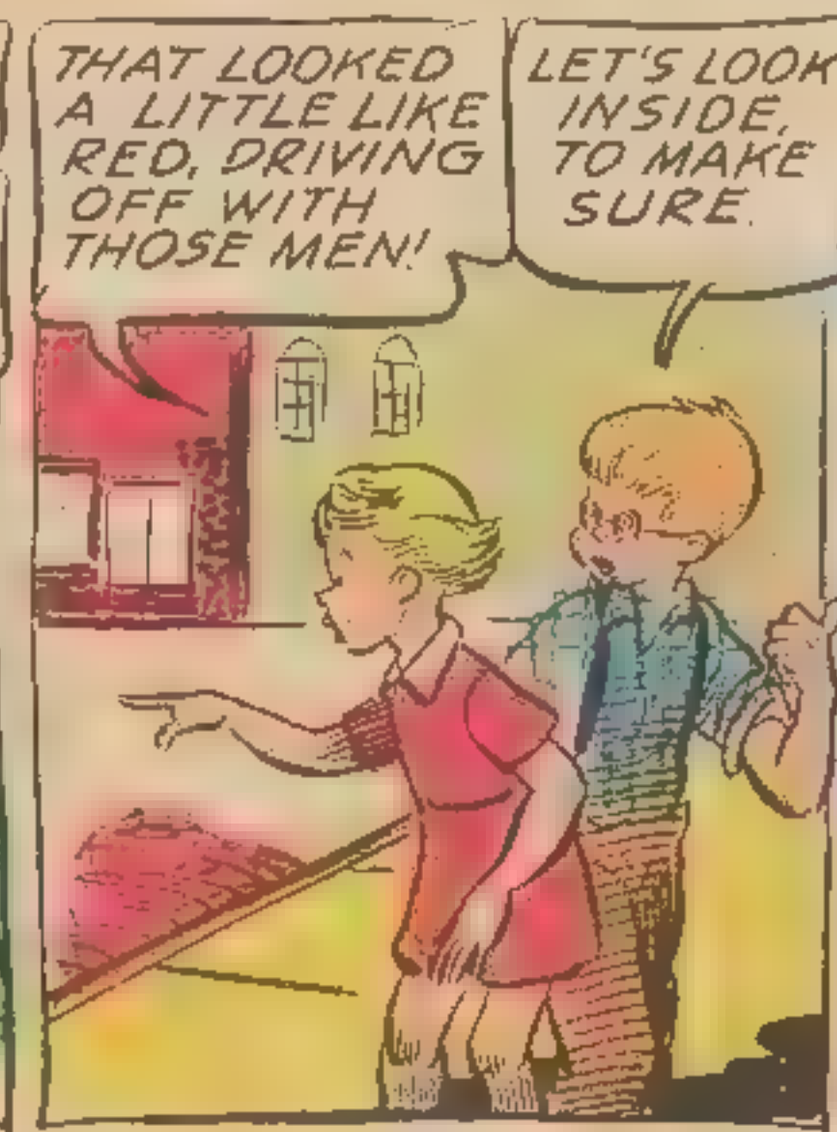
DAT AIN'T DE DOCTOR, DAT'S HIS KI—

SHUT UP, DR. OXTAIL!

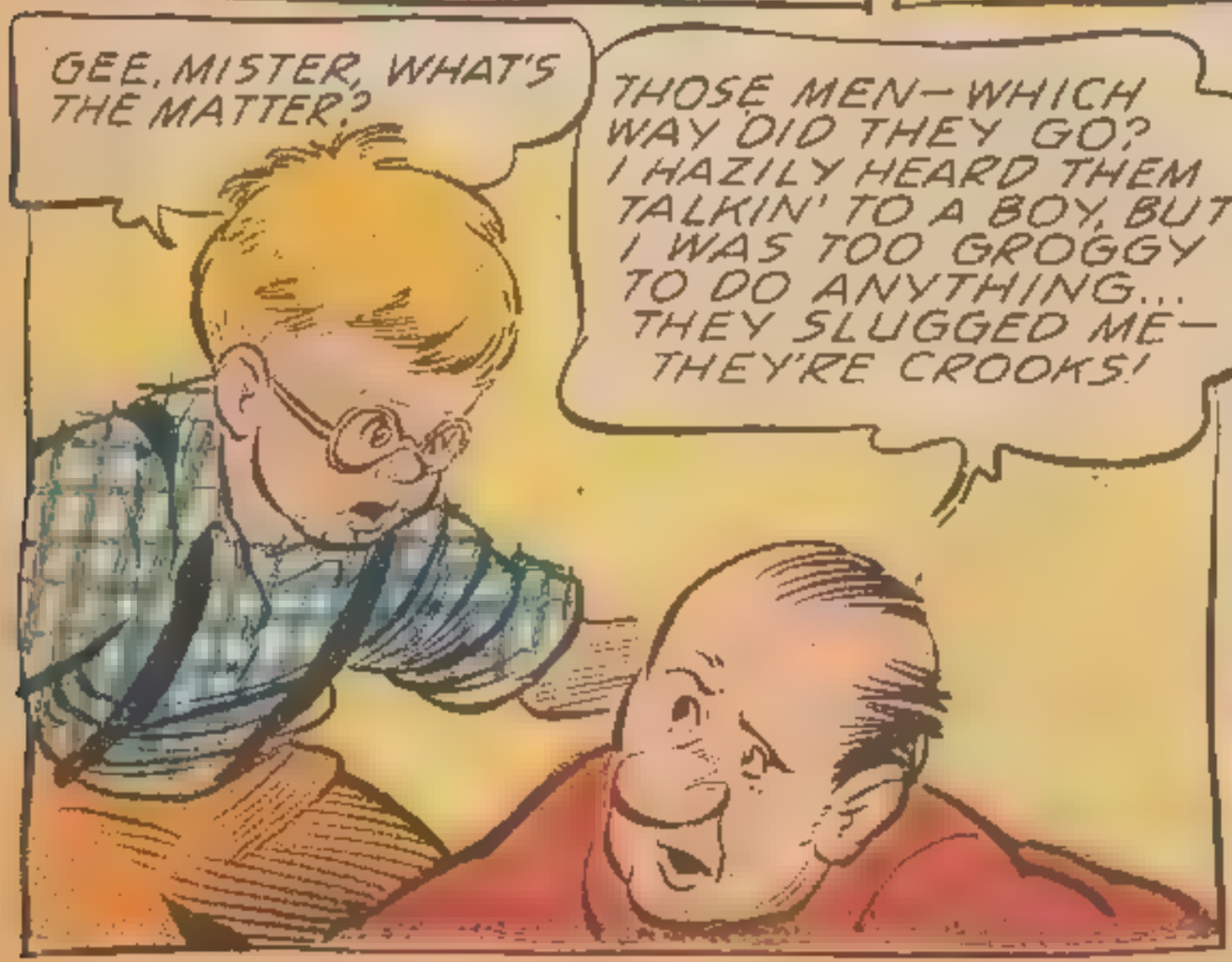

YOU SAY TH' DOC IS GOT ON A DERBY, GLASSES, A GROWN GUY'S COAT AN' MEN'S SHOES?
PSSST— DON'T YOU GET IT, DEACON? DAT AIN'T DE DOC, IT'S HIS KID!
SURE, THEY'RE HIS!

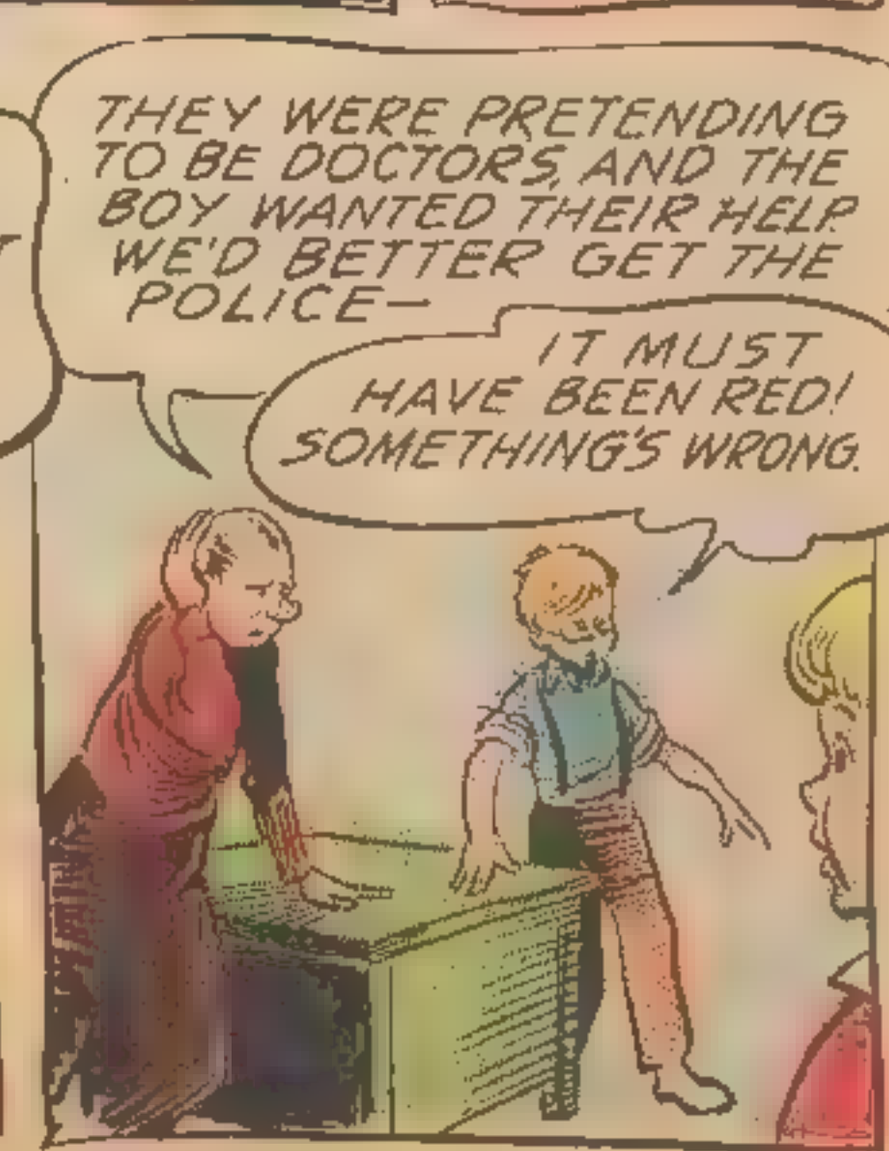

COME ON, DR. OXTAIL, WE'LL, ER—EXAMINE THIS CASE... IT MAY MEAN A $5,000 FEE—IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, DR. OXTAIL...
NOW I GETYA!

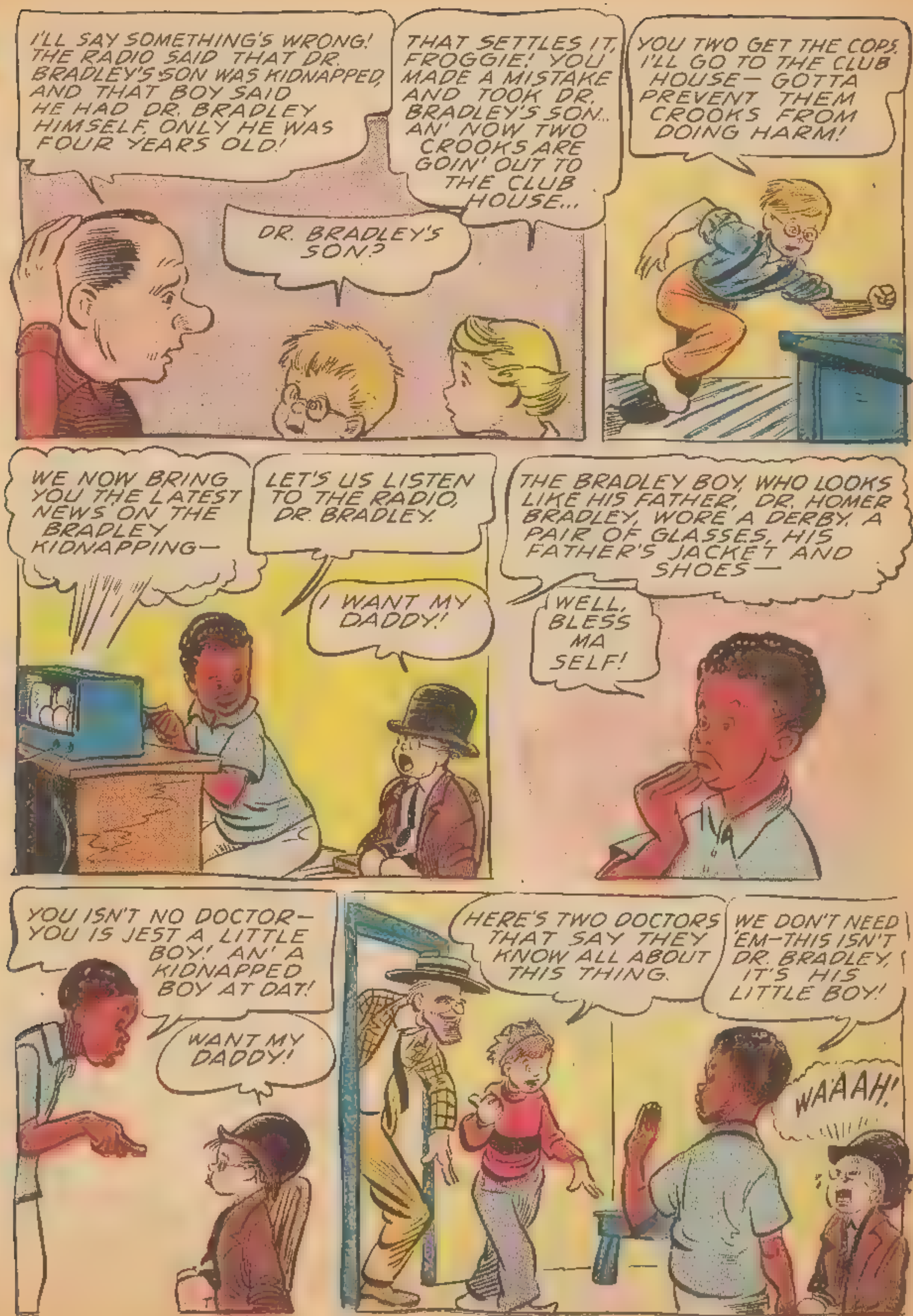

WE'LL DRIVE OUT IN MY CAR... IS THIS DOCTOR BRADLEY RICH?
HE MUST BE A MILLIONAIRE!
CHEE, DAT'S GREAT!

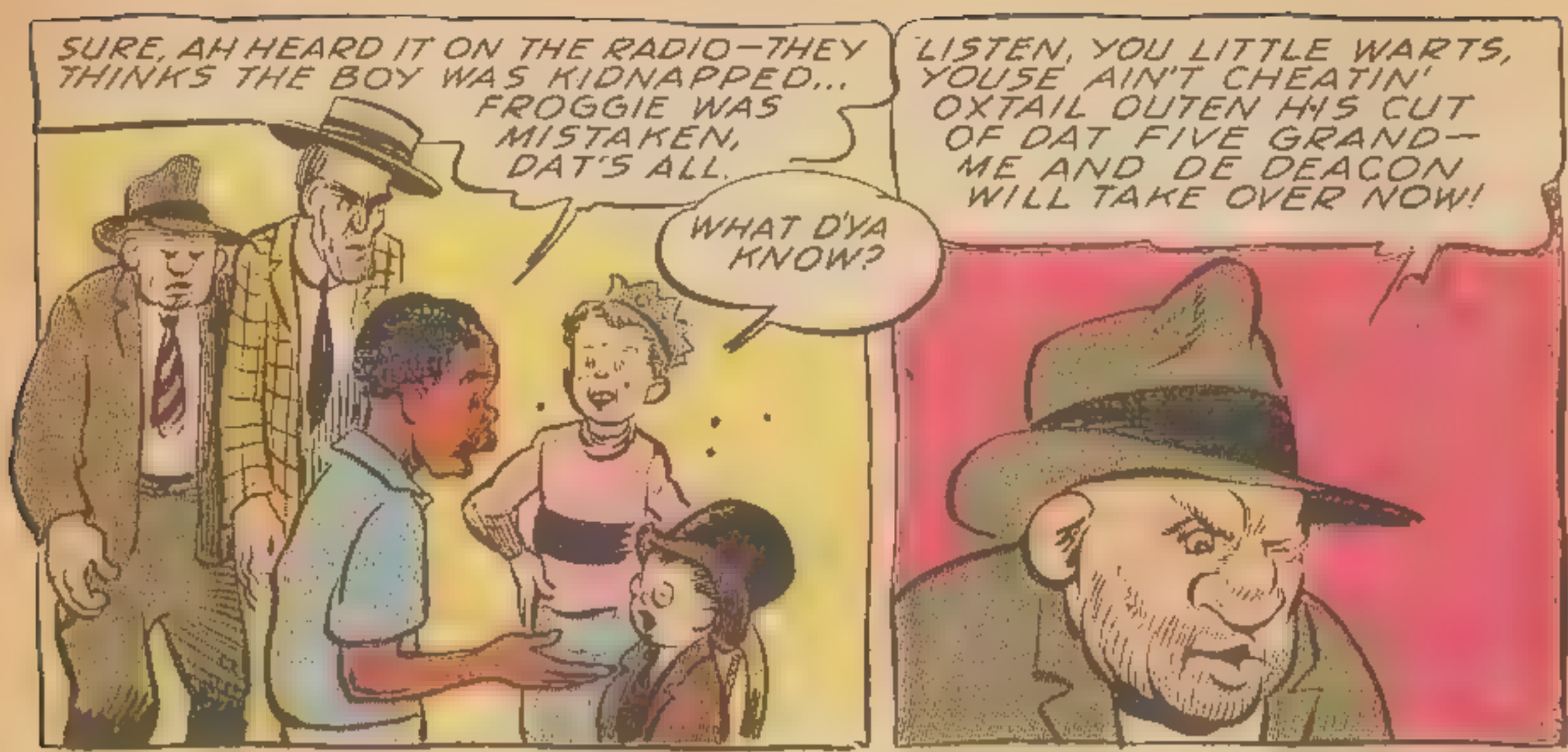

THAT LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE RED, DRIVING OFF WITH THOSE MEN!
LET'S LOOK INSIDE, TO MAKE SURE.

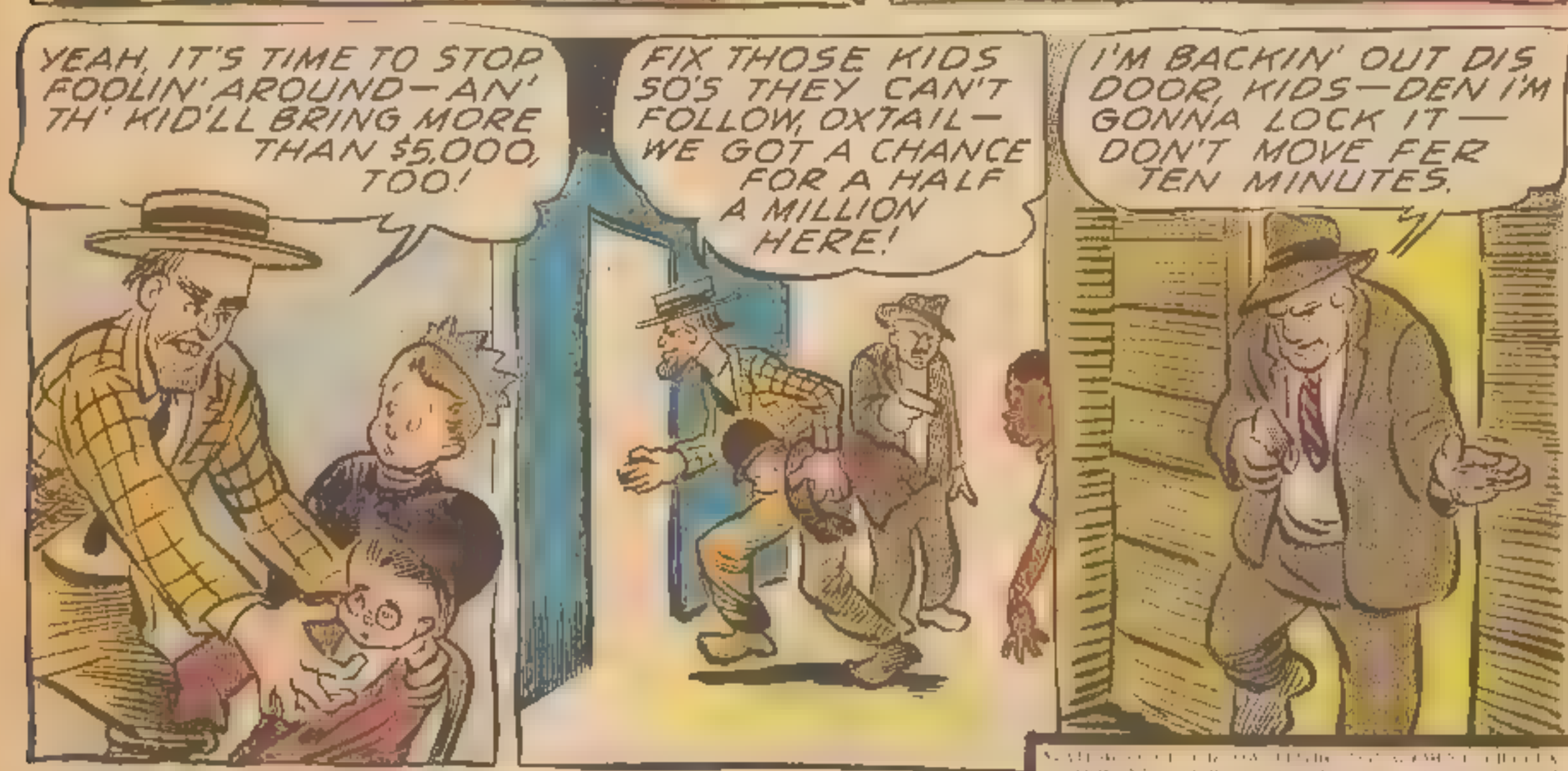
THOSE TWO MEN WERE CROOKS— THEY HIT ME!


GEE, MISTER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THOSE MEN—WHICH WAY DID THEY GO? I HAZILY HEARD THEM TALKIN' TO A BOY, BUT I WAS TOO GROGGY TO DO ANYTHING... THEY SLUGGED ME— THEY'RE CROOKS!

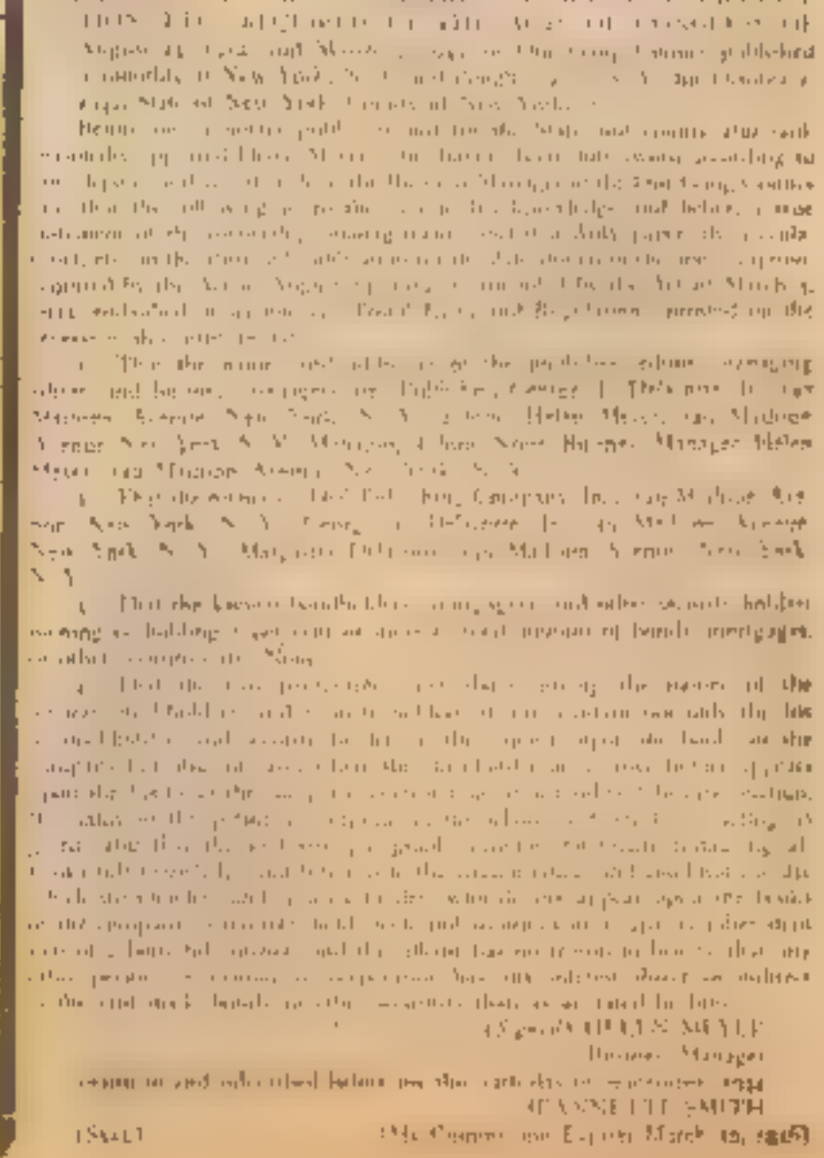

THEY WERE PRETENDING TO BE DOCTORS, AND THE BOY WANTED THEIR HELP. WE'D BETTER GET THE POLICE—
IT MUST HAVE BEEN RED! SOMETHING'S WRONG.

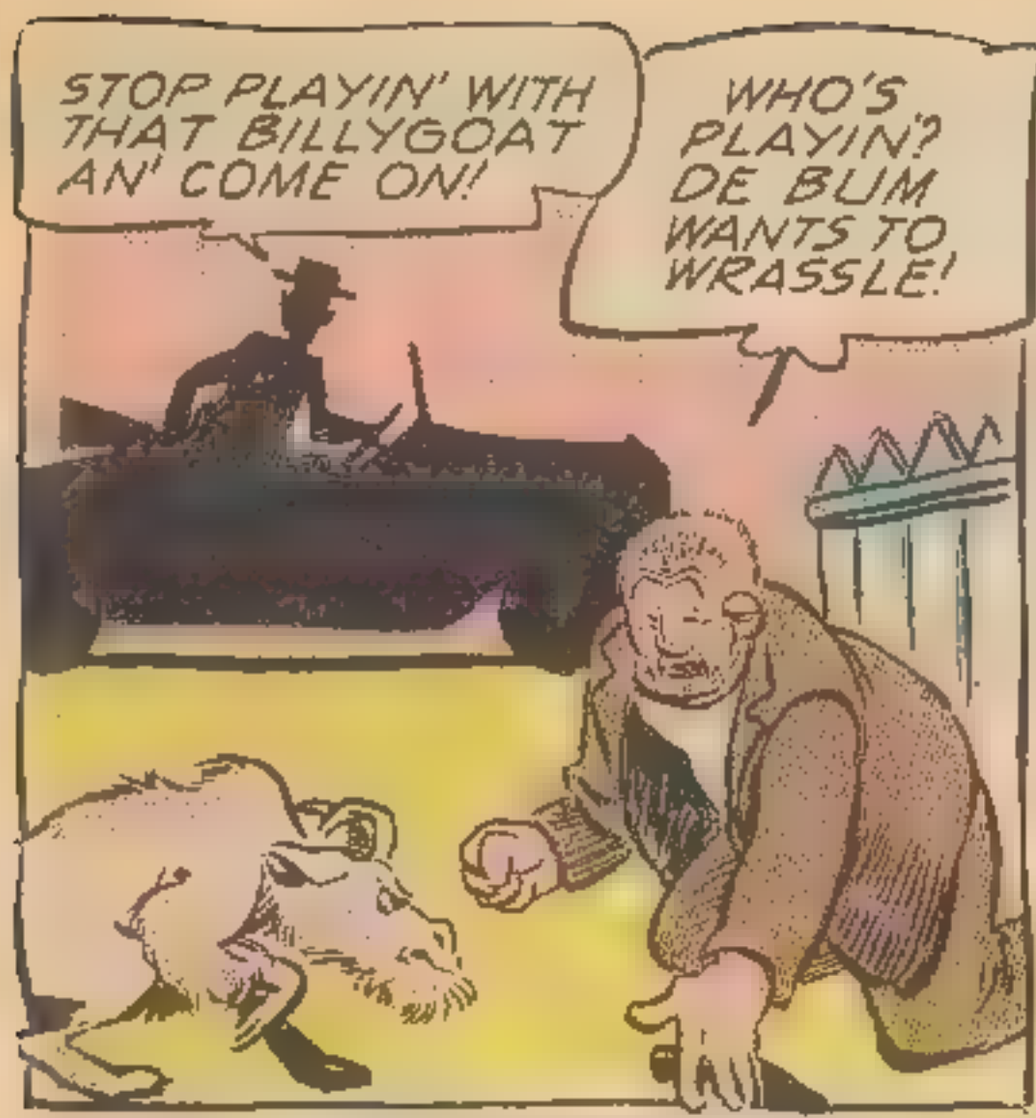

I'LL SAY SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE RADIO SAID THAT DR. BRADLEY'S SON WAS KIDNAPPED, AND THAT BOY SAID HE HAD DR. BRADLEY HIMSELF. ONLY HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD!
DR. BRADLEY'S SON?
THAT SETTLES IT, FROGGIE! YOU MADE A MISTAKE AND TOOK DR. BRADLEY'S SON... AN' NOW TWO CROOKS ARE GOIN' OUT TO THE CLUB HOUSE...
YOU TWO GET THE COPS. I'LL GO TO THE CLUB HOUSE— GOTTA PREVENT THEM CROOKS FROM DOING HARM!
WE NOW BRING YOU THE LATEST NEWS ON THE BRADLEY KIDNAPPING—
LET'S US LISTEN TO THE RADIO, DR. BRADLEY.
I WANT MY DADDY!
THE BRADLEY BOY, WHO LOOKS LIKE HIS FATHER, DR. HOMER BRADLEY, WORE A DERBY, A PAIR OF GLASSES, HIS FATHER'S JACKET AND SHOES—
WELL, BLESS MA SELF!
YOU ISN'T NO DOCTOR— YOU IS JEST A LITTLE BOY! AN' A KIDNAPPED BOY AT DAT!
WANT MY DADDY!
HERE'S TWO DOCTORS THAT SAY THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS THING.
WE DON'T NEED 'EM—THIS ISN'T DR. BRADLEY, IT'S HIS LITTLE BOY!
WAAAH!

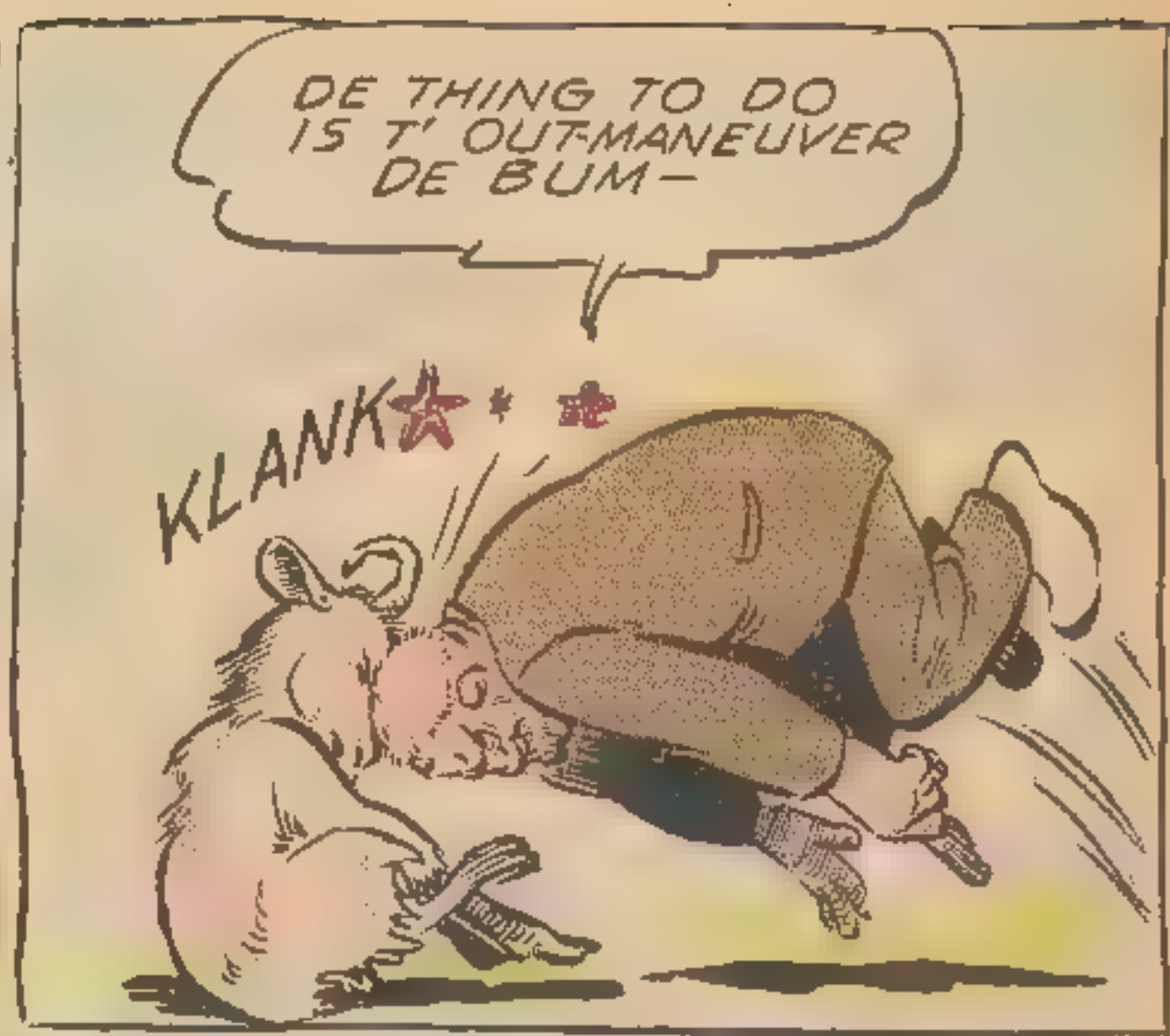

SURE, AH HEARD IT ON THE RADIO—THEY THINKS THE BOY WAS KIDNAPPED... FROGGIE WAS MISTAKEN, DAT'S ALL.
WHAT D'YA KNOW?
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE WARTS, YOUSE AIN'T CHEATIN' OXTAIL OUTEN HIS CUT OF DAT FIVE GRAND— ME AND DE DEACON WILL TAKE OVER NOW!

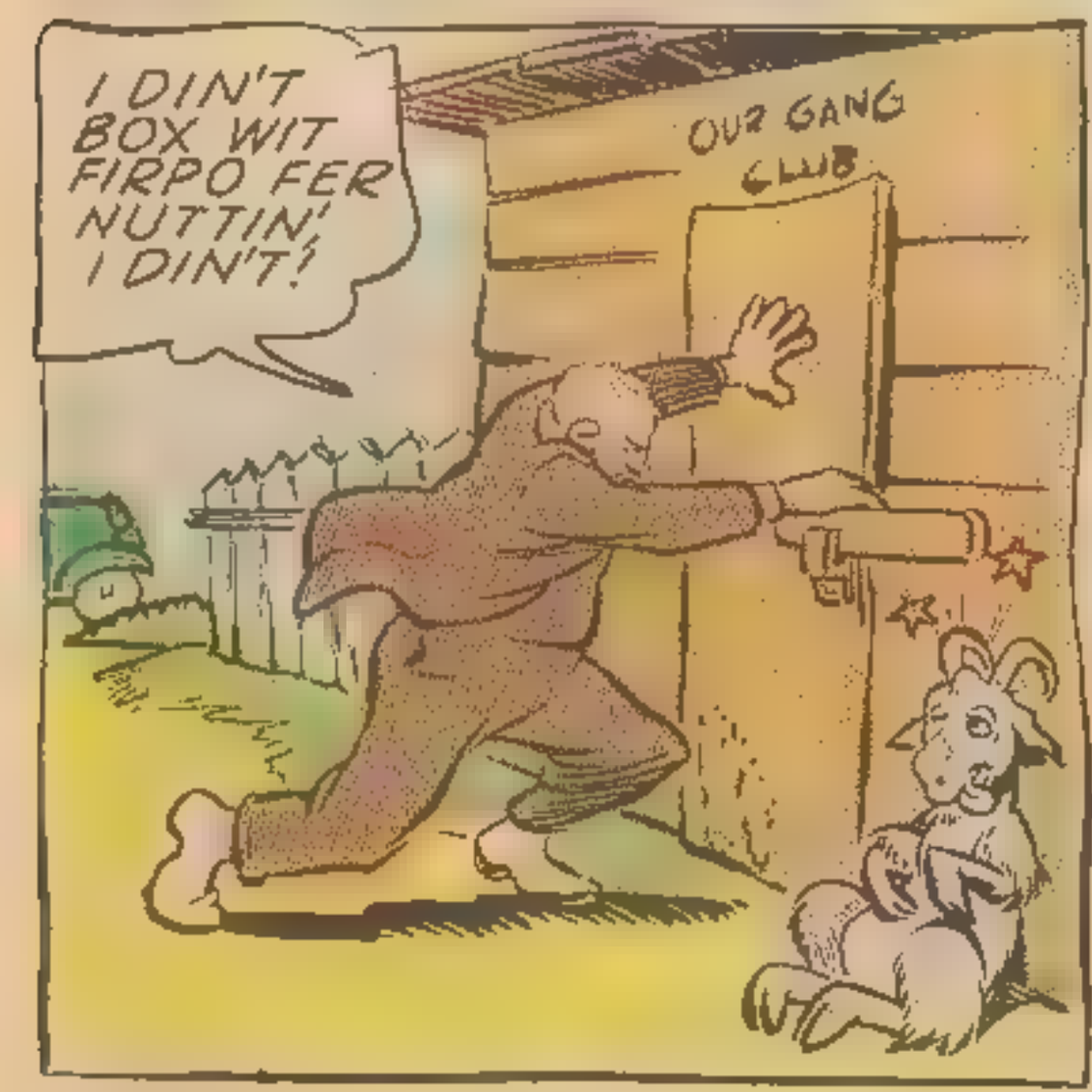

YEAH, IT'S TIME TO STOP FOOLIN' AROUND—AN' TH' KID'LL BRING MORE THAN $5,000, TOO!
FIX THOSE KIDS SO'S THEY CAN'T FOLLOW, OXTAIL— WE GOT A CHANCE FOR A HALF A MILLION HERE!
I'M BACKIN' OUT DIS DOOR, KIDS—DEN I'M GONNA LOCK IT— DON'T MOVE FER TEN MINUTES.

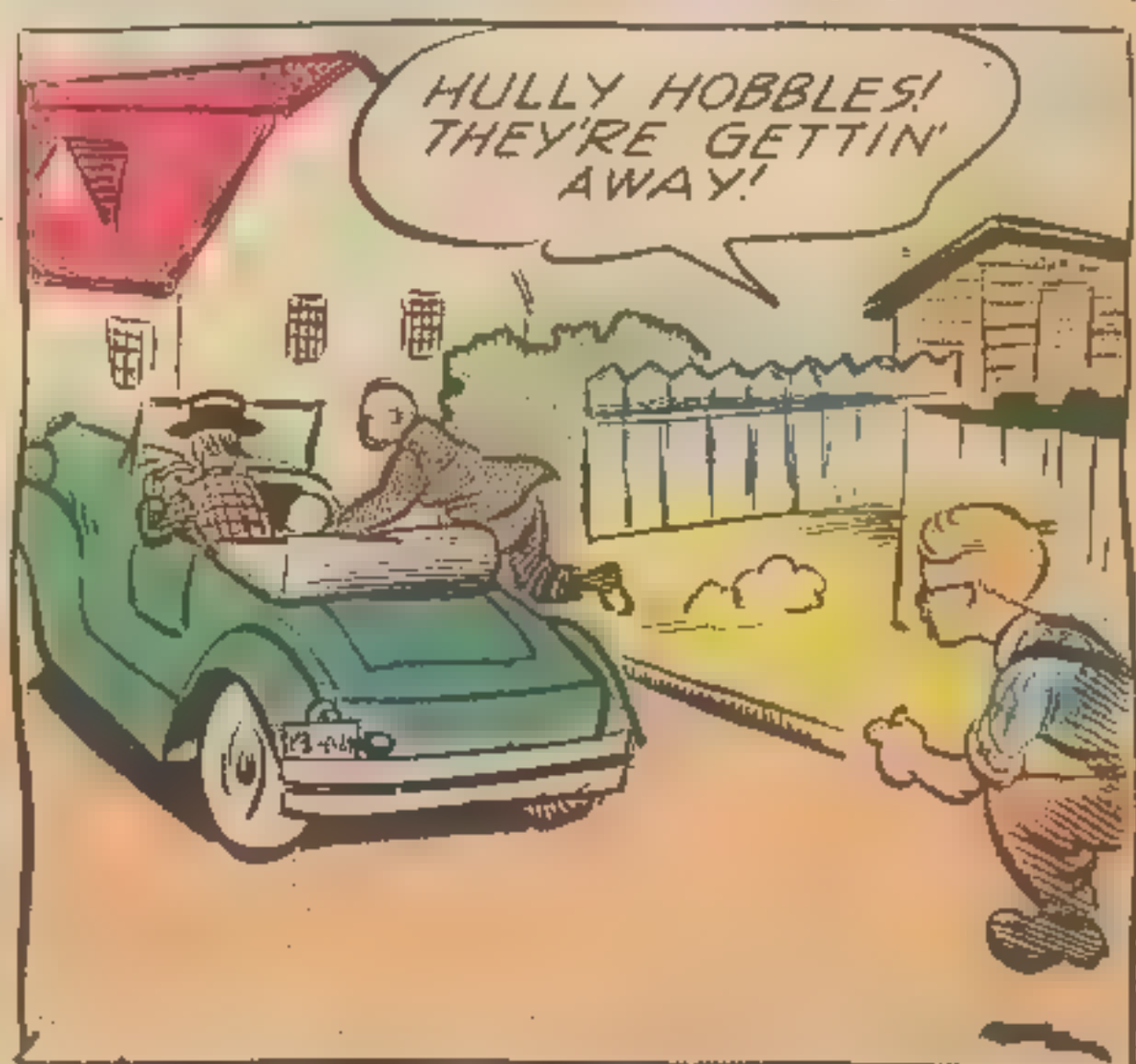
WHO— WHAT TH'—
QUIZ CLUB

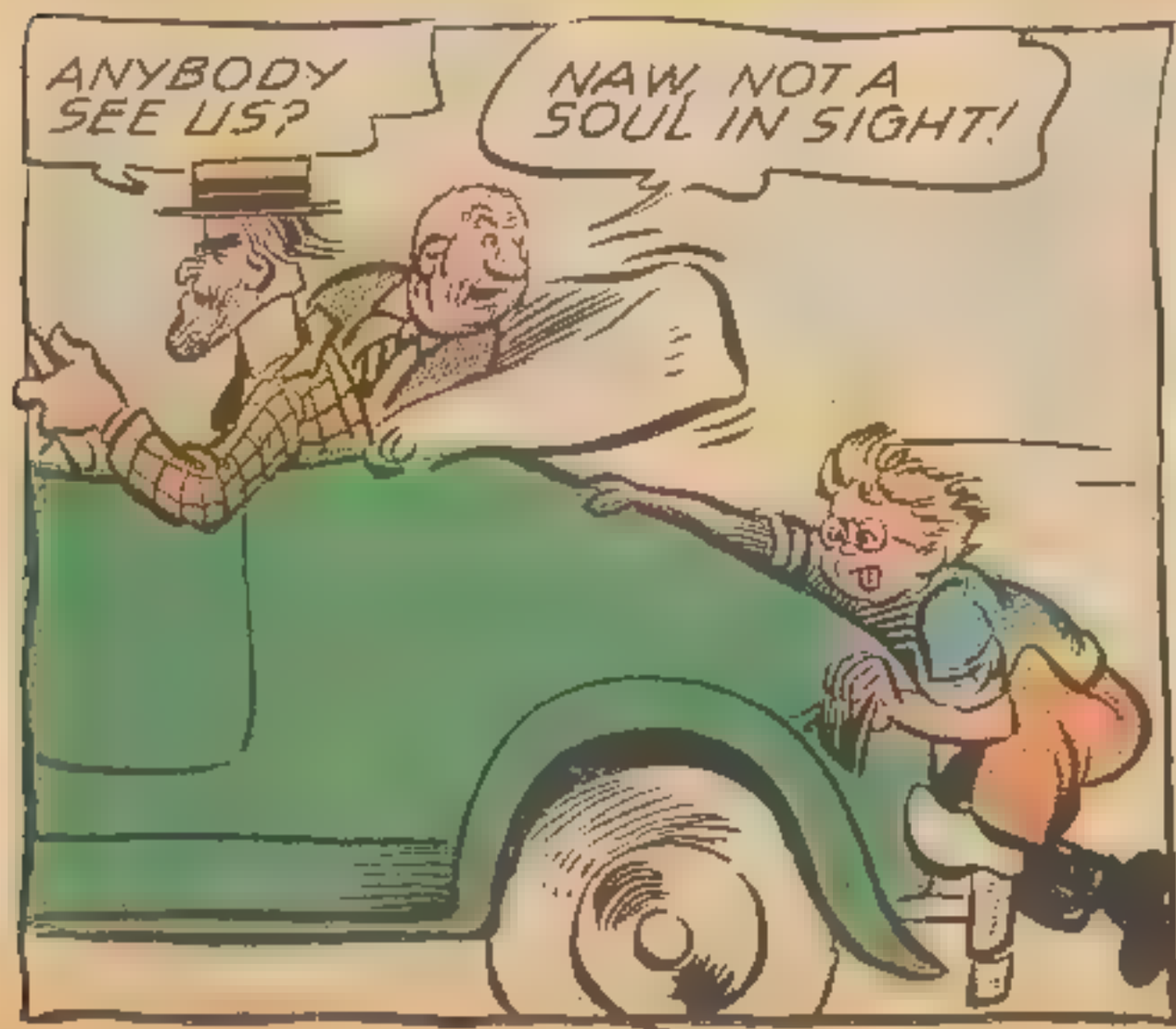


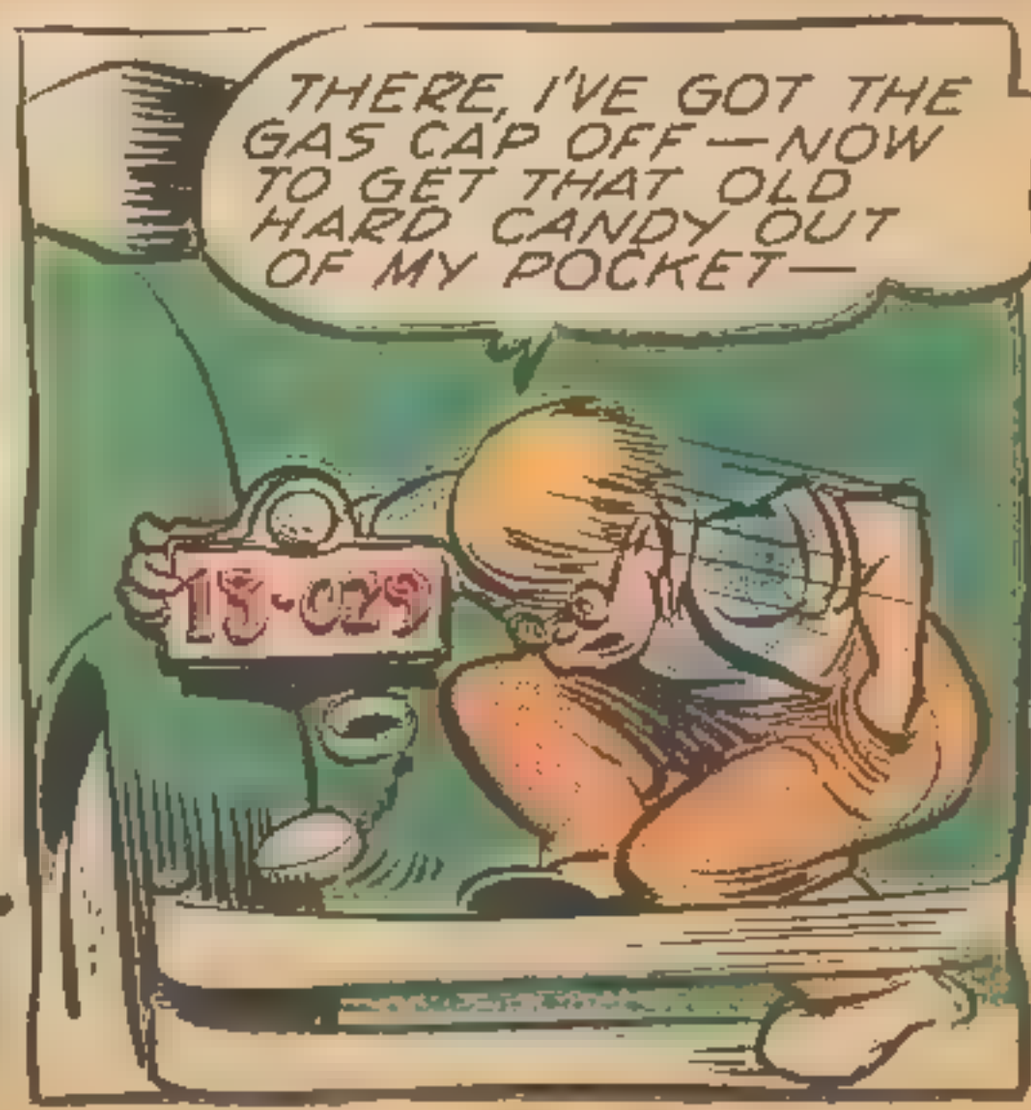

STOP PLAYIN' WITH THAT BILLYGOAT AN' COME ON!
WHO'S PLAYIN'? DE BUM WANTS TO WRASSLE!

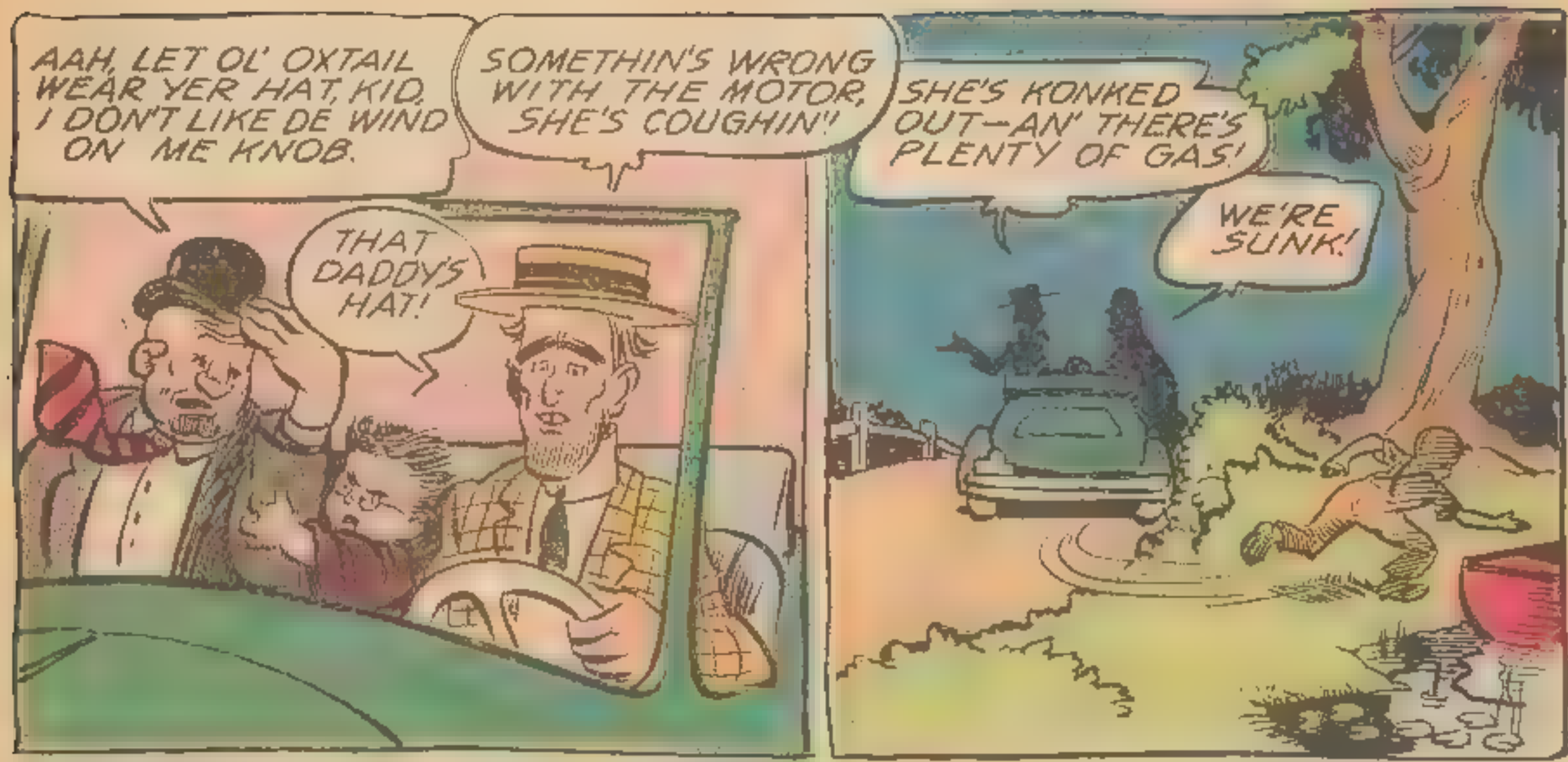

DE THING TO DO IS T' OUT-MANEUVER DE BUM—
KLANK

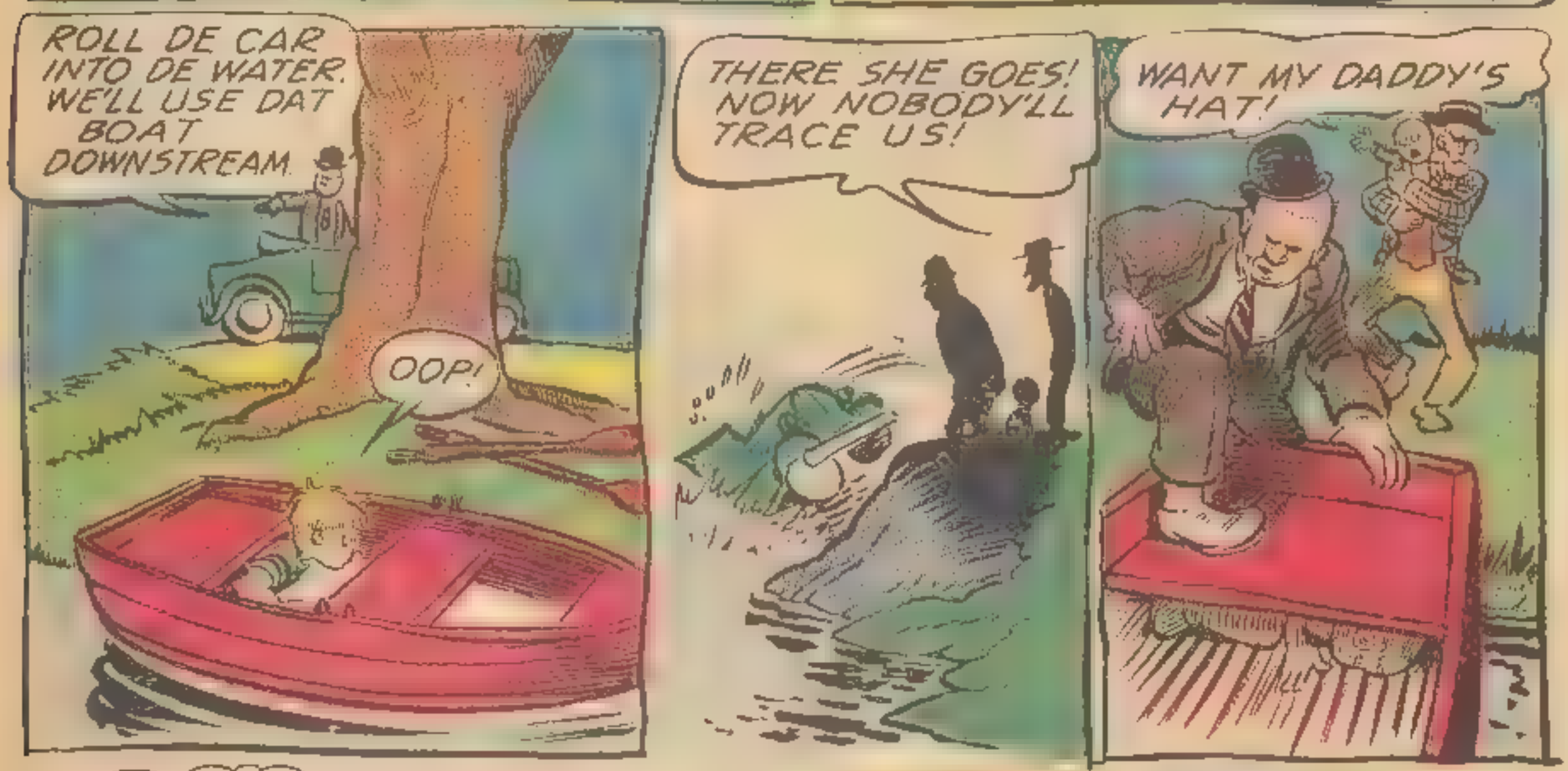

I DIN'T BOX WIT FIRPO FER NUTTIN', I DIN'T!
OUR GANG CLUB

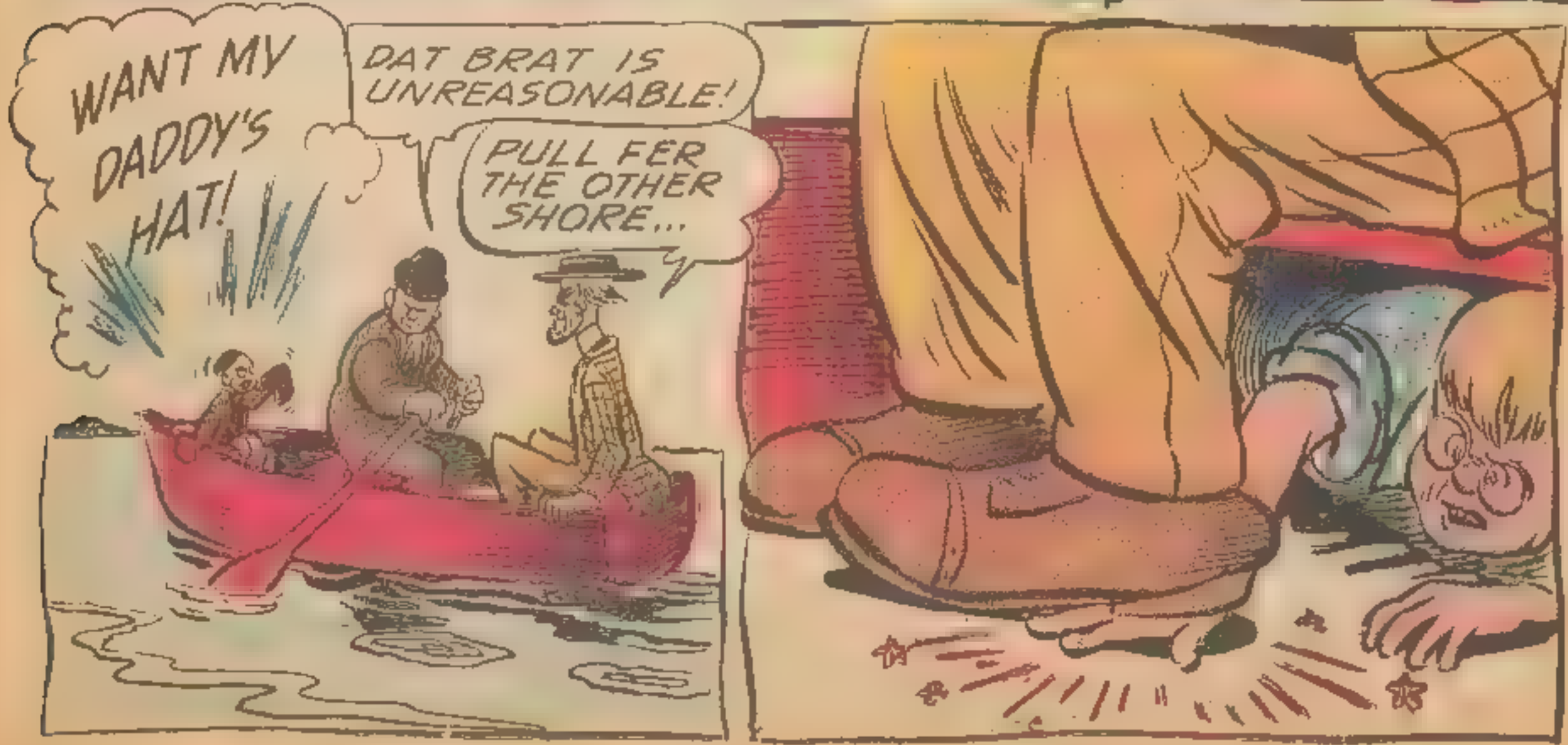

HULLY HOBBLES! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

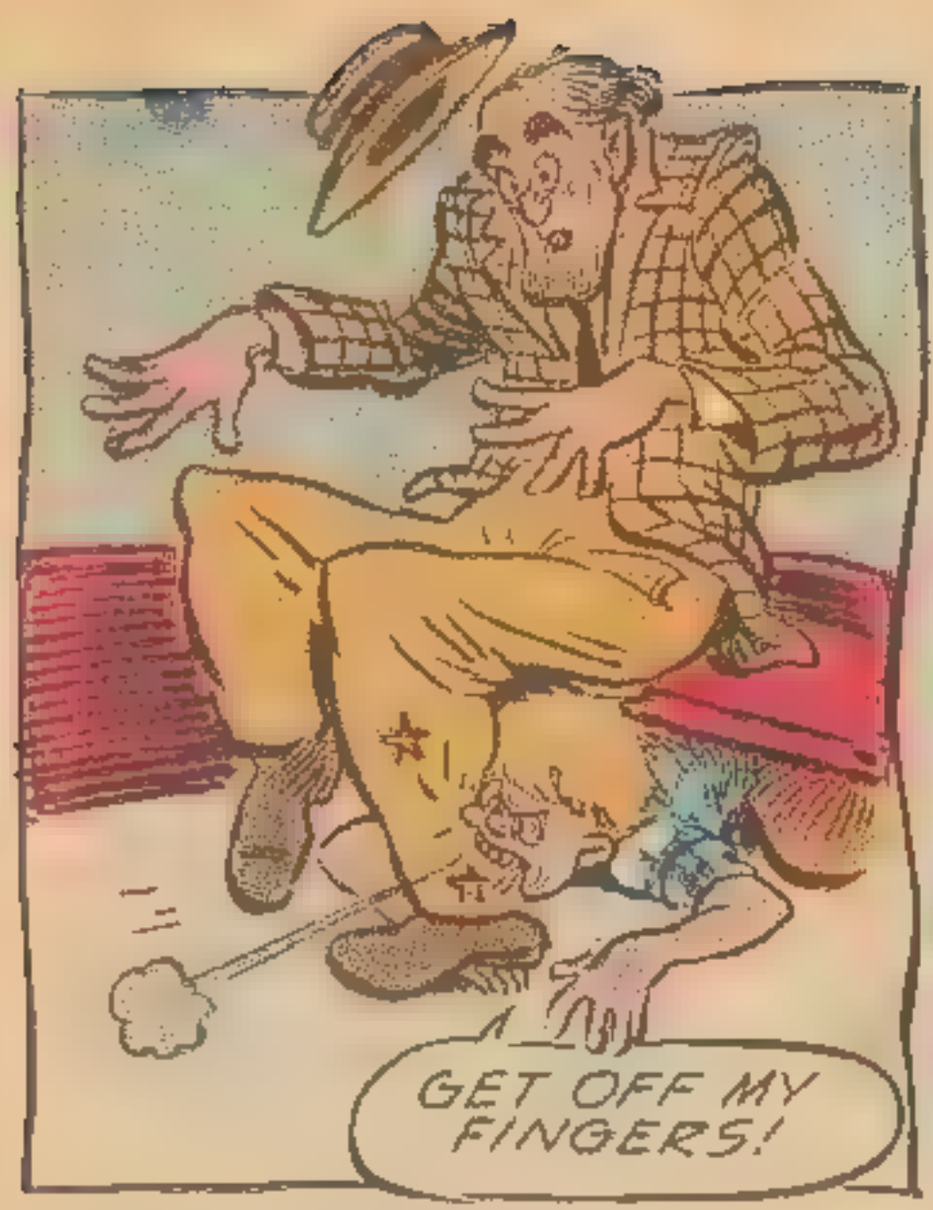

ANYBODY SEE US?
NAW, NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!


THERE, I'VE GOT THE GAS CAP OFF—NOW TO GET THAT OLD HARD CANDY OUT OF MY POCKET—
15-029

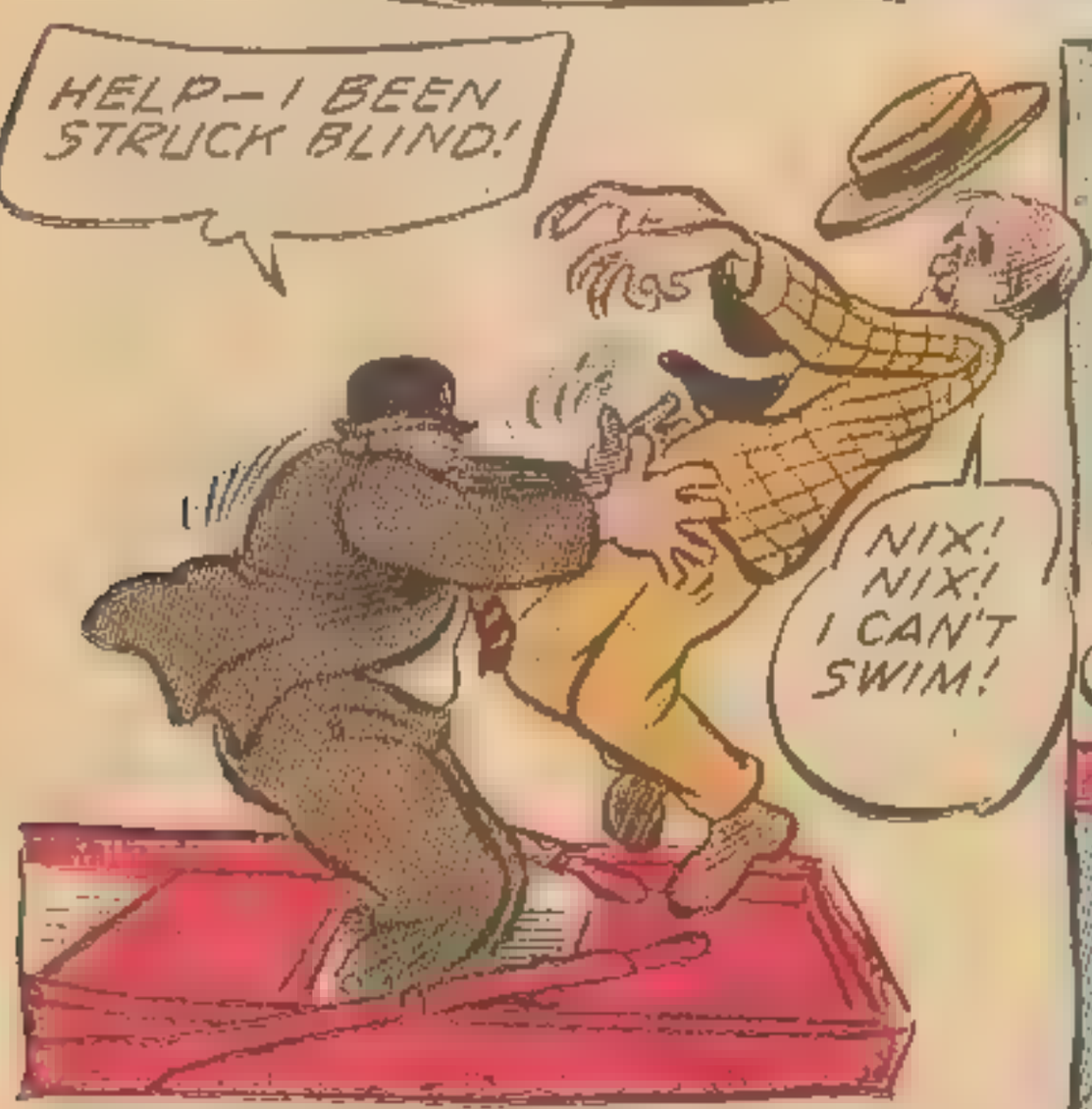

AAH, LET OL' OXTAIL WEAR YER HAT, KID. I DON'T LIKE DE WIND ON ME KNOB.
SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH THE MOTOR, SHE'S COUGHIN'!
THAT DADDY'S HAT!
SHE'S KONKED OUT—AN' THERE'S PLENTY OF GAS!
WE'RE SUNK!


ROLL DE CAR INTO DE WATER. WE'LL USE DAT BOAT DOWNSTREAM.
OOP!
THERE SHE GOES! NOW NOBODY'LL TRACE US!
WANT MY DADDY'S HAT!

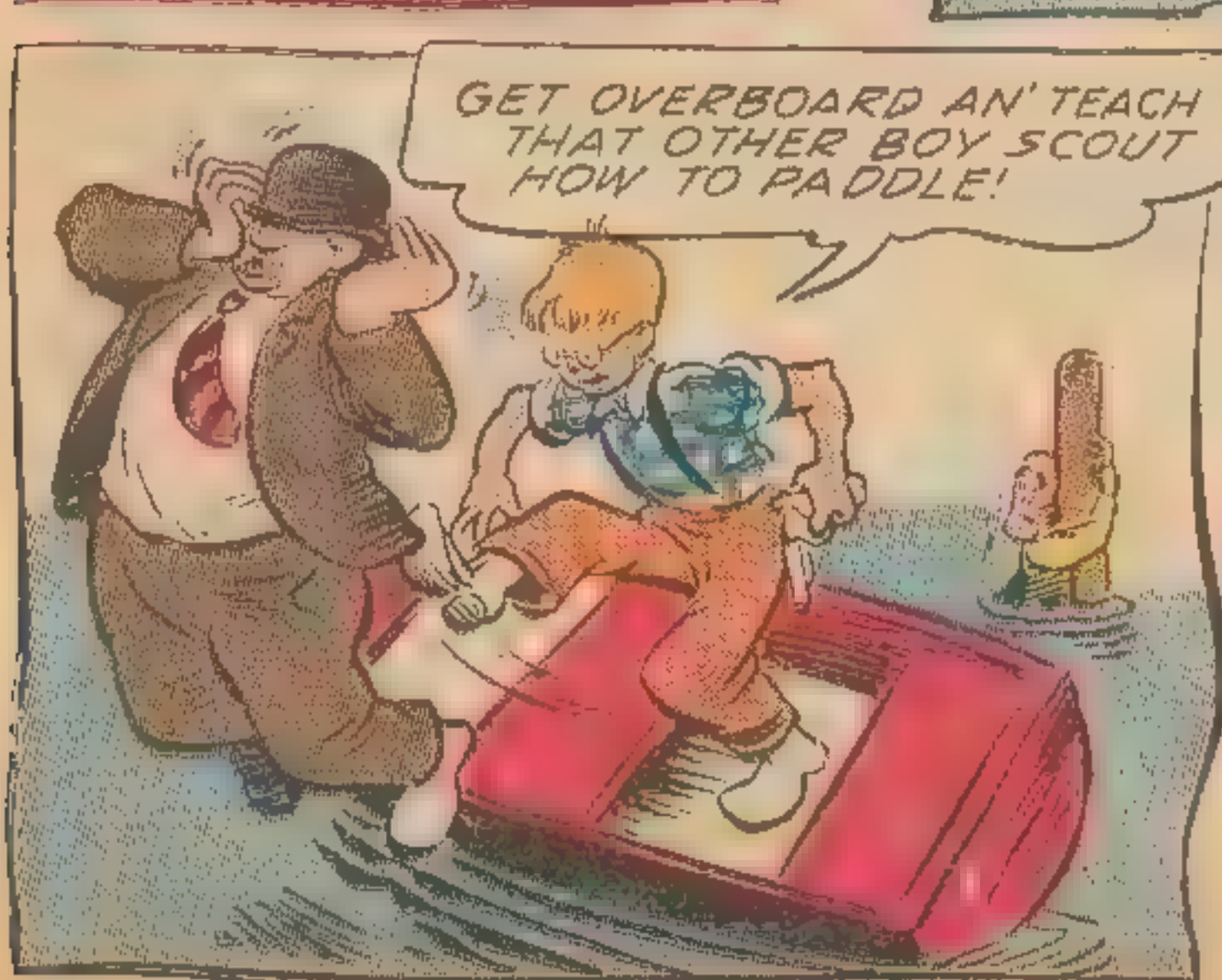

WANT MY DADDY'S HAT!
DAT BRAT IS UNREASONABLE!
PULL FER THE OTHER SHORE...


GET OFF MY FINGERS!

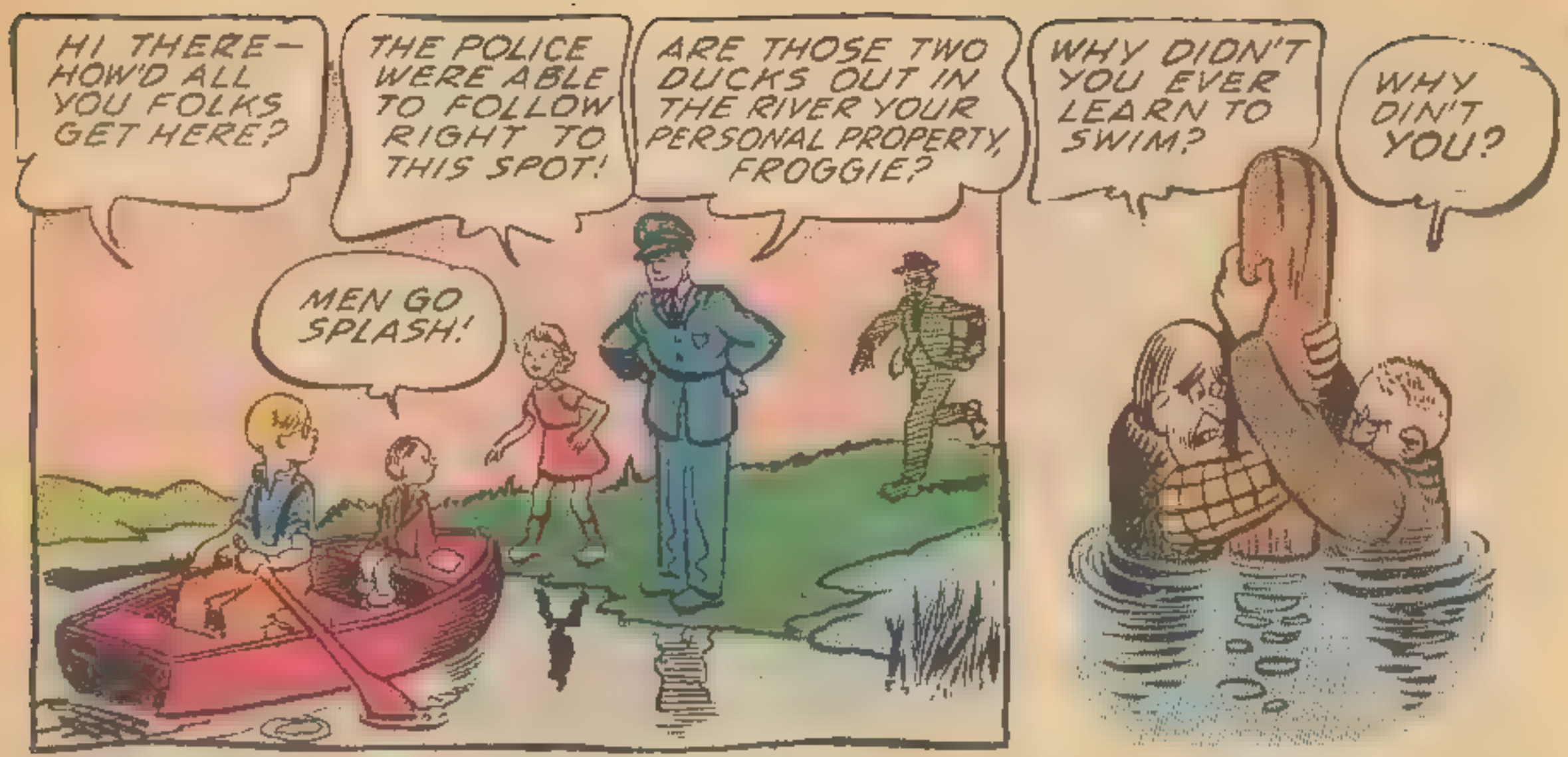
YEOW—A ANIMAL IS ON THE SHIP!

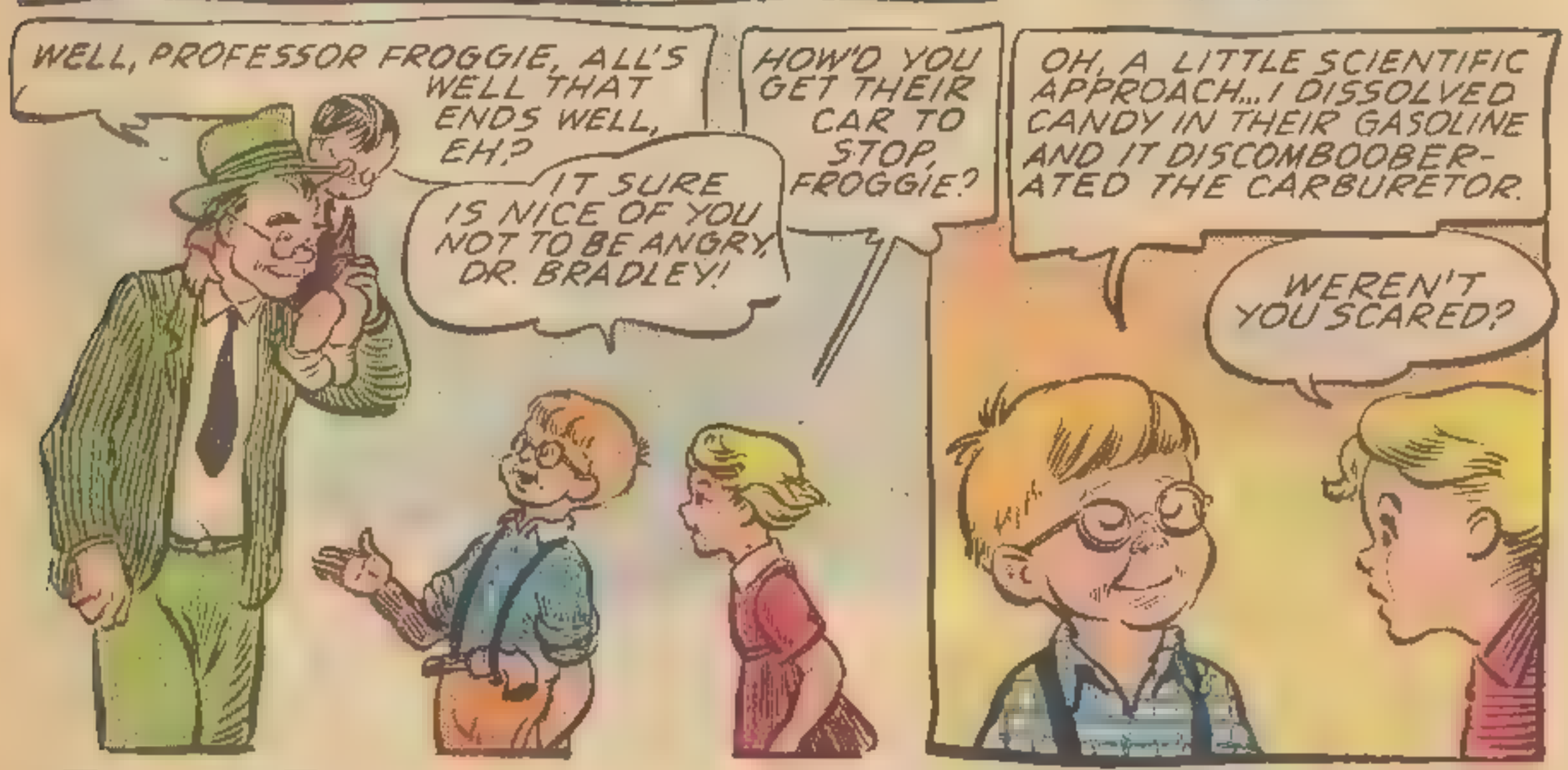

HELP—I BEEN STRUCK BLIND!
NIX! NIX! I CAN'T SWIM!

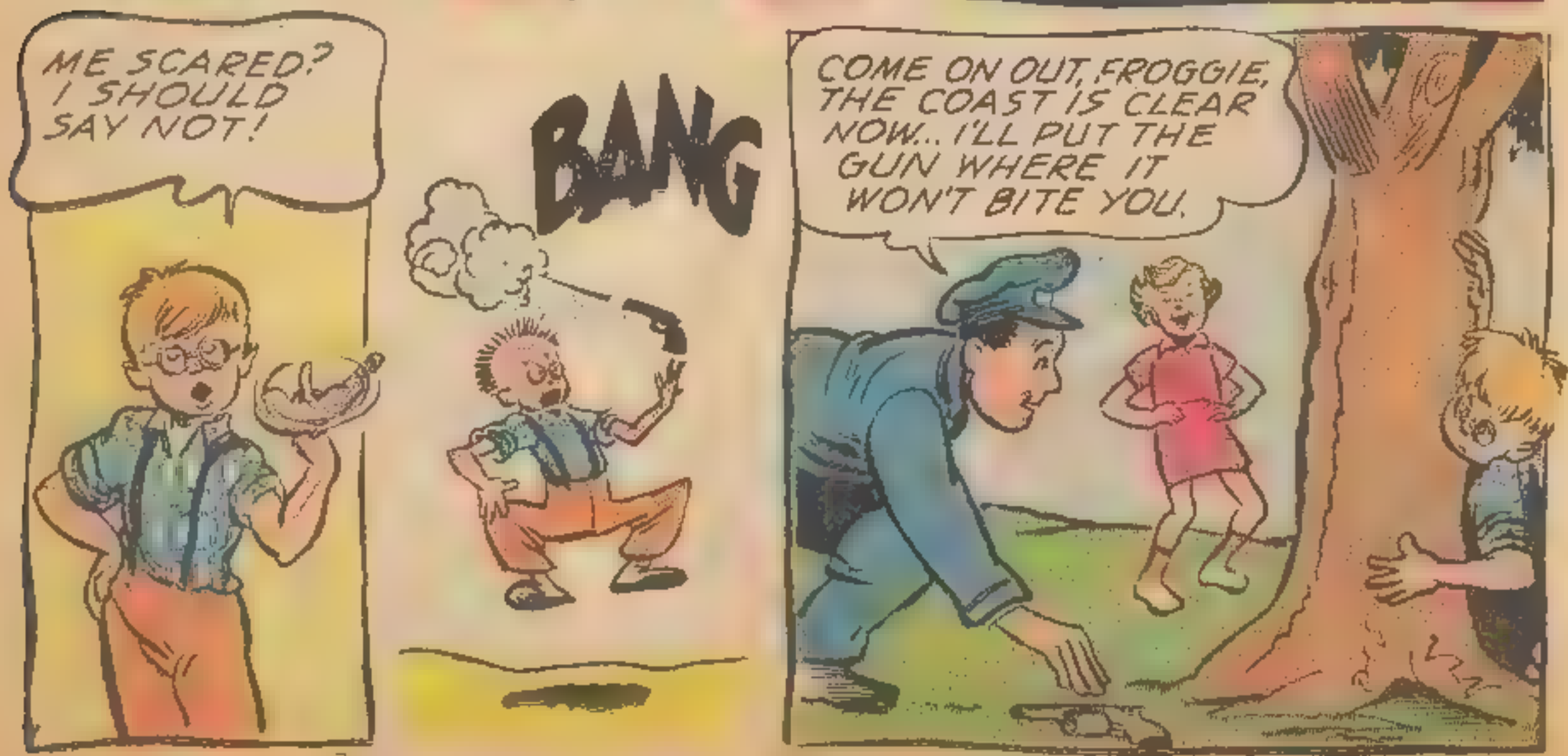
HELP!
SO YOU CAN'T SEE—AN' THE OTHER GUY CAN'T SWIM! THAT'S GOOD NEWS!


GET OVERBOARD AN' TEACH THAT OTHER BOY SCOUT HOW TO PADDLE!

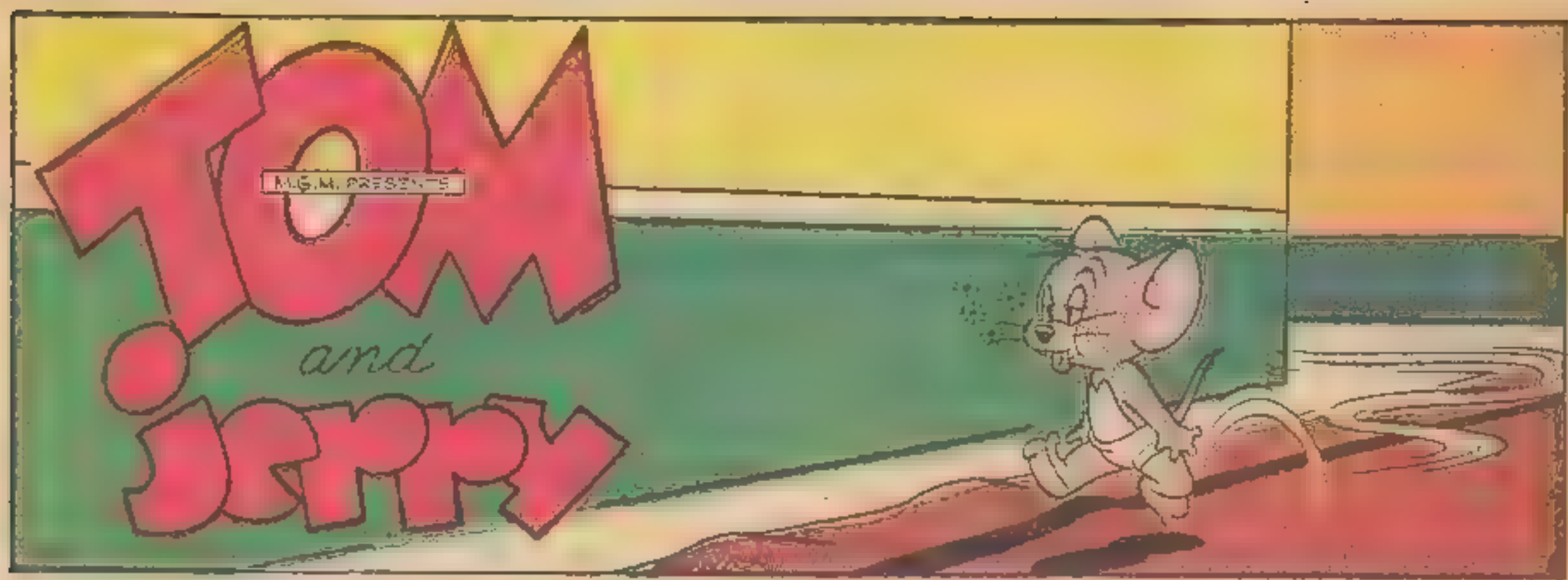
THERE'S FROGGIE NOW, OFFICER!
SO I SEE—BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE NEEDS HELP.

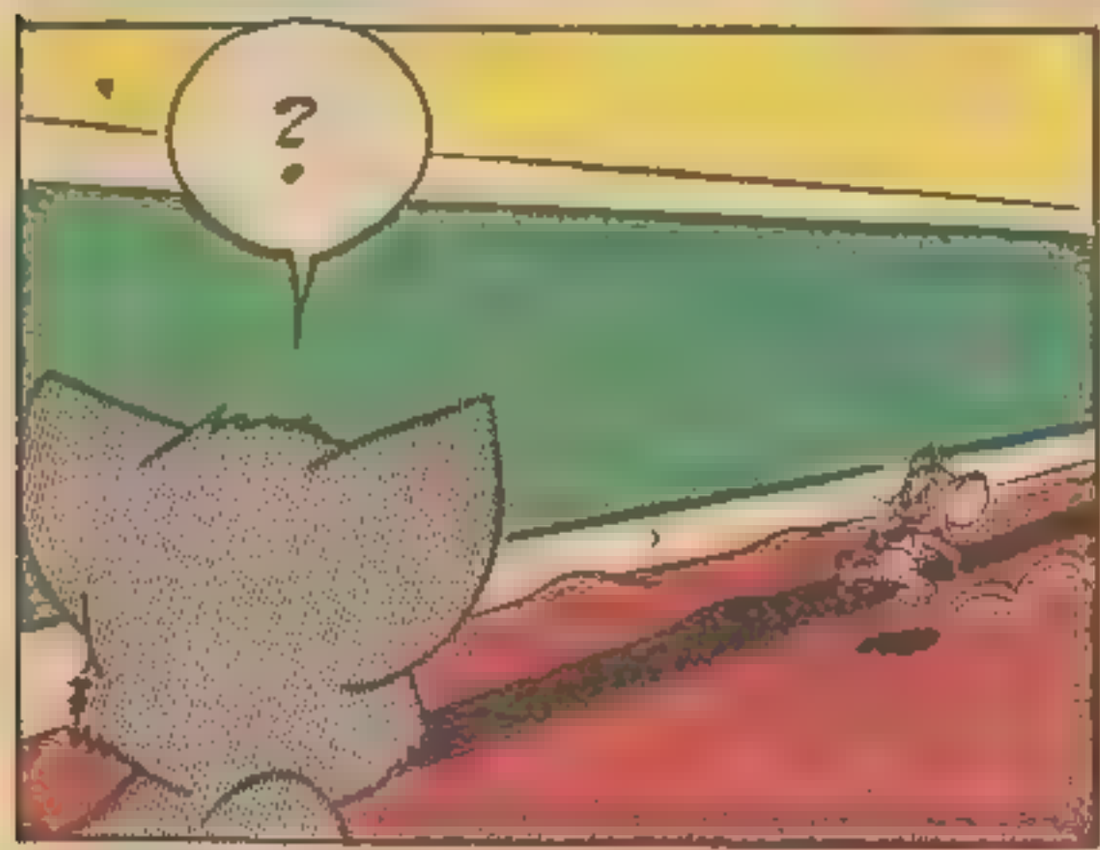






GANG appearing in M·G·M pictures


M.G.M. PRESENTS
TOM
and
JERRY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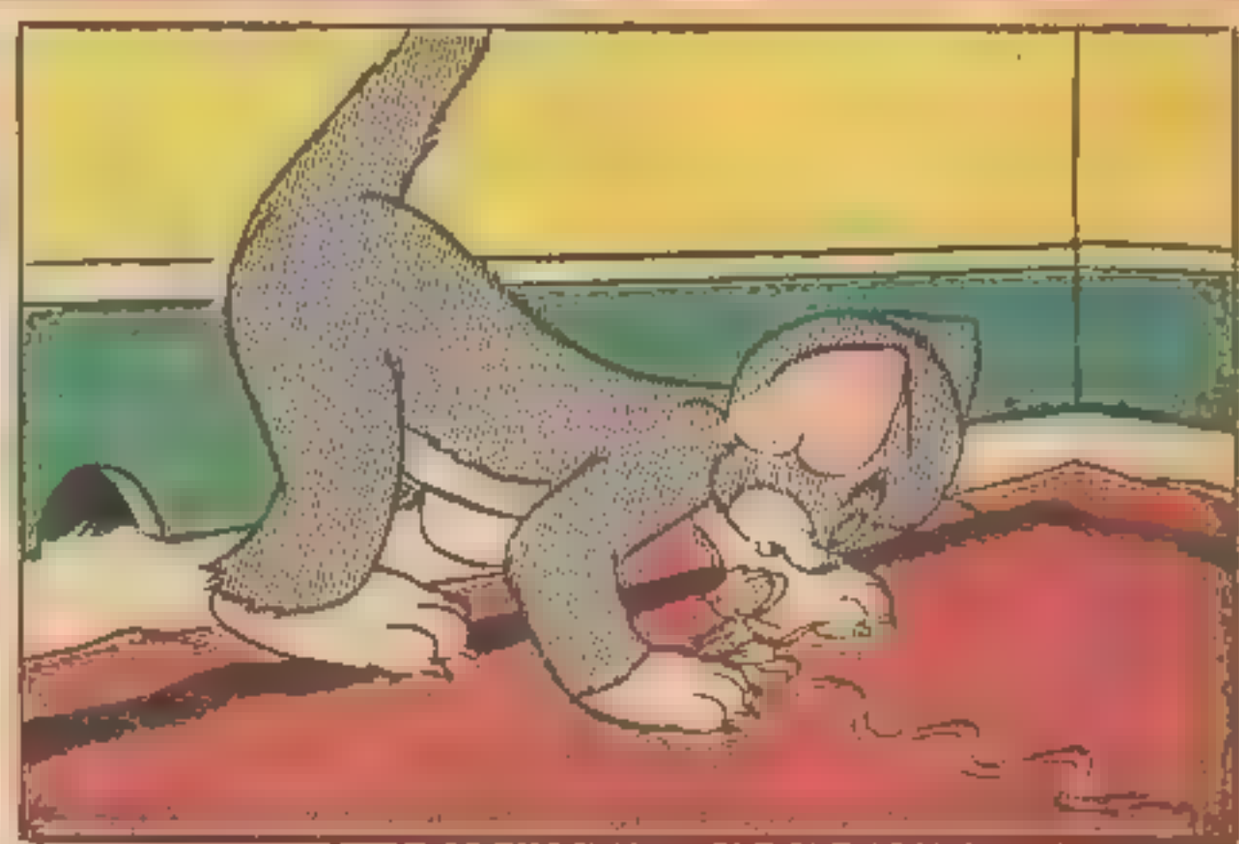
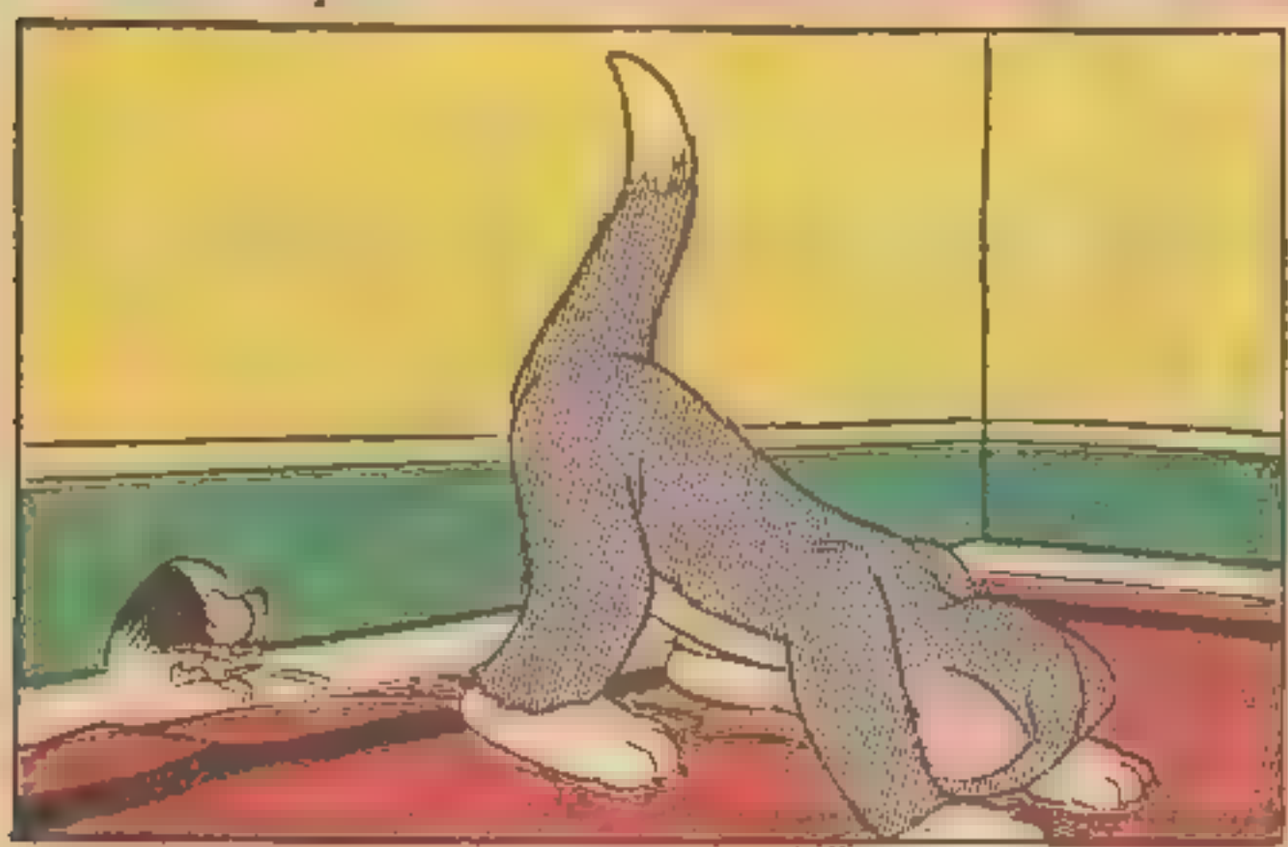
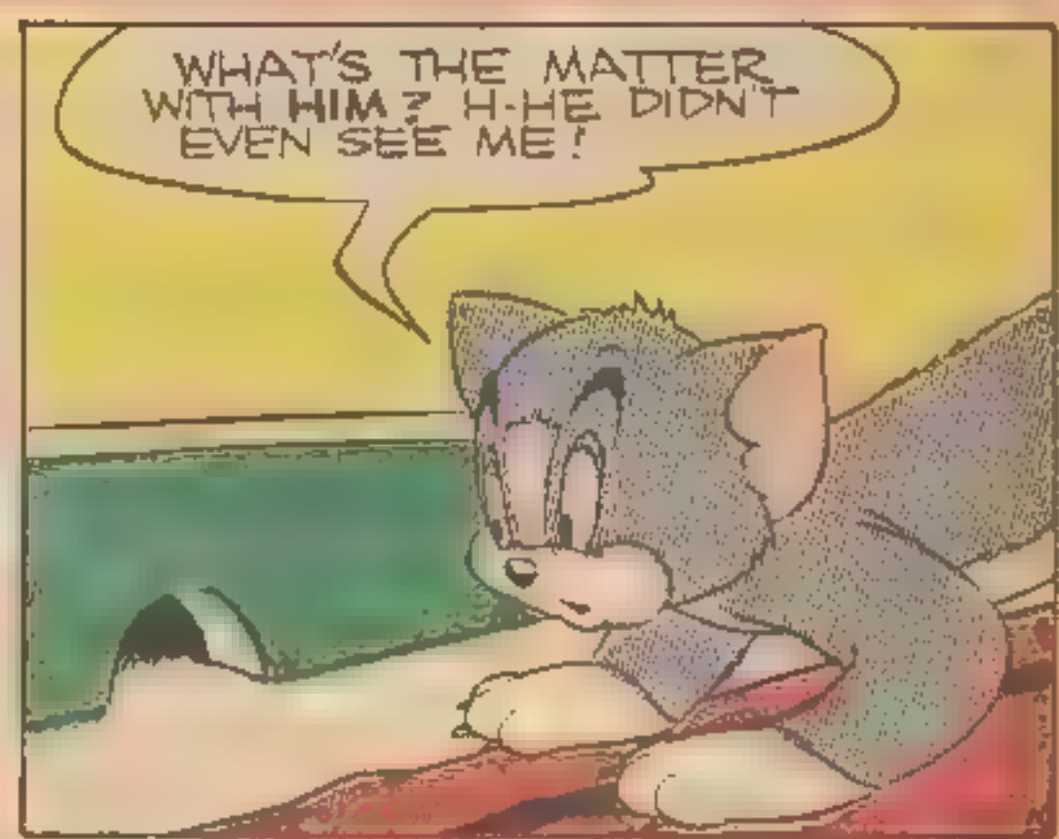
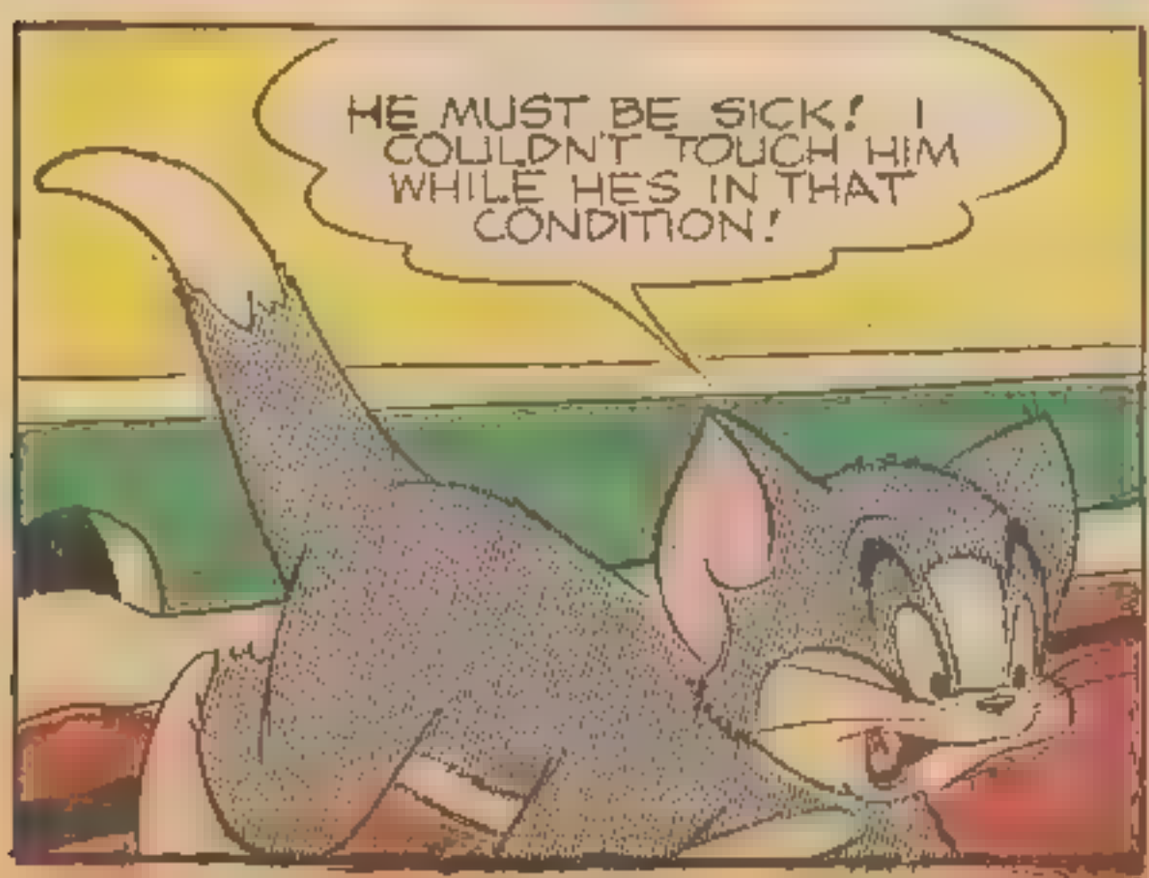
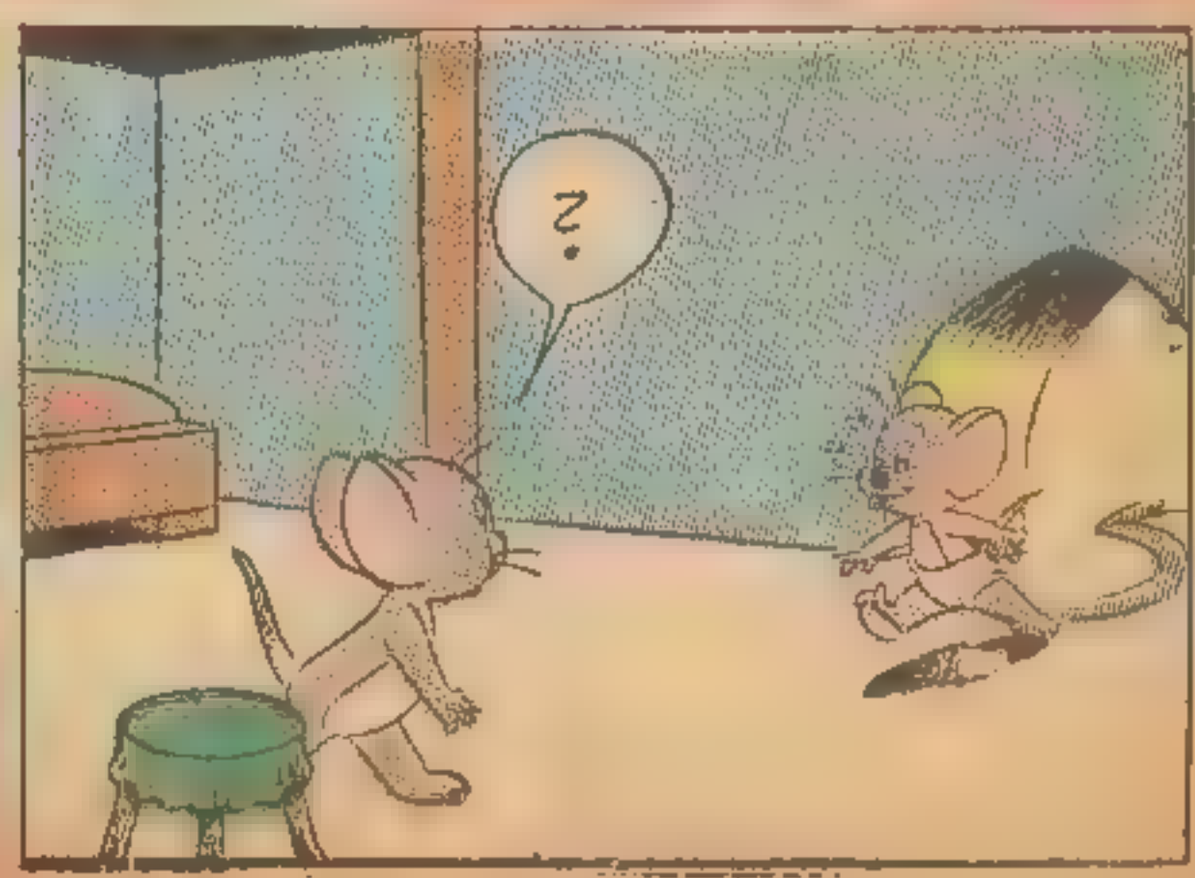





WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? H-HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE ME!


HE MUST BE SICK! I COULDN'T TOUCH HIM WHILE HES IN THAT CONDITION!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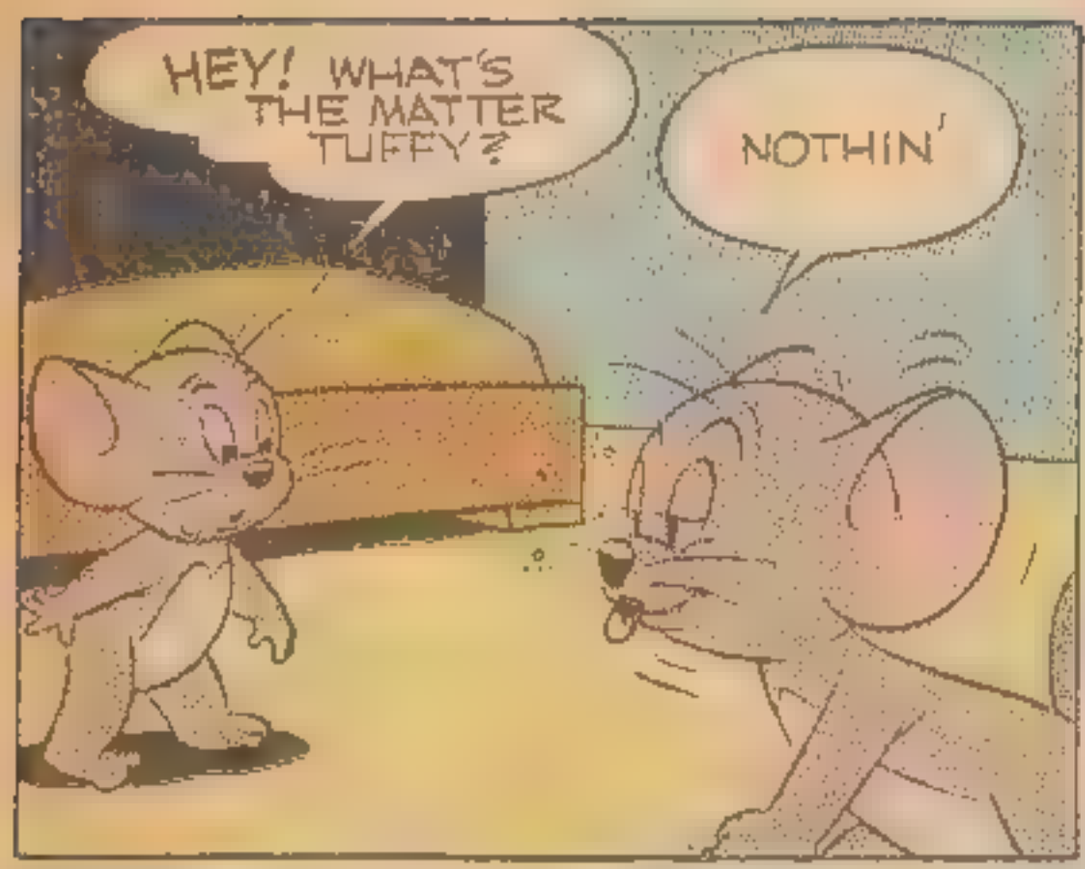
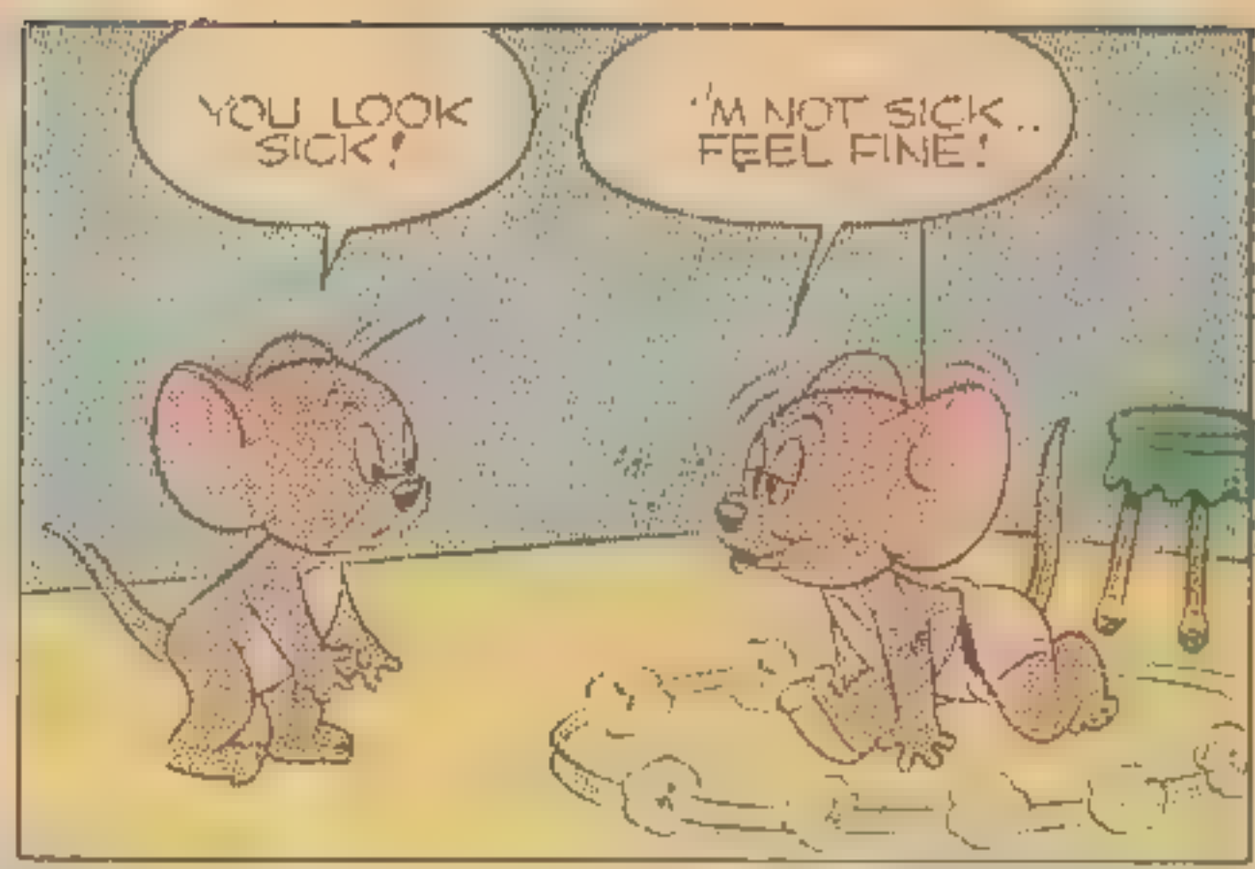
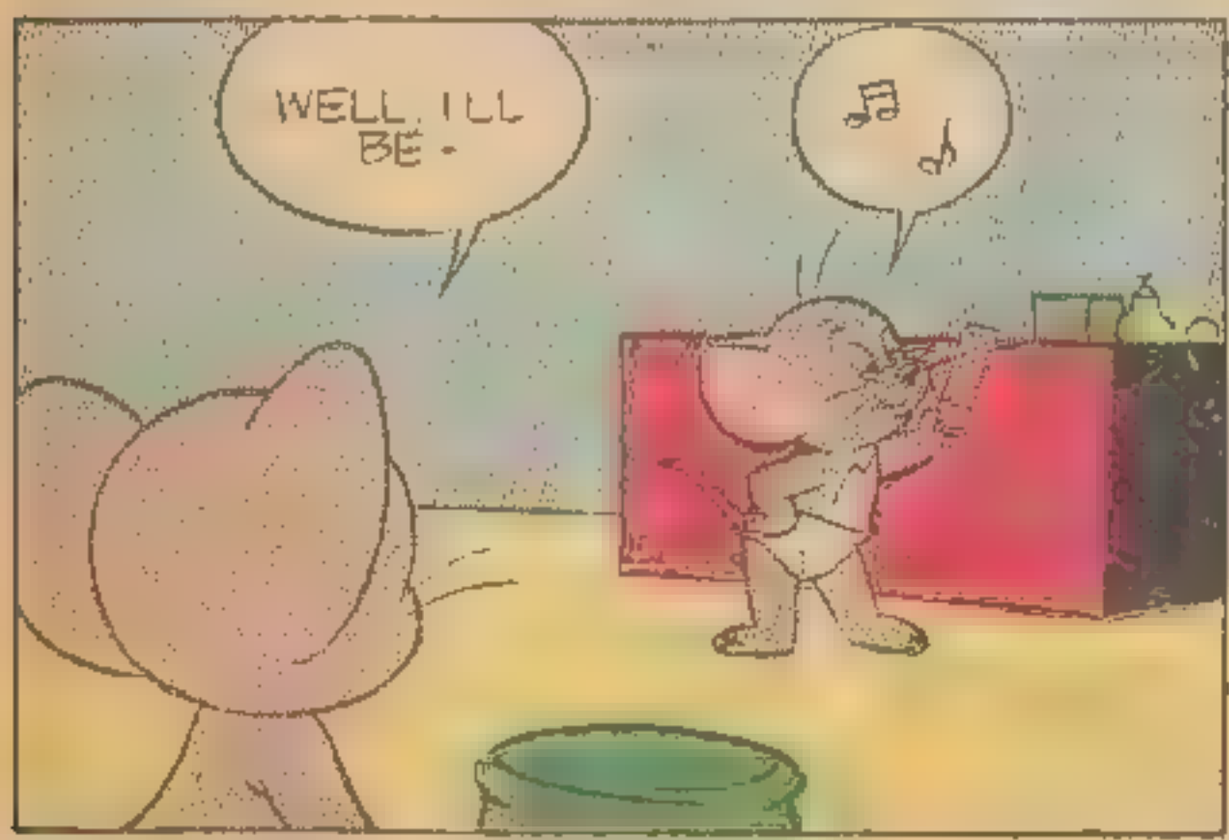
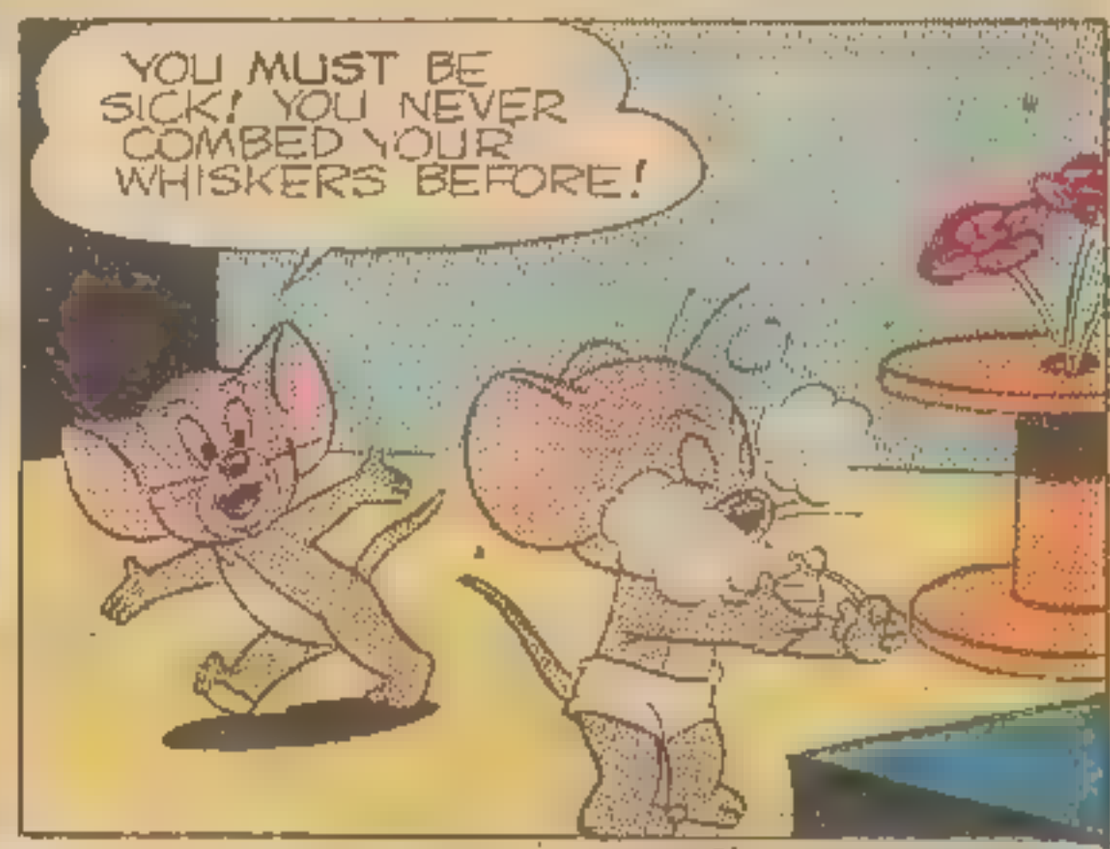
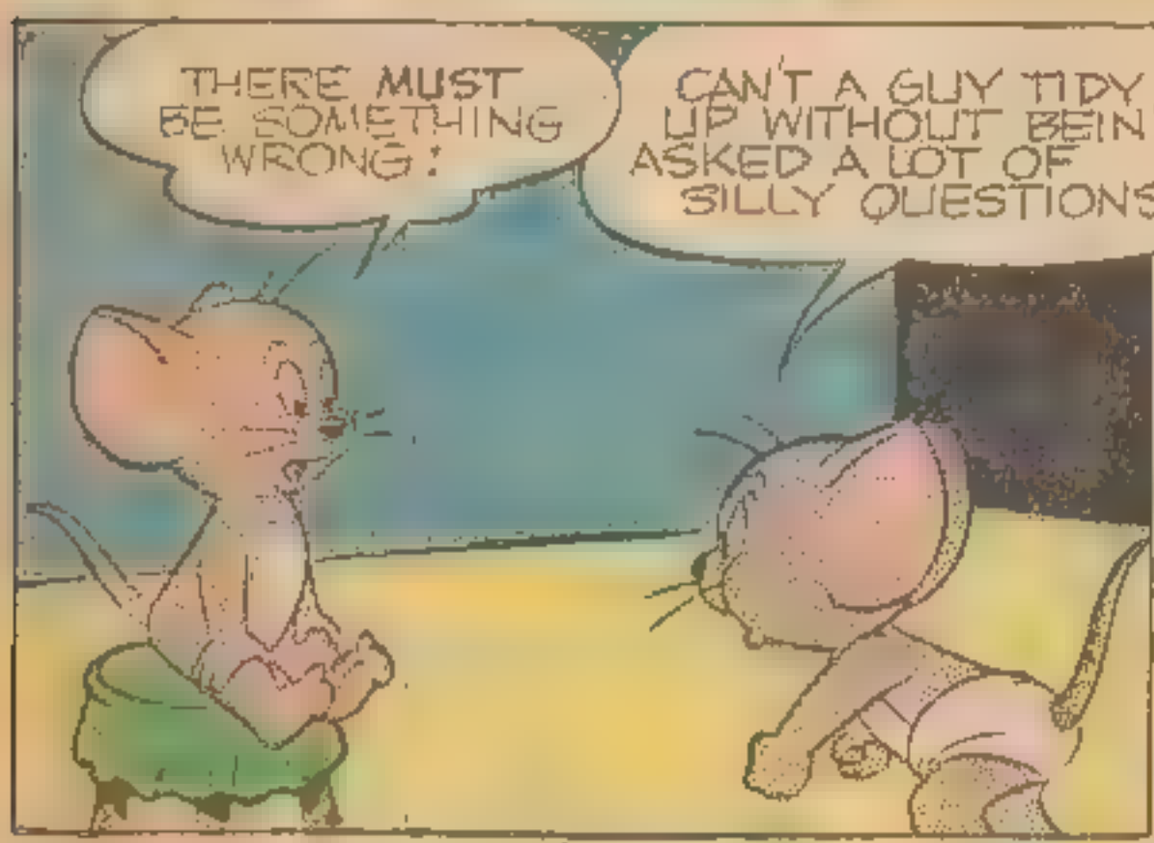
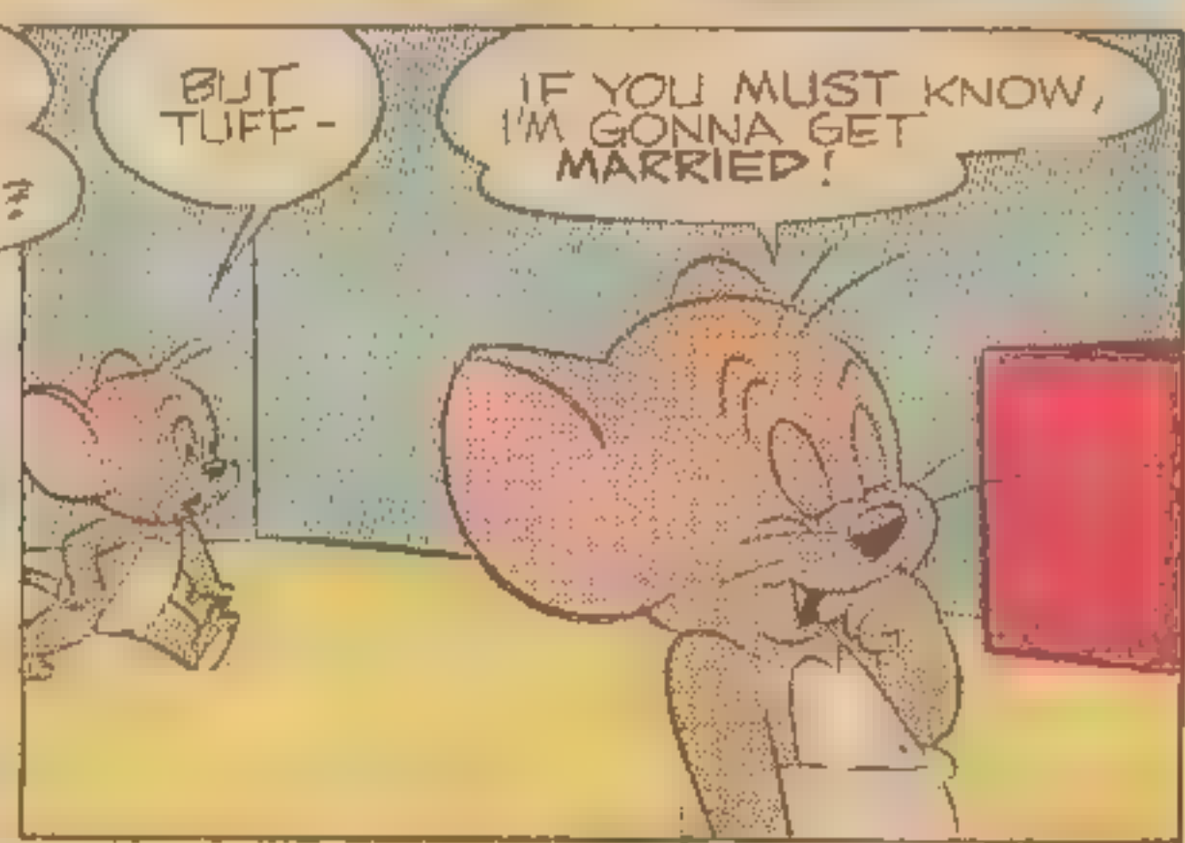

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER TUFFY?
NOTHIN'

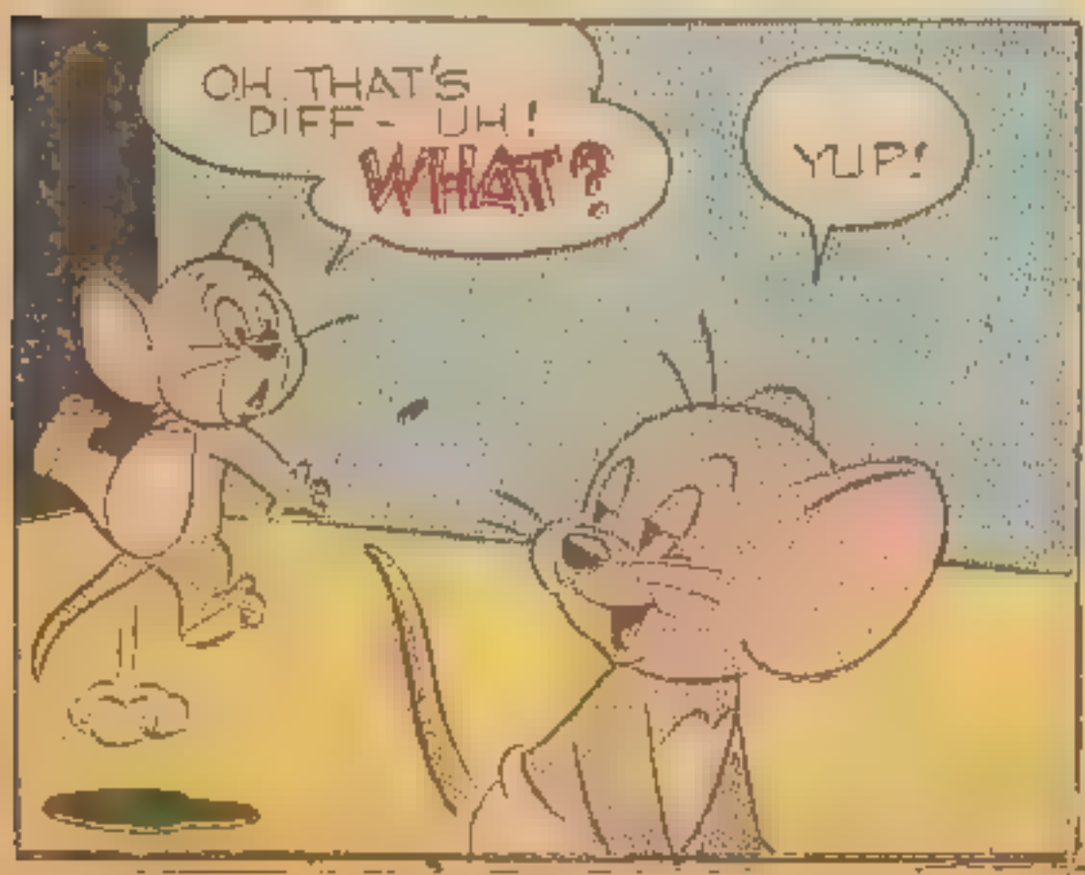

YOU LOOK SICK!
'M NOT SICK.. FEEL FINE!

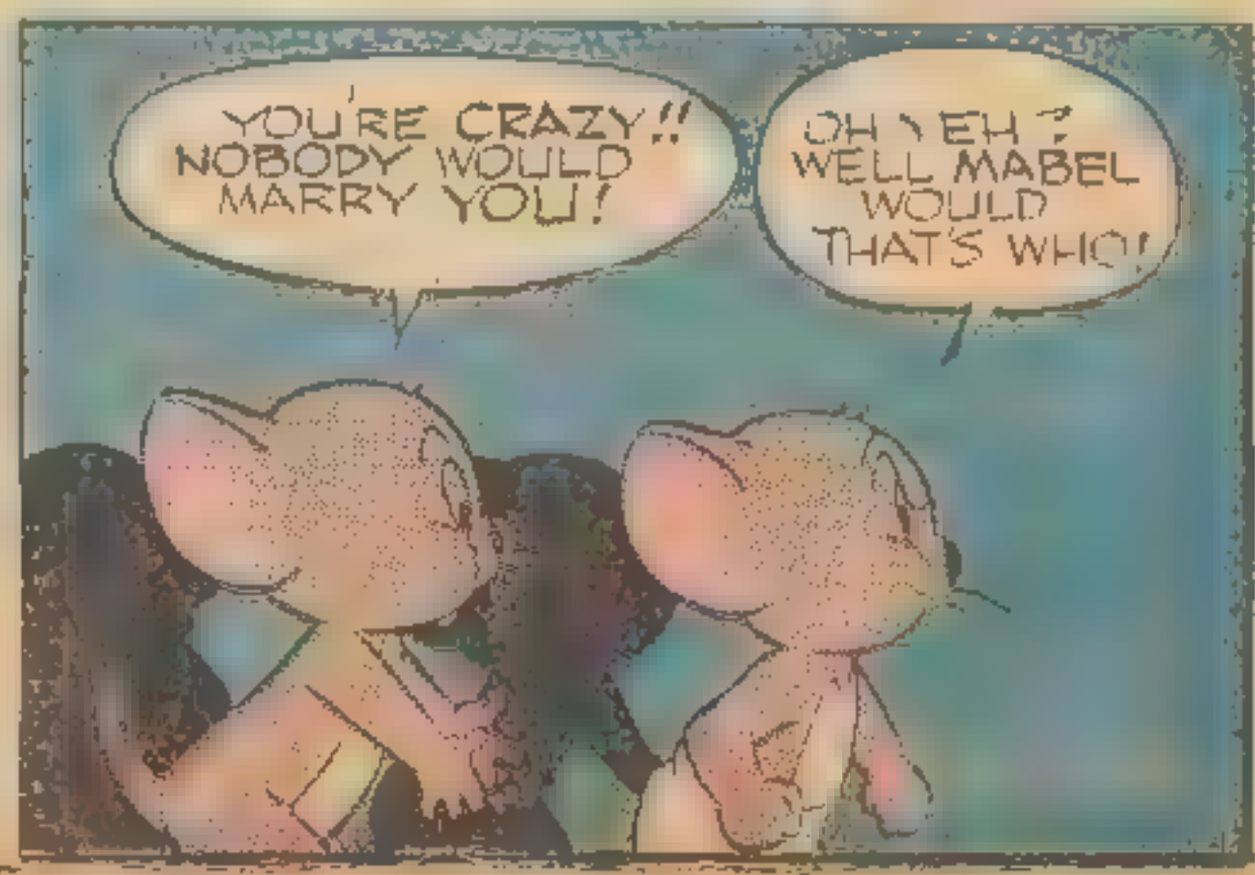

WELL I'LL BE -
♫

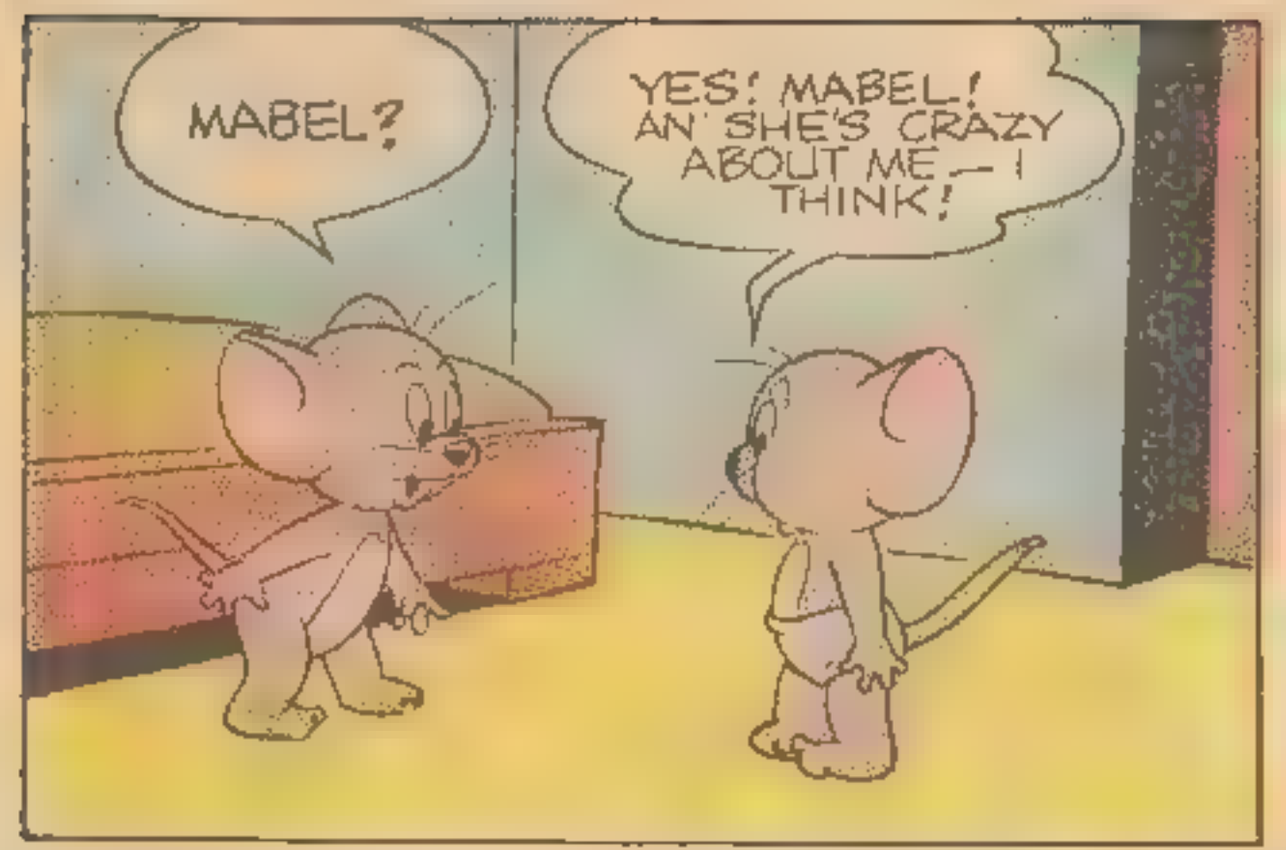

YOU MUST BE SICK! YOU NEVER COMBED YOUR WHISKERS BEFORE!

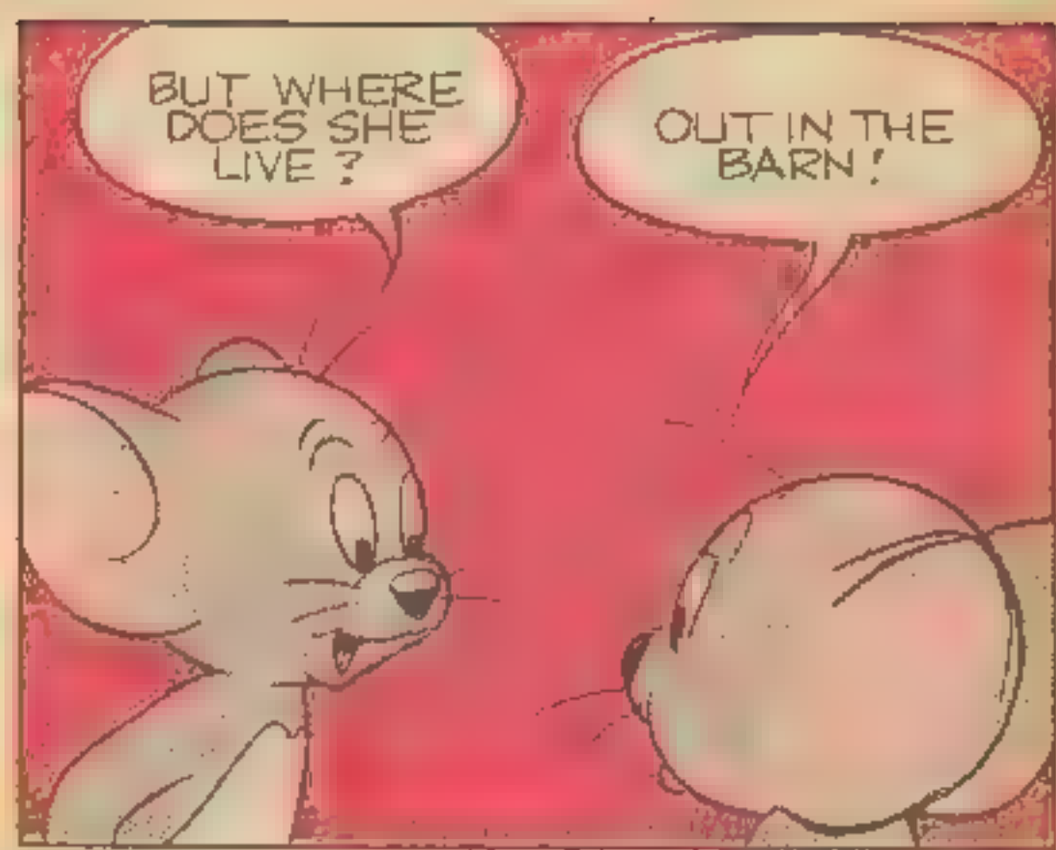

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG!
CAN'T A GUY TIDY UP WITHOUT BEIN' ASKED A LOT OF SILLY QUESTIONS?

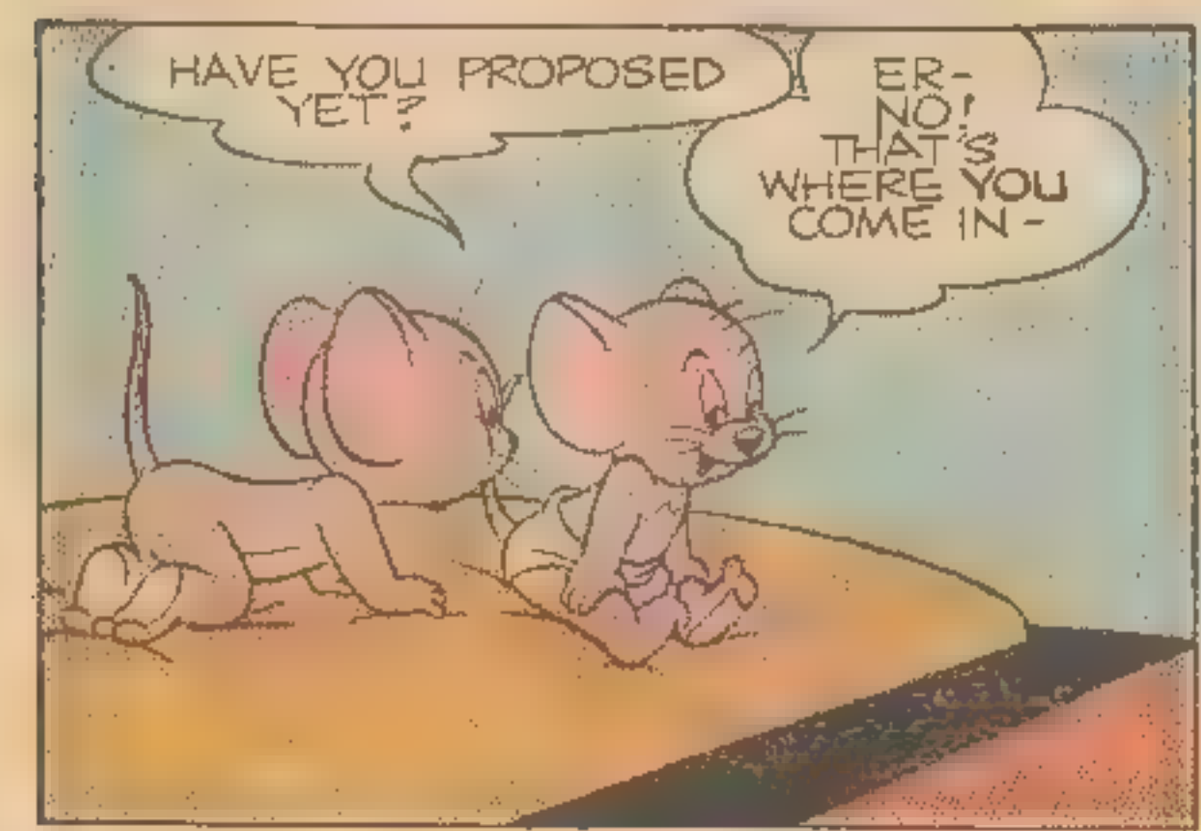

BUT TUFF -
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M GONNA GET MARRIED!

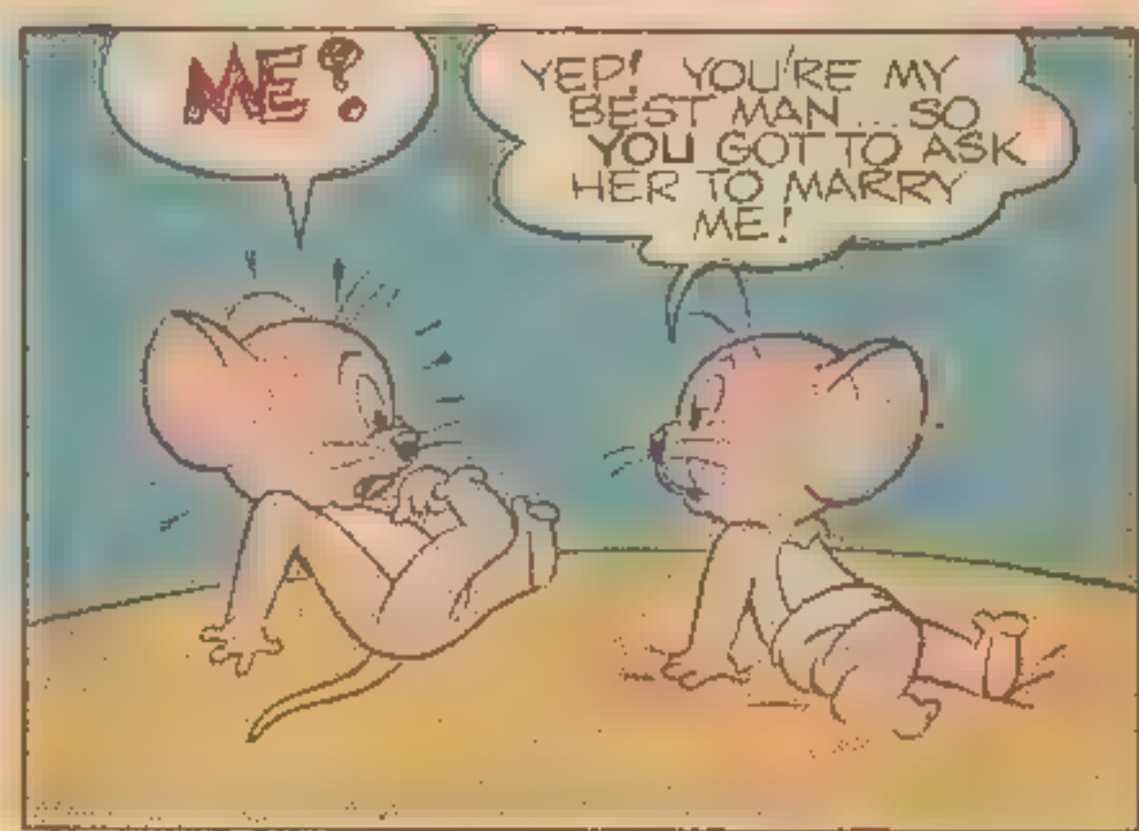

OH THAT'S DIFF - UH! WHAT?
YUP!

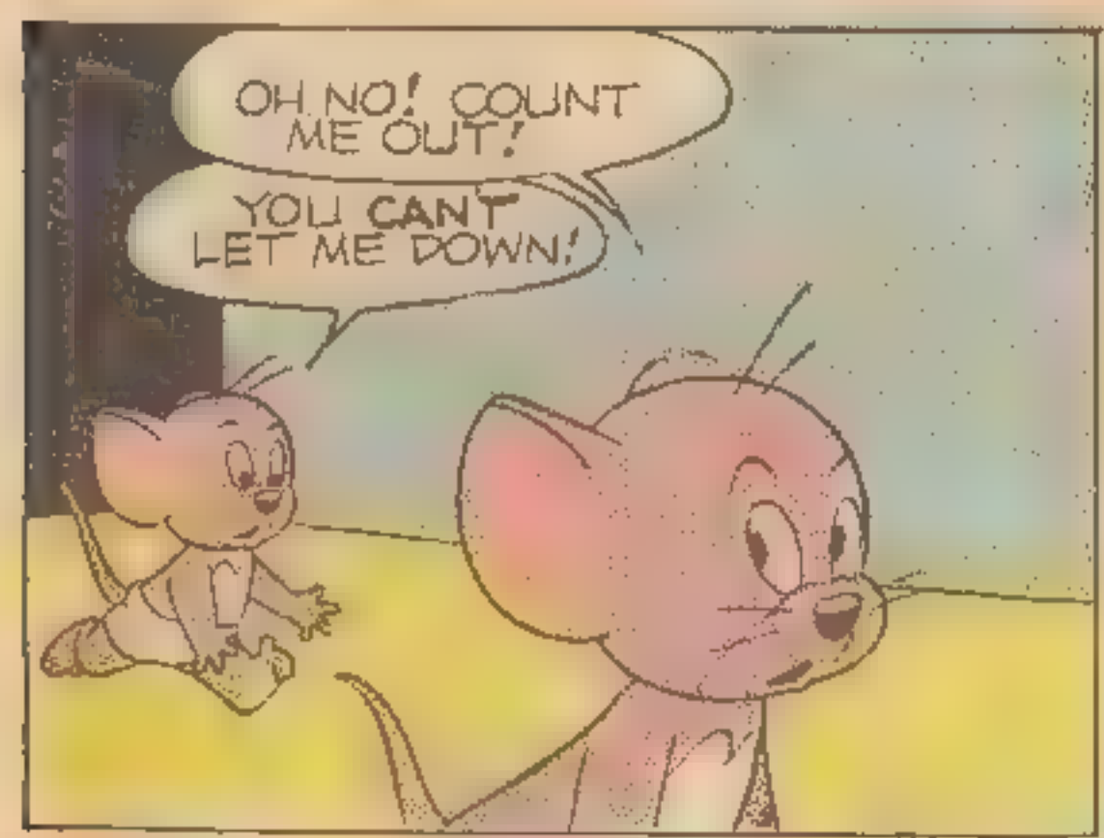

YOU'RE CRAZY!! NOBODY WOULD MARRY YOU!
OH YEH? WELL MABEL WOULD THAT'S WHO!

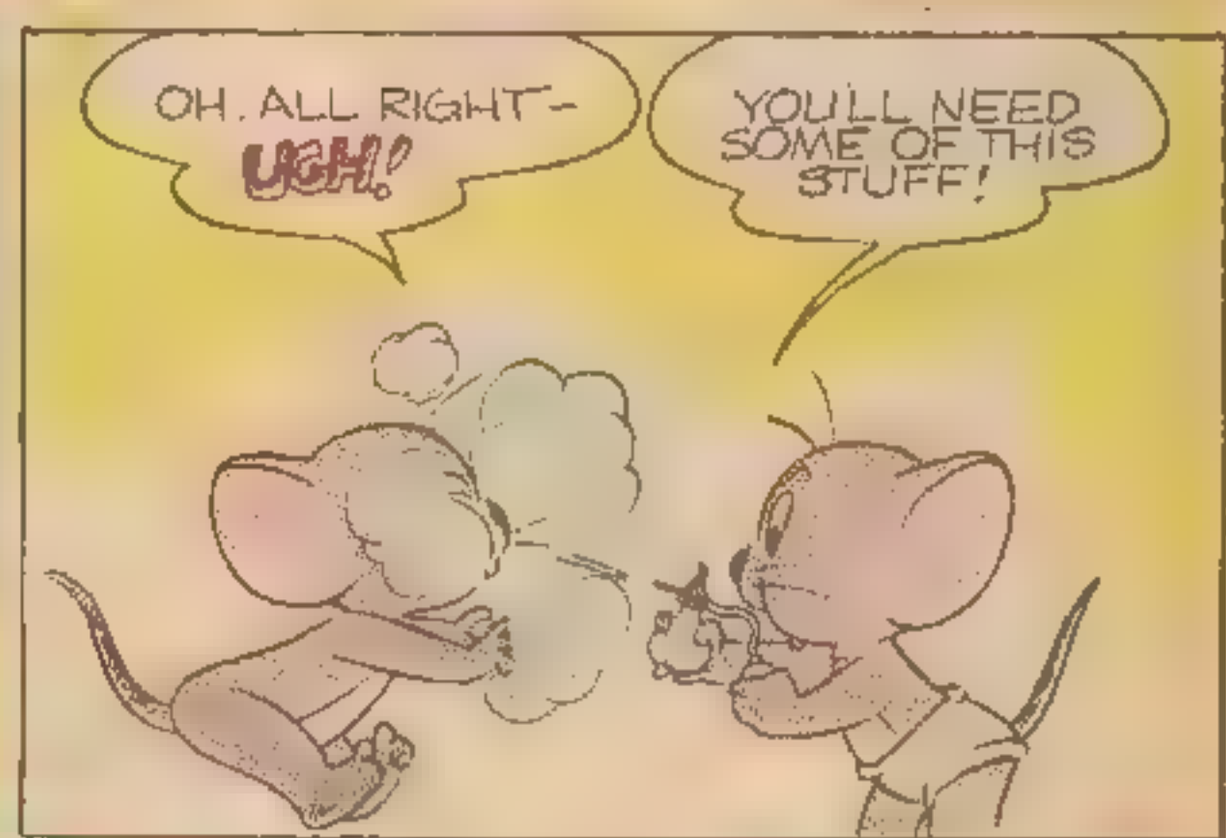

MABEL?
YES! MABEL! AN' SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME — I THINK!

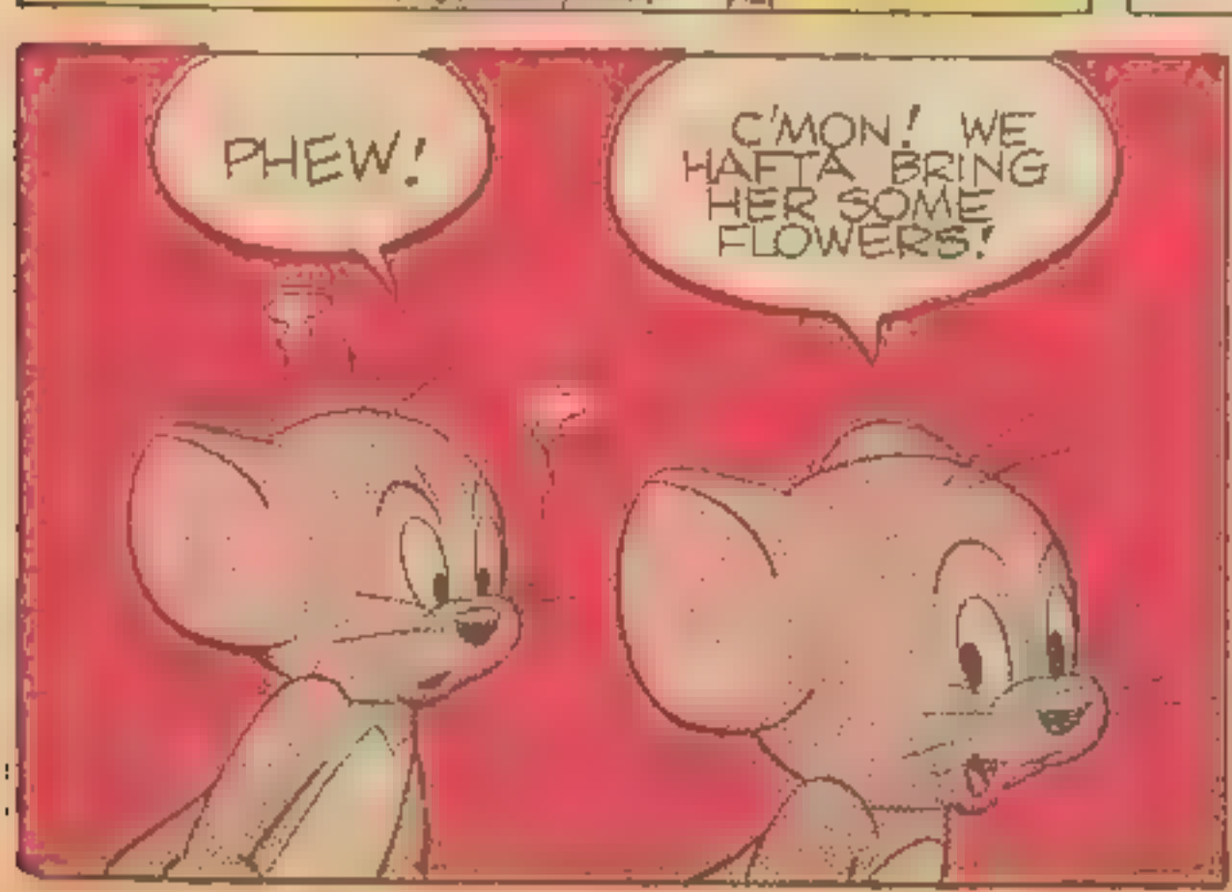

BUT WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?
OUT IN THE BARN!

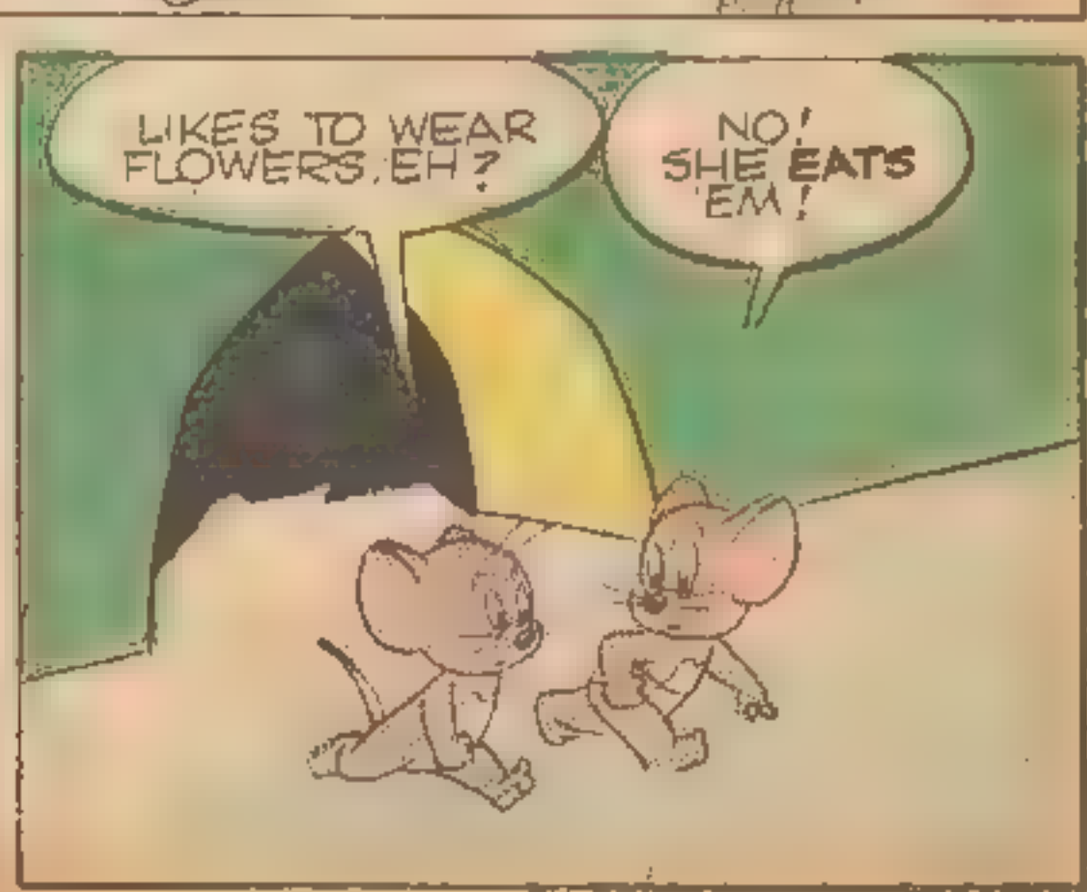

HAVE YOU PROPOSED YET?
ER- NO! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN -

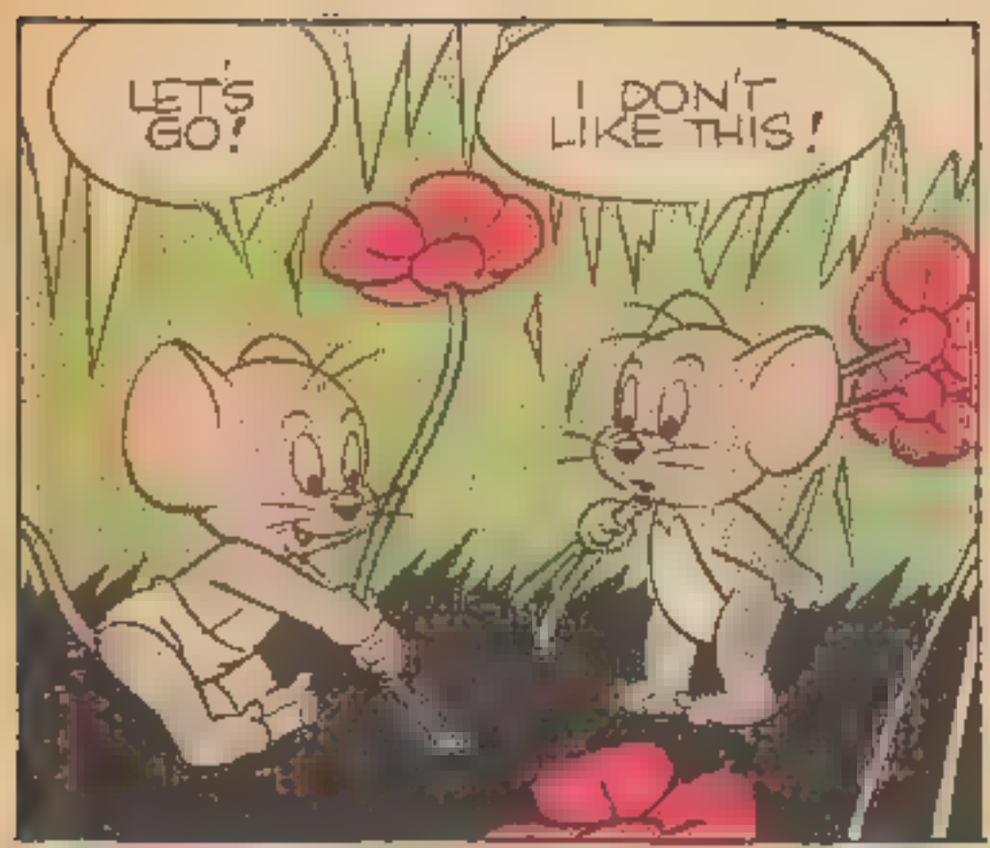

ME?
YEP! YOU'RE MY BEST MAN... SO YOU GOT TO ASK HER TO MARRY ME!

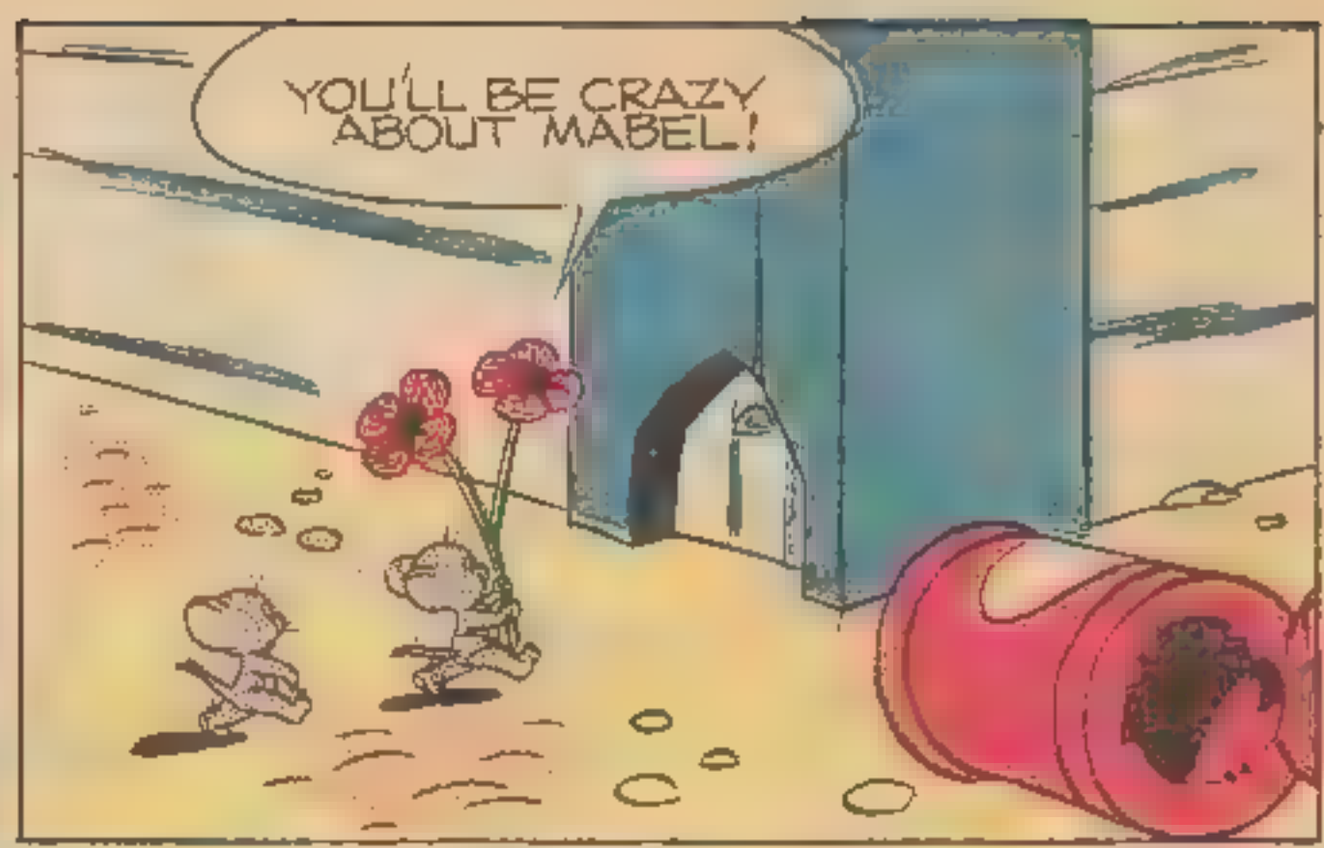

OH NO! COUNT ME OUT!
YOU CAN'T LET ME DOWN!

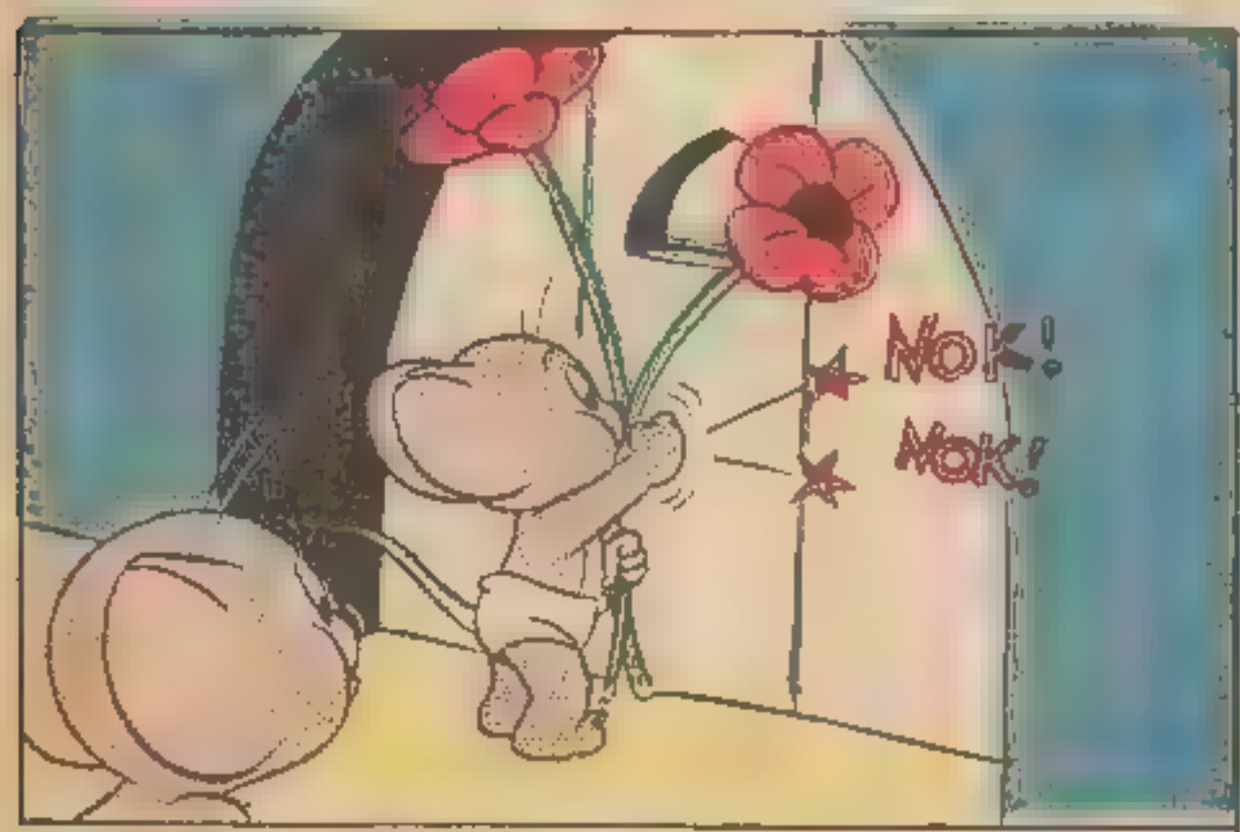

OH, ALL RIGHT - UGH!
YOU'LL NEED SOME OF THIS STUFF!

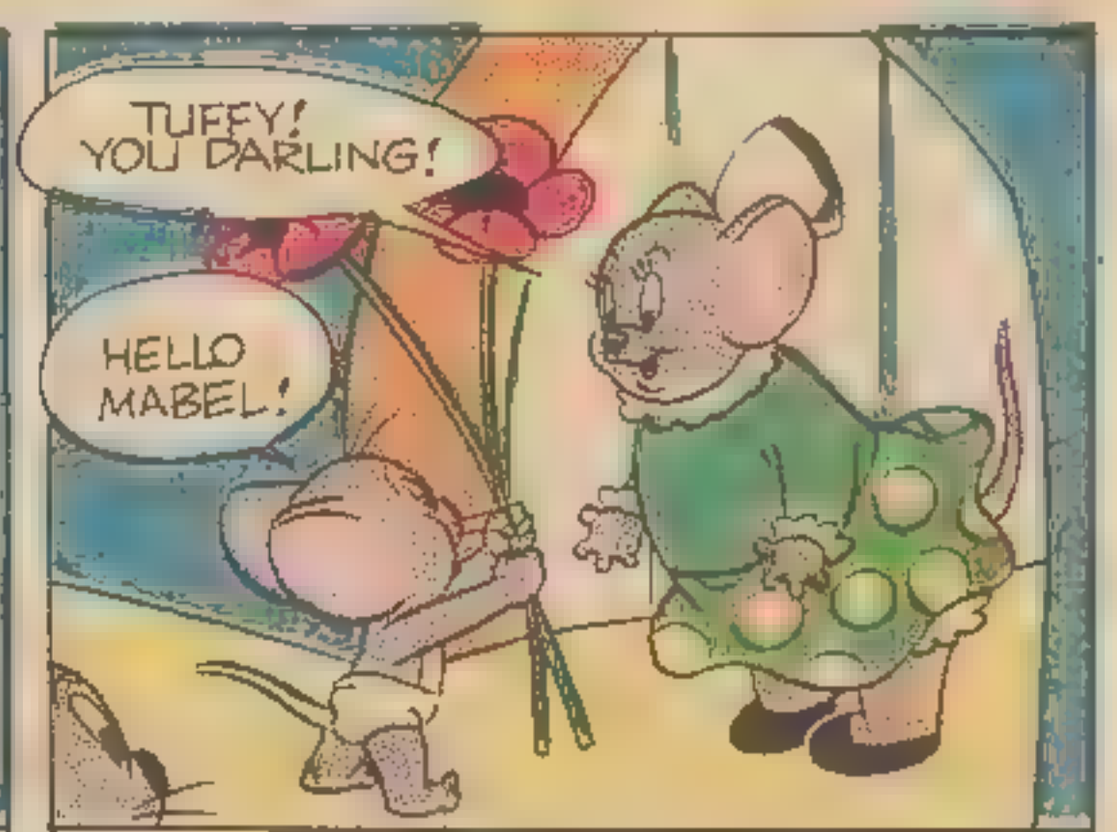

PHEW!
C'MON! WE HAFTA BRING HER SOME FLOWERS!

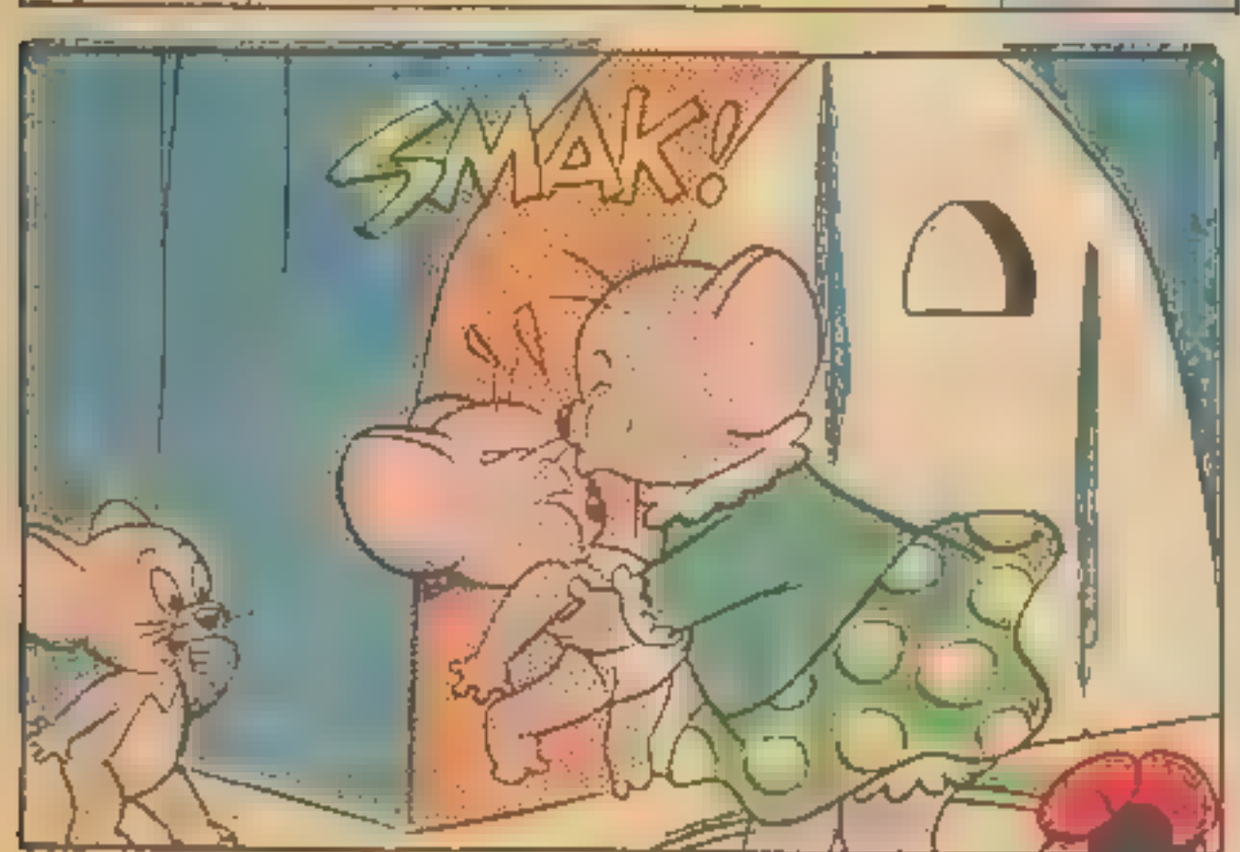

LIKES TO WEAR FLOWERS, EH?
NO! SHE EATS 'EM!

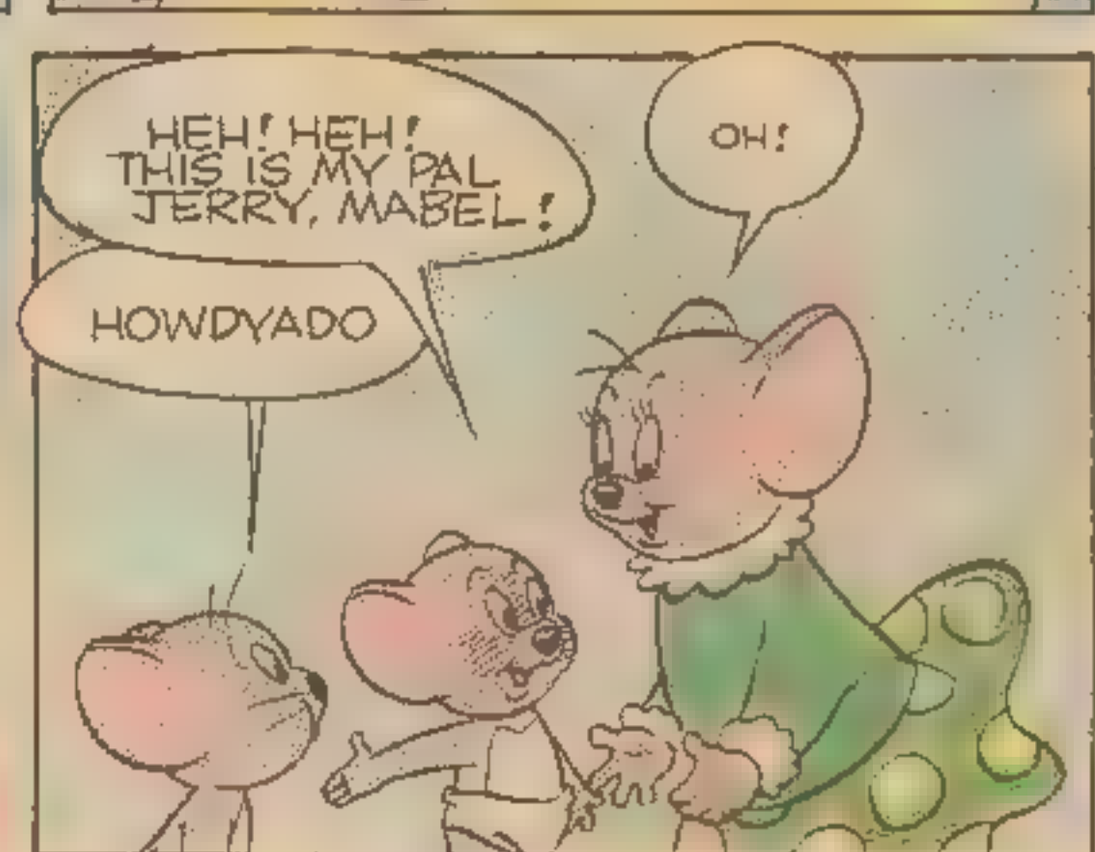

LET'S GO!
I DON'T LIKE THIS!

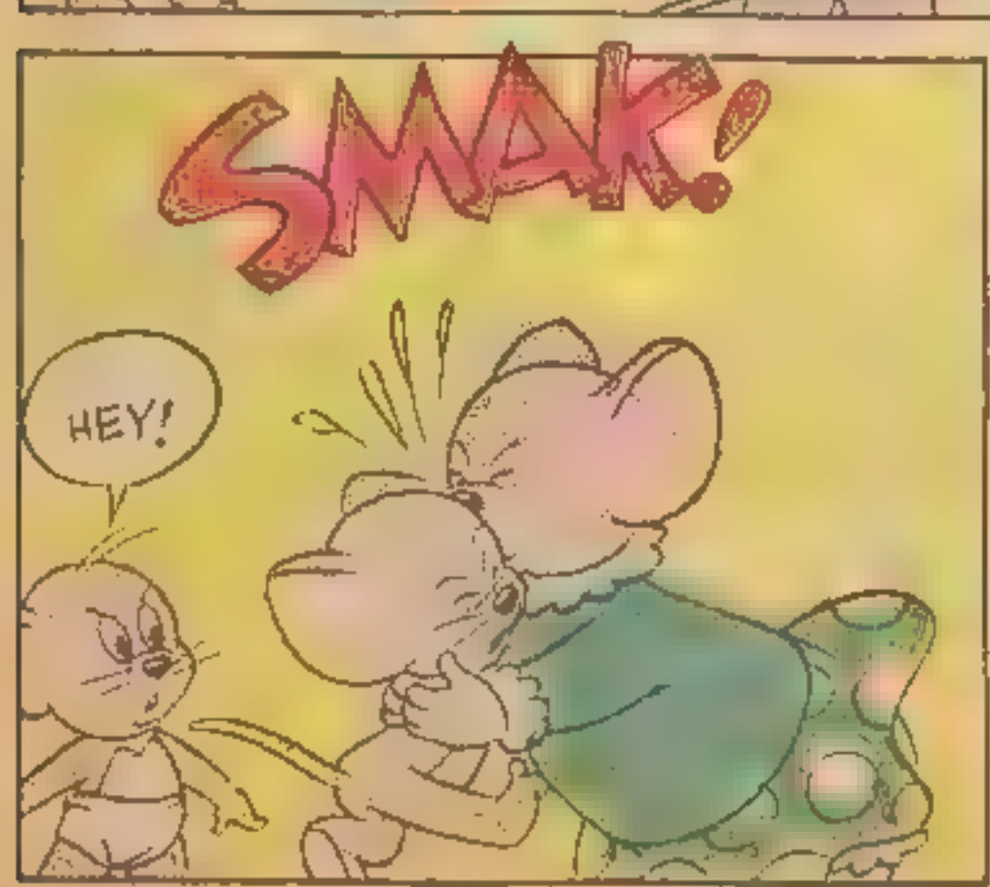

YOU'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT MABEL!

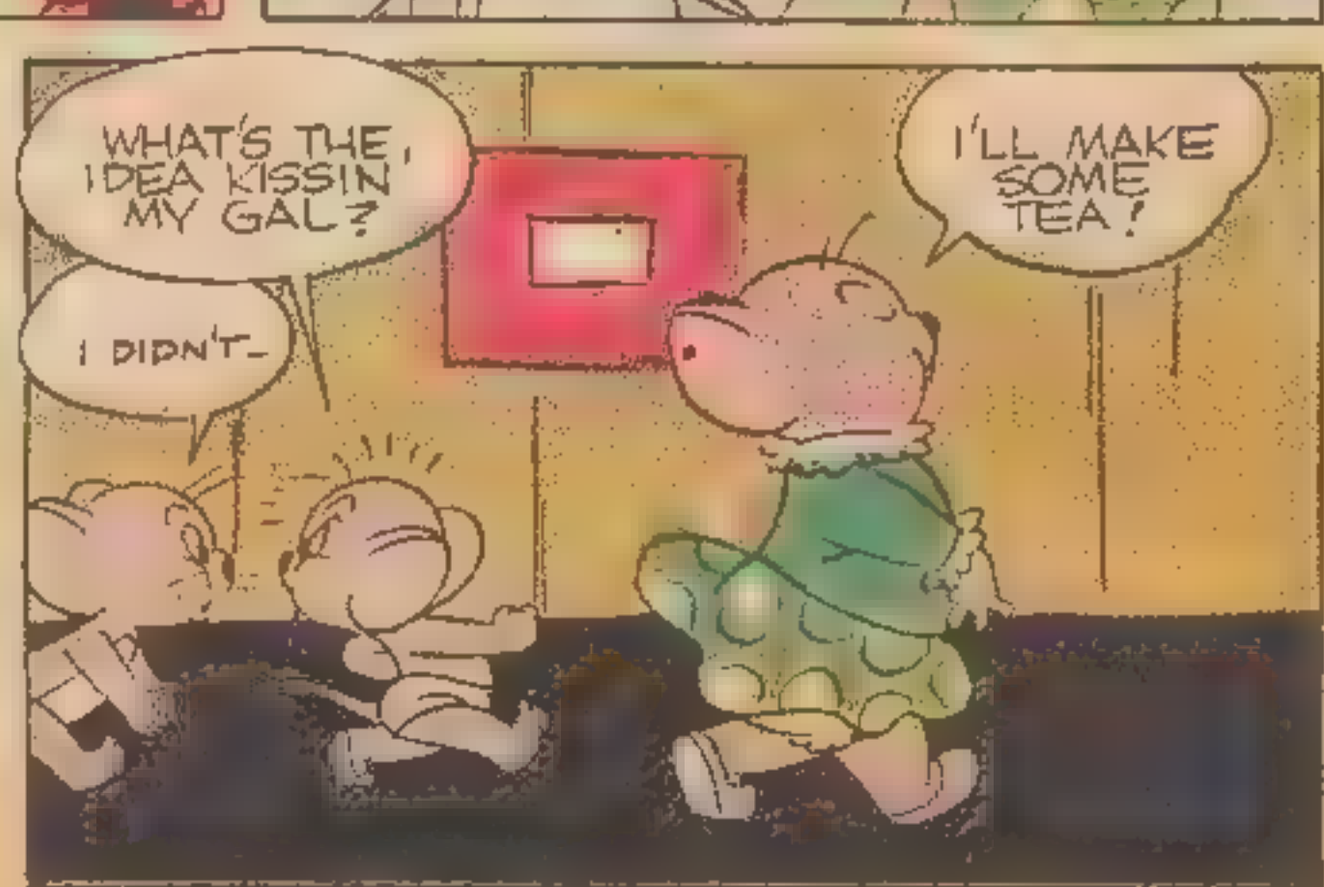

NOK!
NOK!

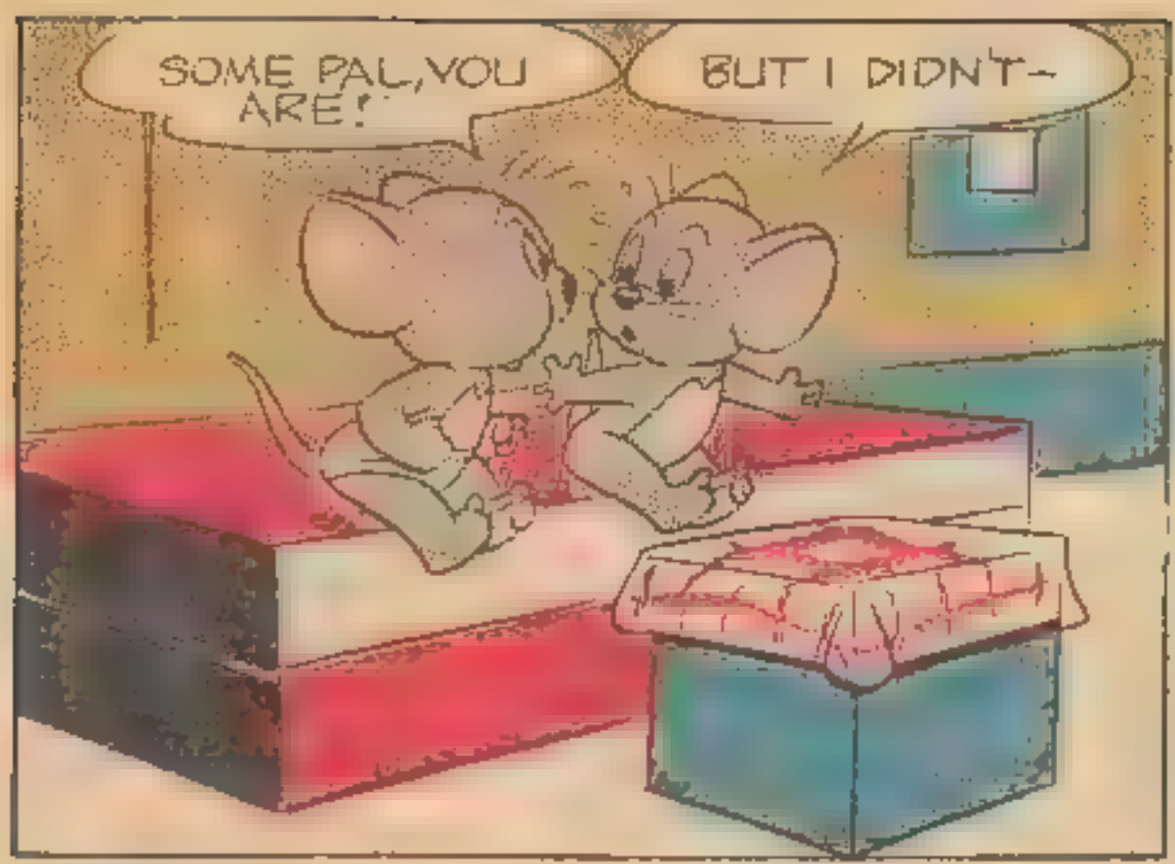

TUFFY! YOU DARLING!
HELLO MABEL!

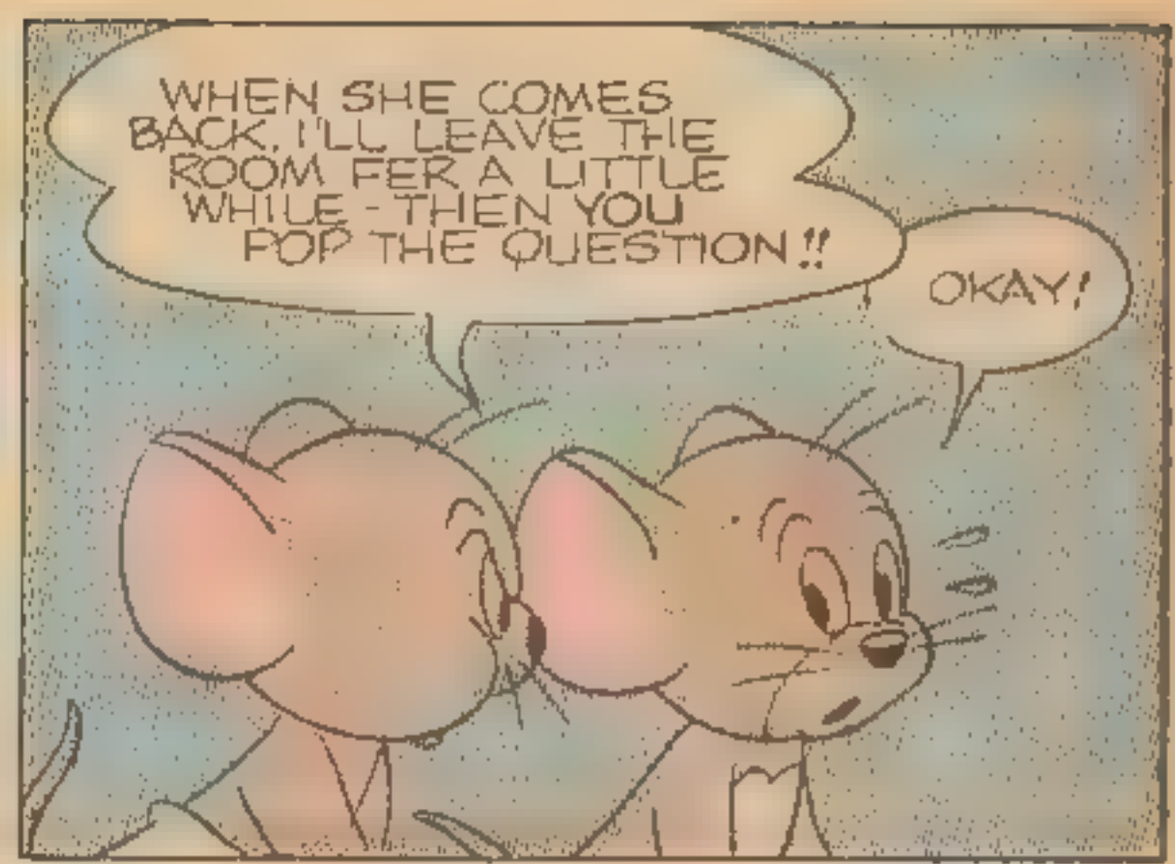

SMAK!

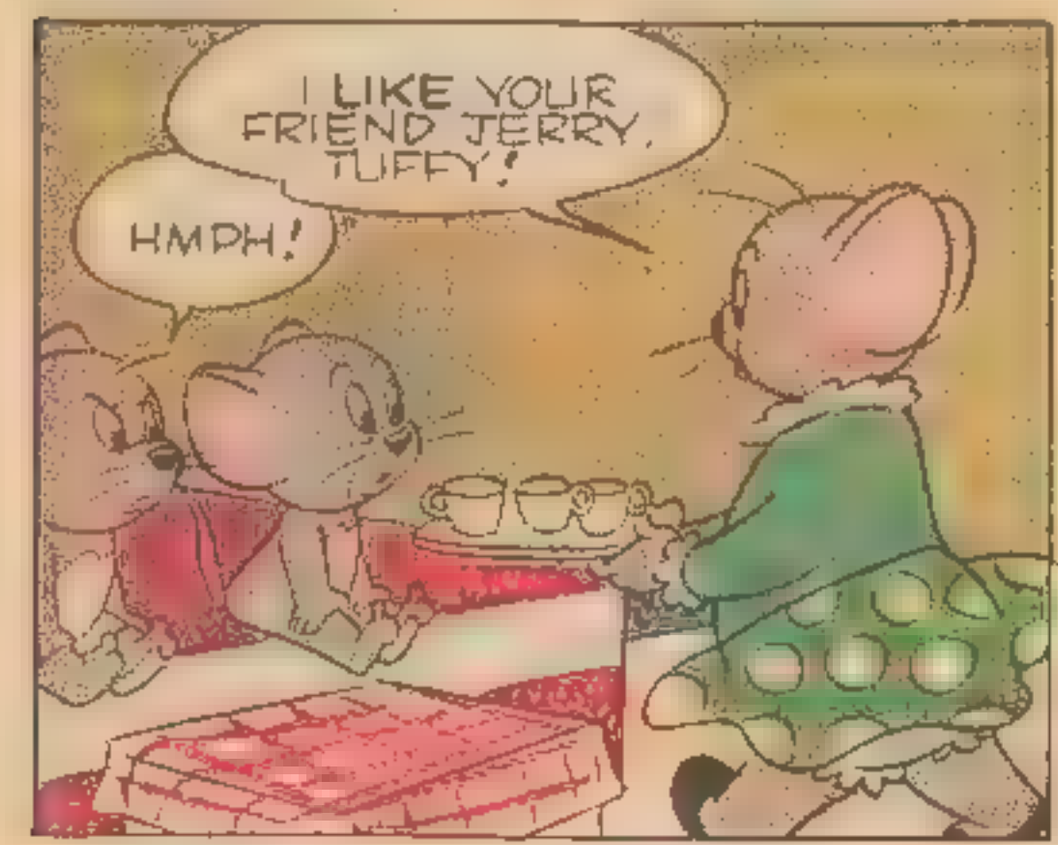

HEH! HEH! THIS IS MY PAL JERRY, MABEL!
OH!
HOWDYADO

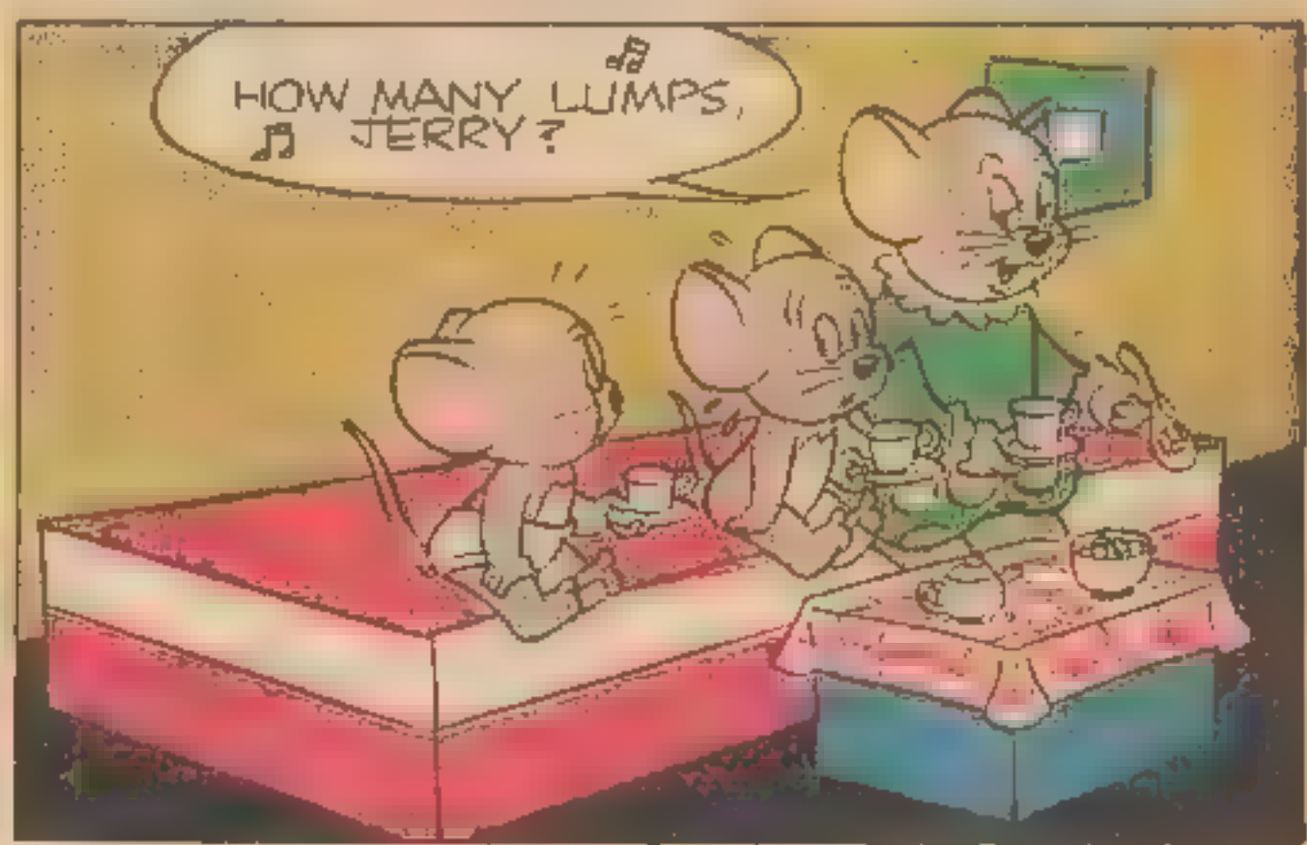

SMAK!
HEY!

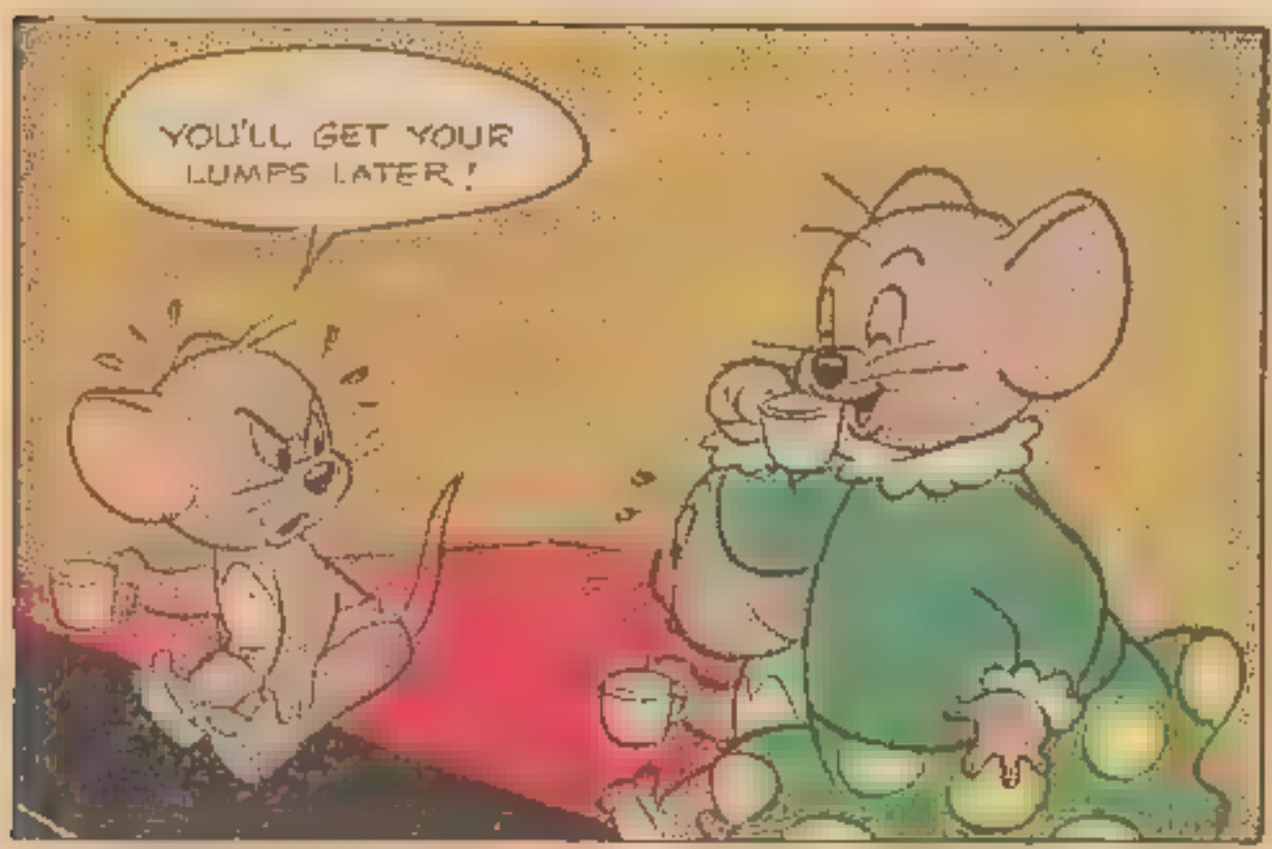

WHAT'S THE IDEA KISSIN' MY GAL?
I'LL MAKE SOME TEA!
I DIDN'T-

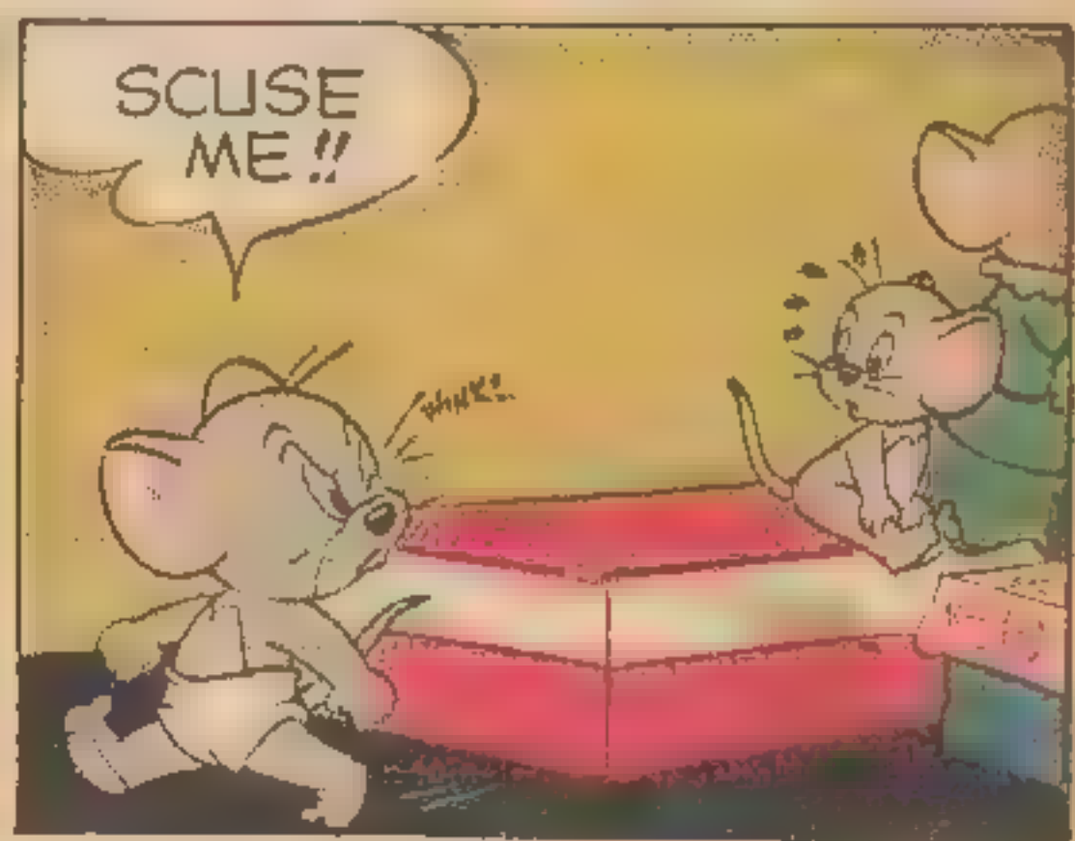

SOME PAL, YOU ARE!
BUT I DIDN'T-

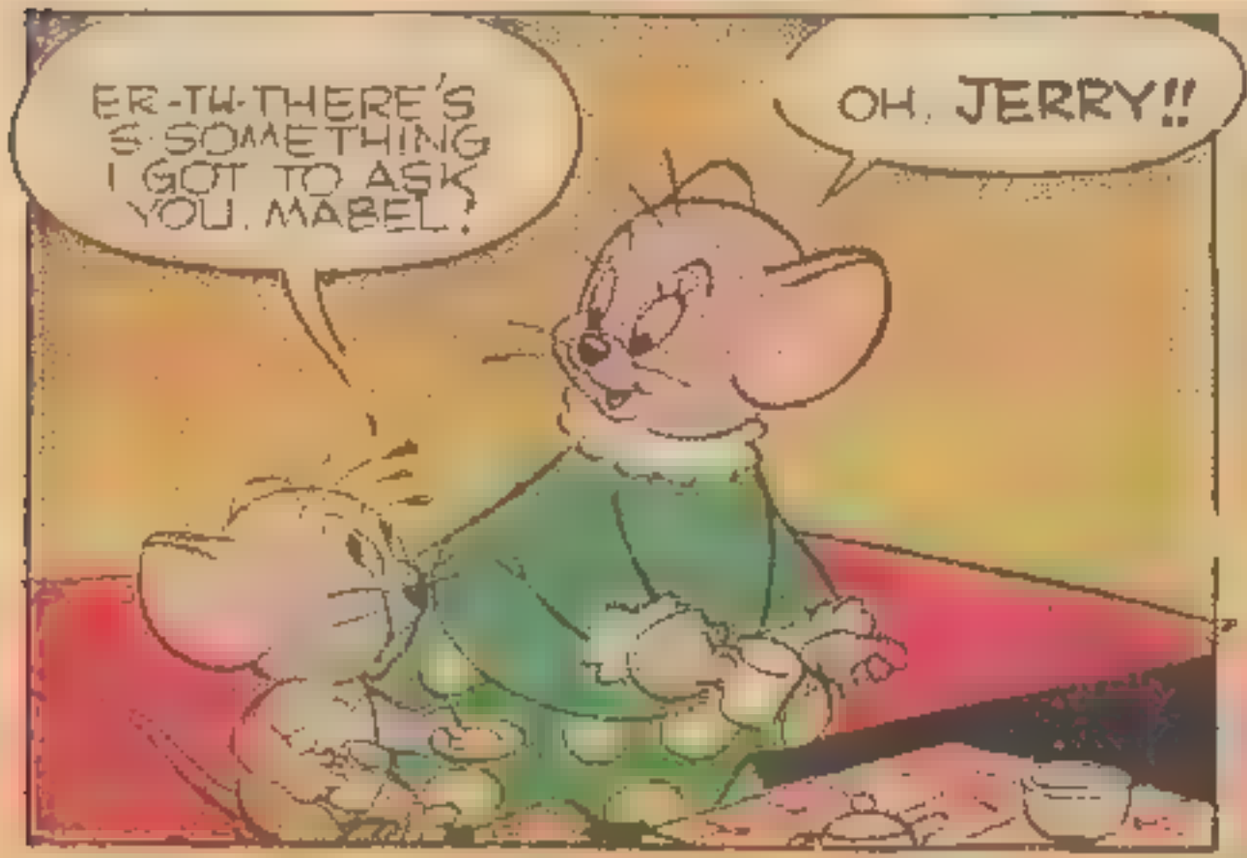

WHEN SHE COMES BACK, I'LL LEAVE THE ROOM FER A LITTLE WHILE - THEN YOU POP THE QUESTION!!
OKAY!

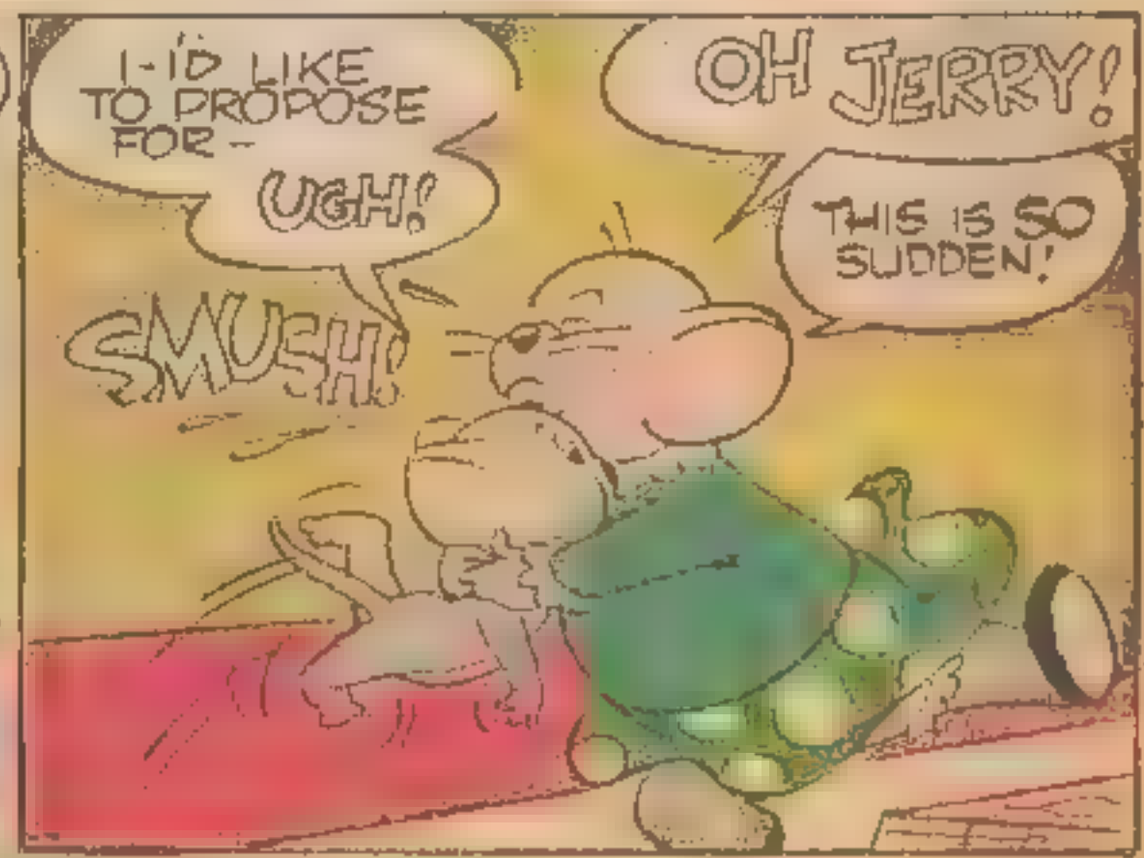

I LIKE YOUR FRIEND JERRY, TUFFY!
HMPH!

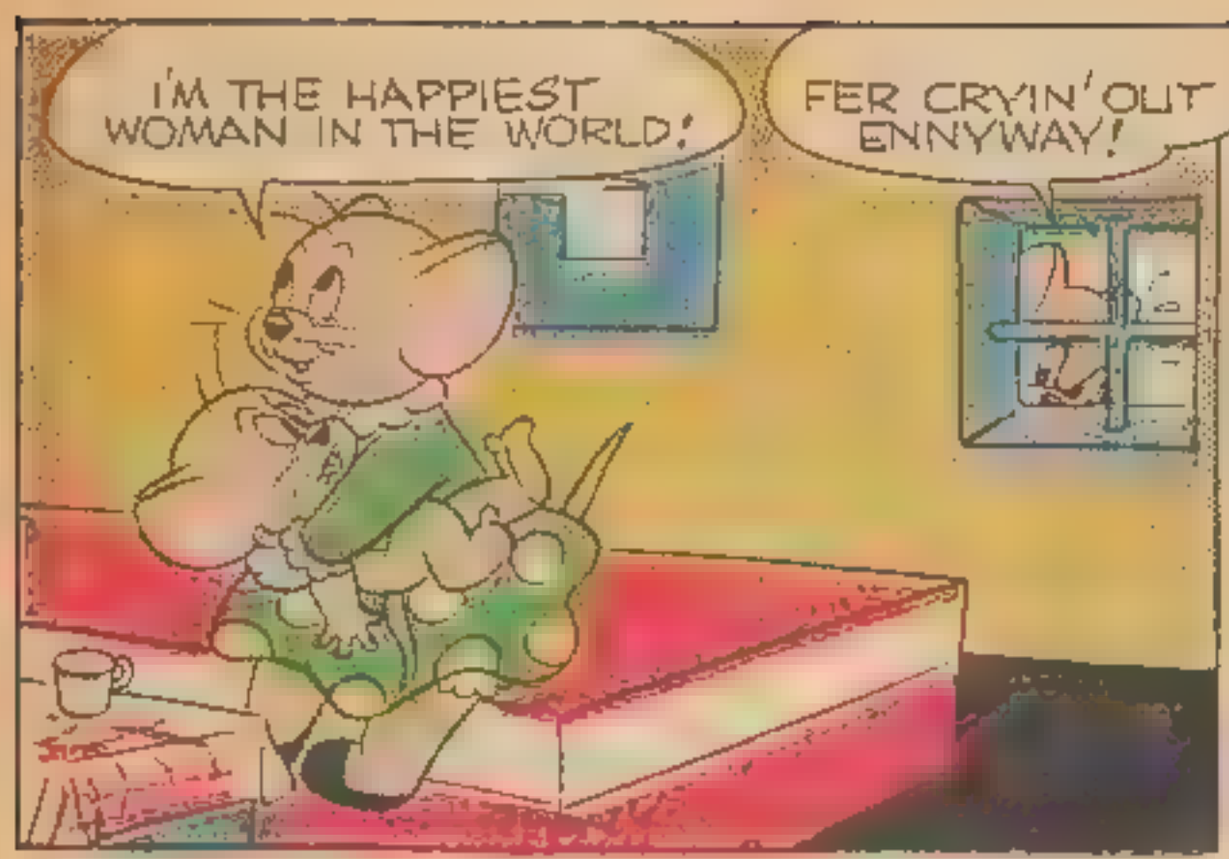

HOW MANY LUMPS, JERRY?

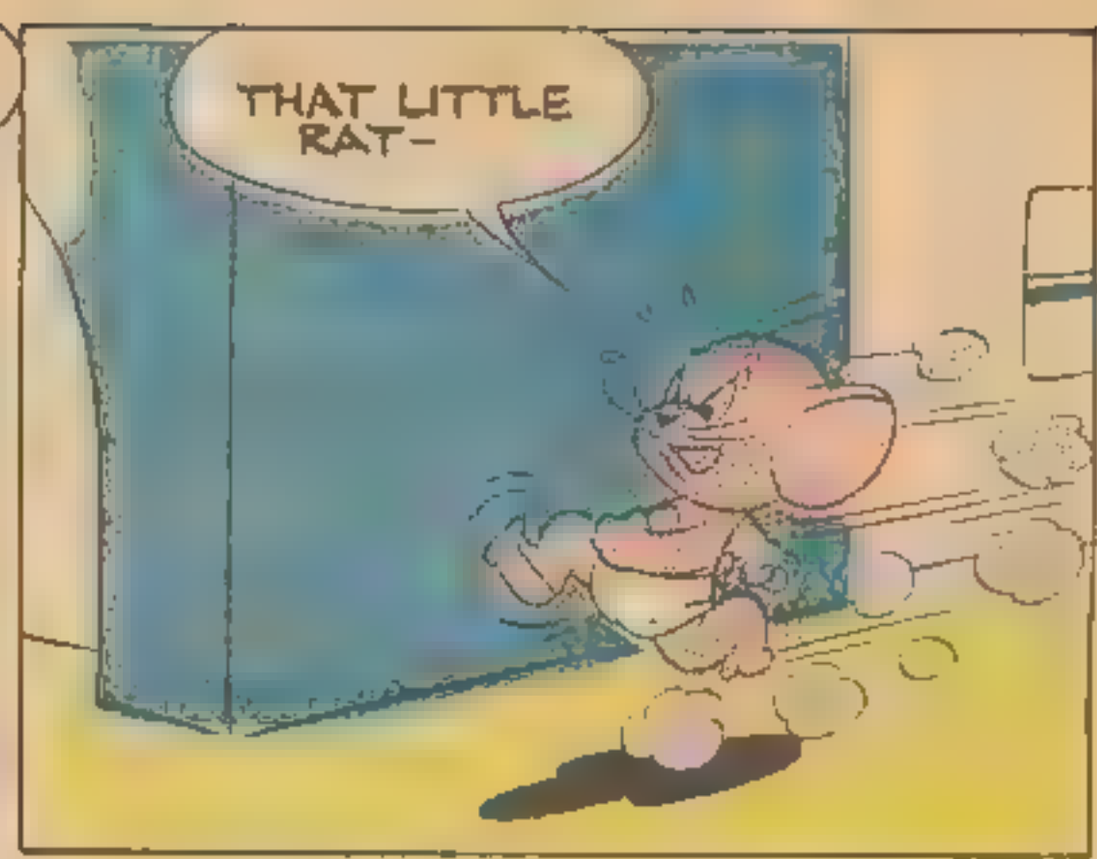

YOU'LL GET YOUR LUMPS LATER!

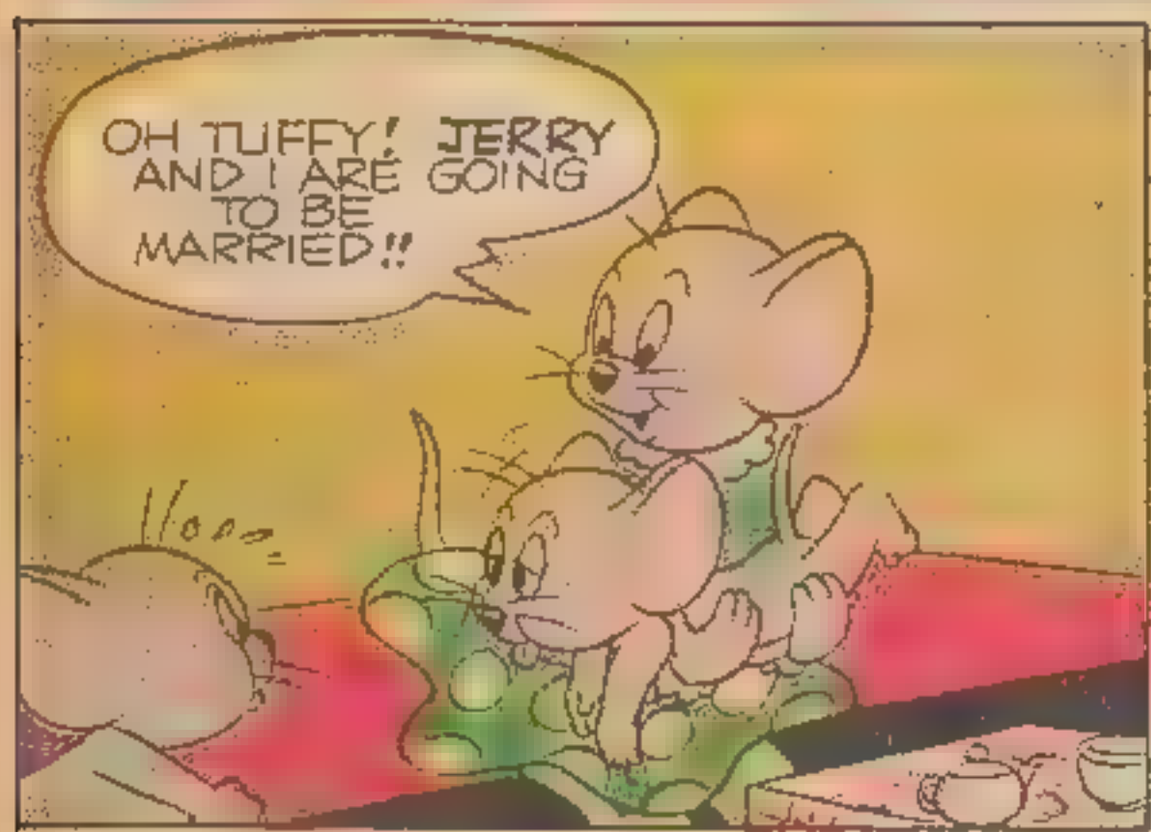

SCUSE ME!!

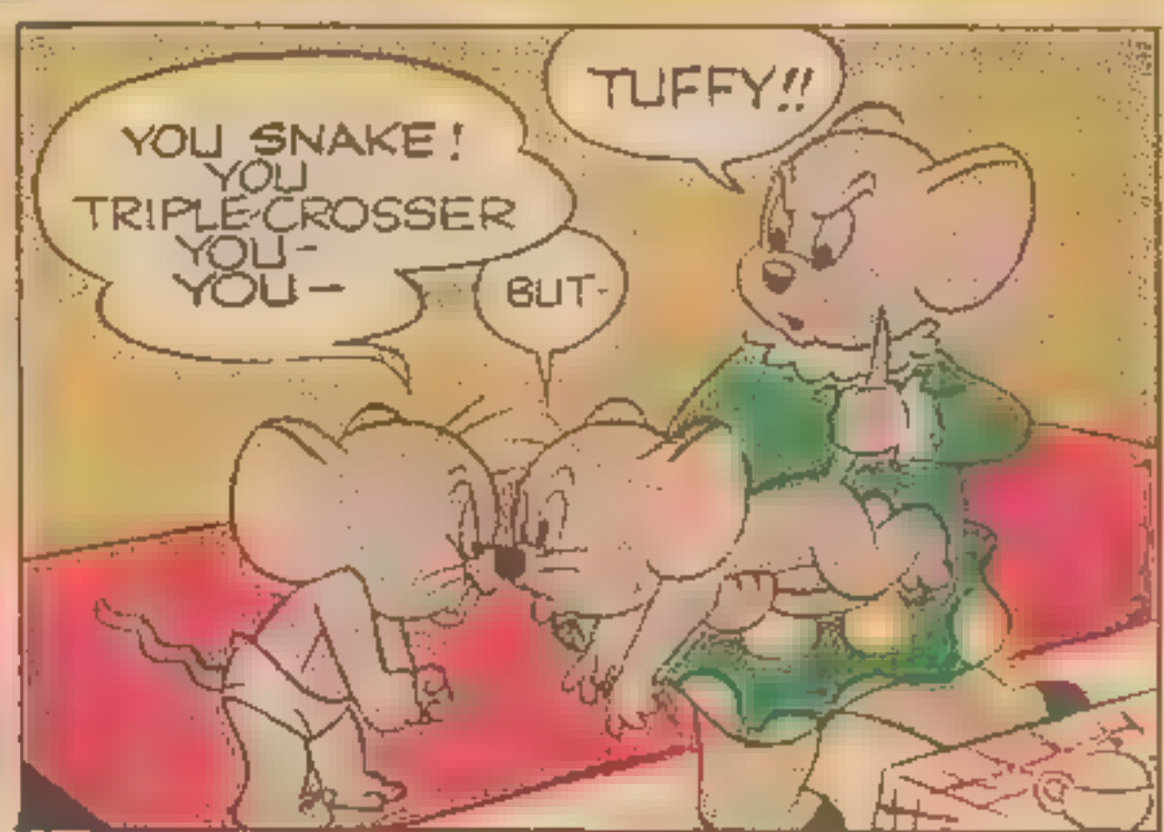

ER-TW-THERE'S S-SOMETHING I GOT TO ASK YOU, MABEL?
OH, JERRY!!

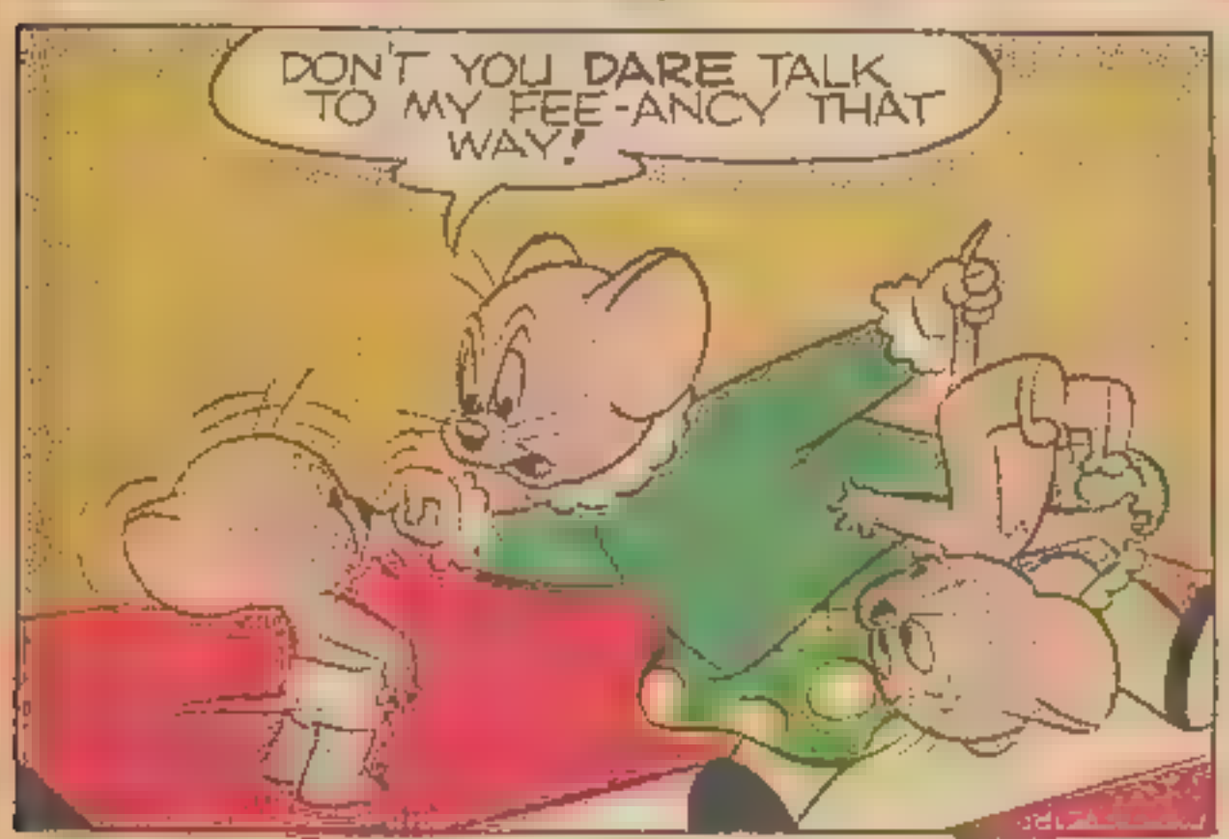

I-I'D LIKE TO PROPOSE FOR-
UGH!
SMUSH!
OH JERRY!
THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

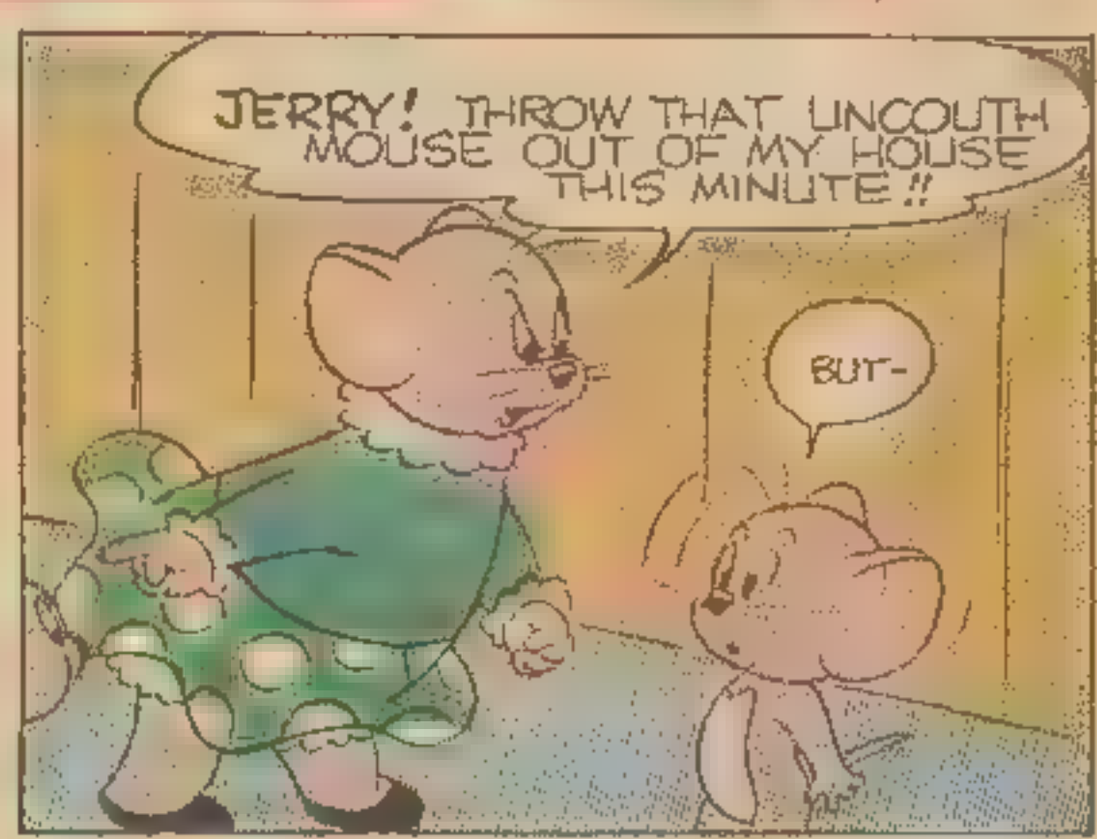

I'M THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
FER CRYIN' OUT ENNYWAY!

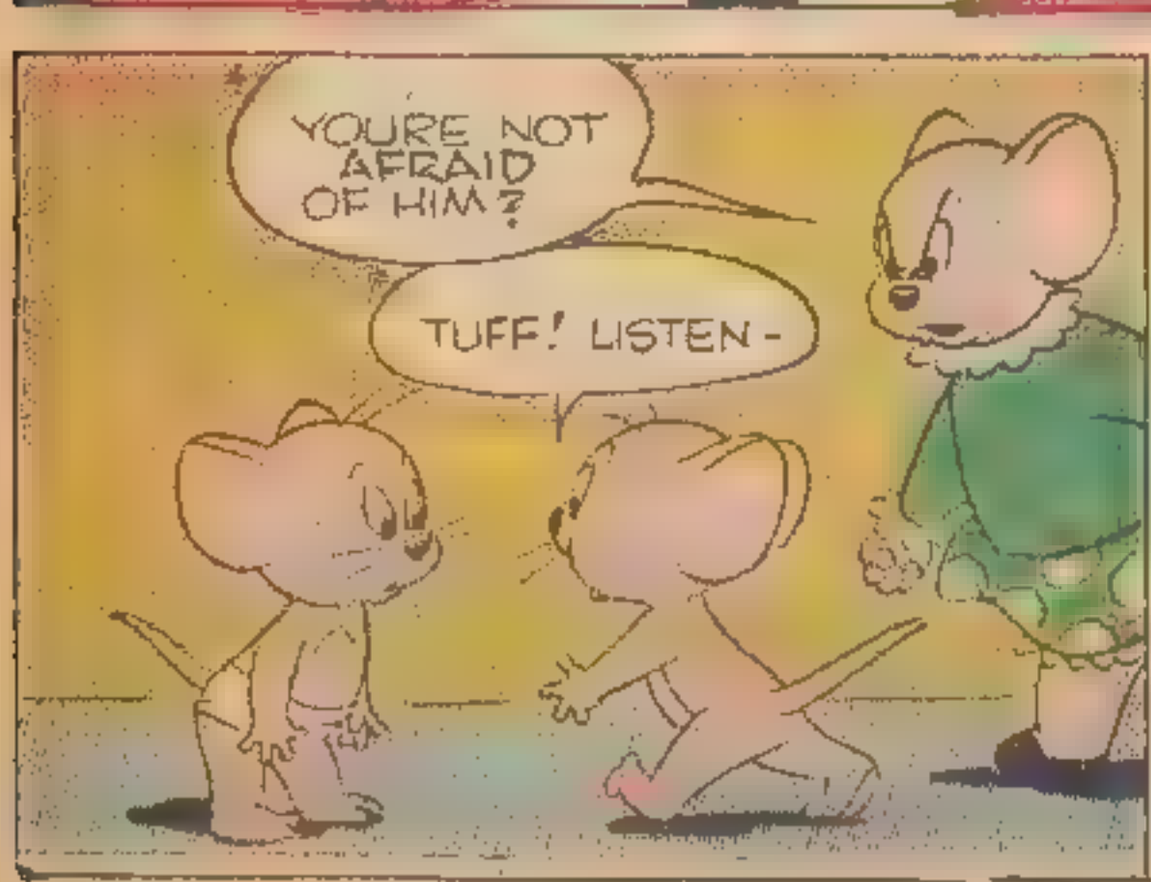

THAT LITTLE RAT-

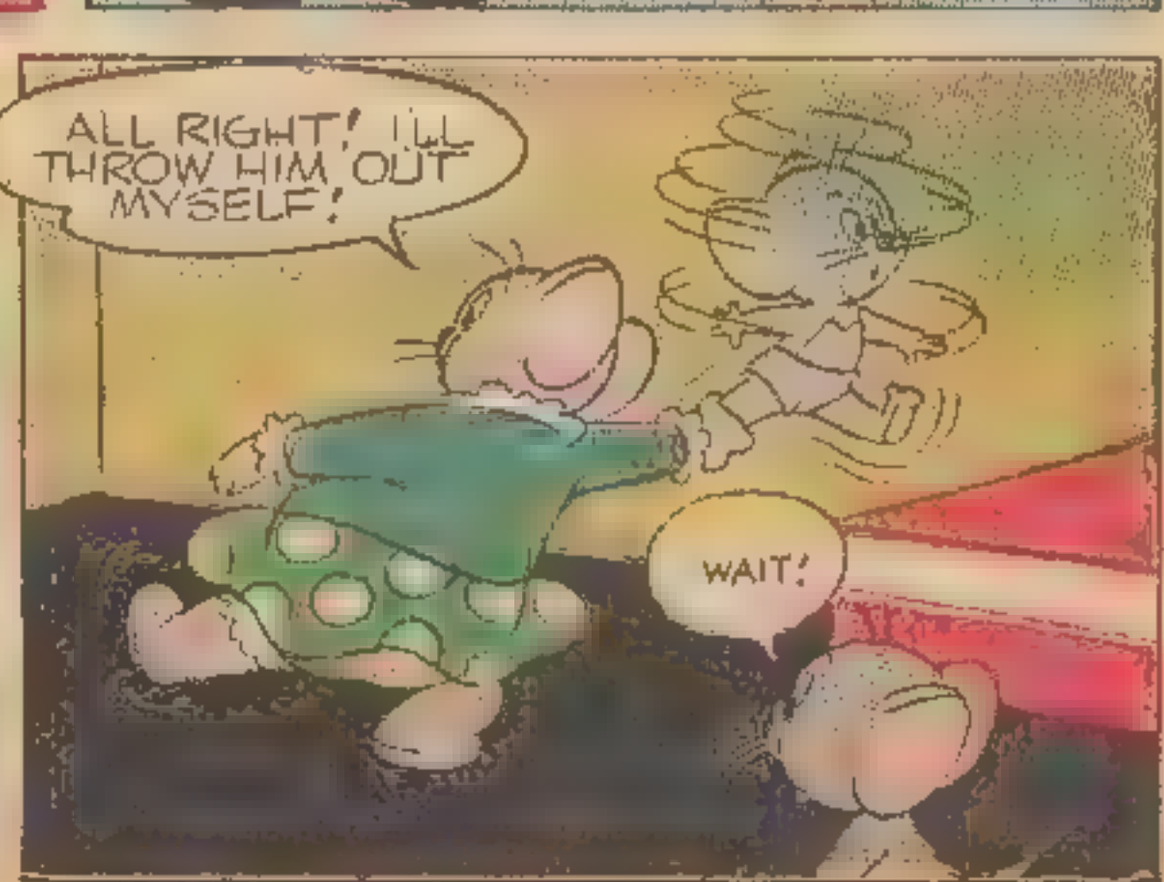

OH TUFFY! JERRY AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!!

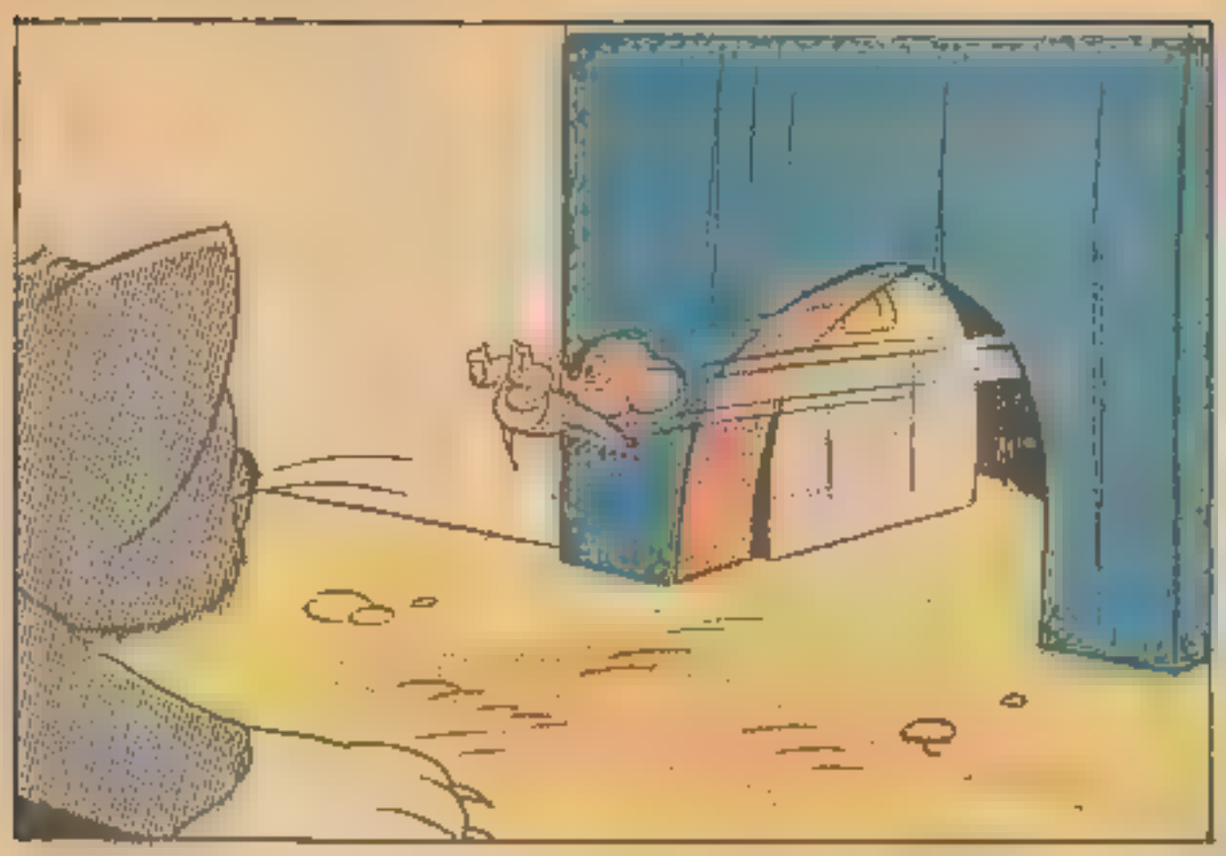

YOU SNAKE! YOU TRIPLE-CROSSER YOU- YOU-
BUT-
TUFFY!!

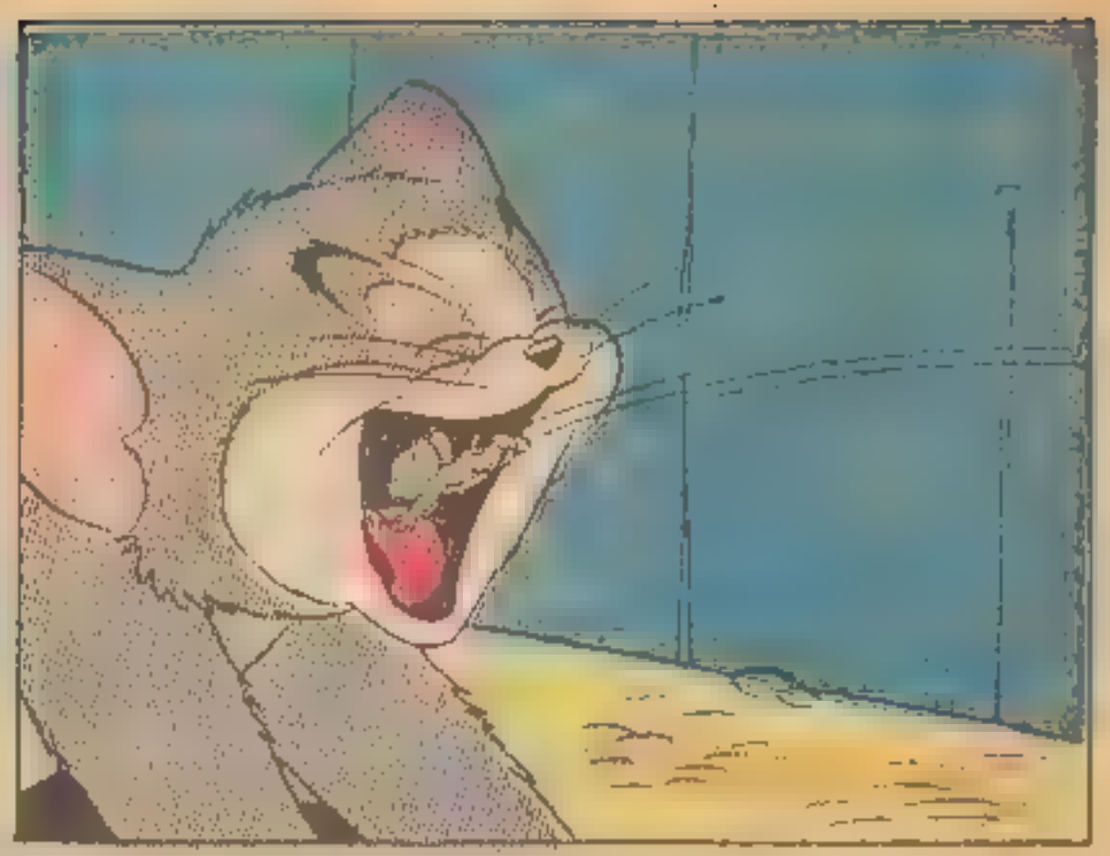

DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO MY FEE-ANCY THAT WAY!

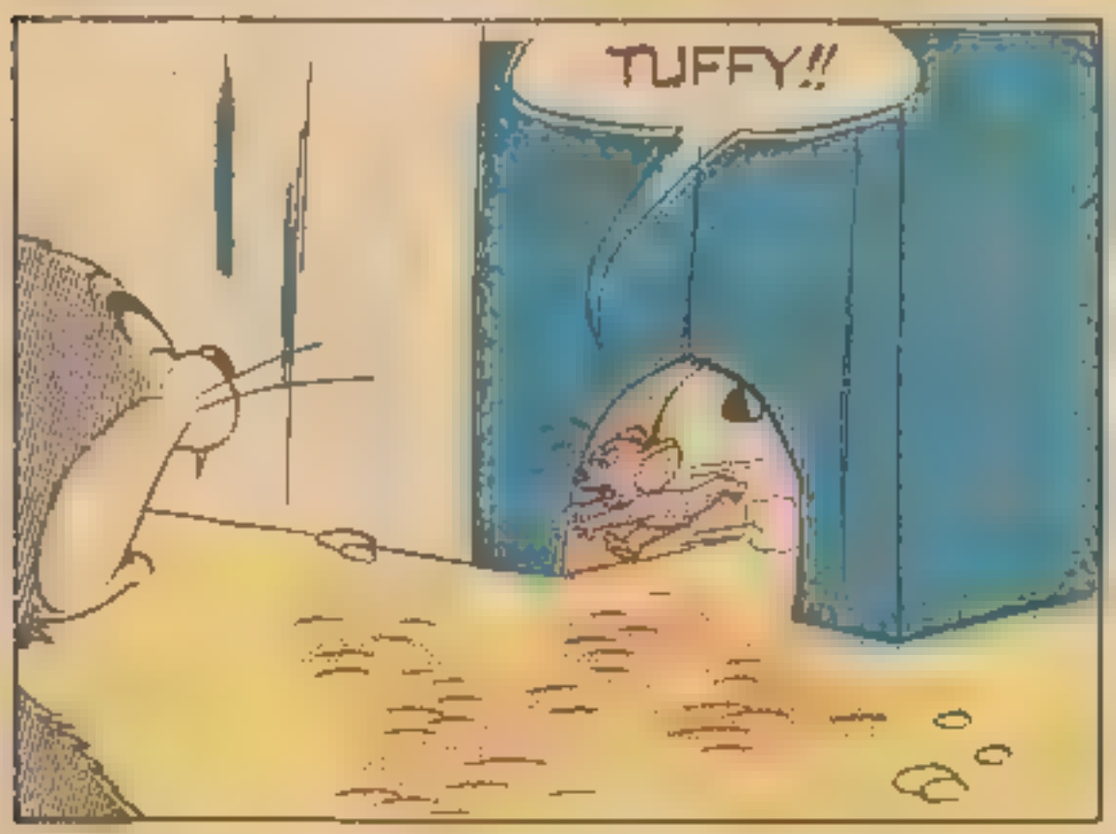

JERRY! THROW THAT UNCOUTH MOUSE OUT OF MY HOUSE THIS MINUTE!!
BUT-

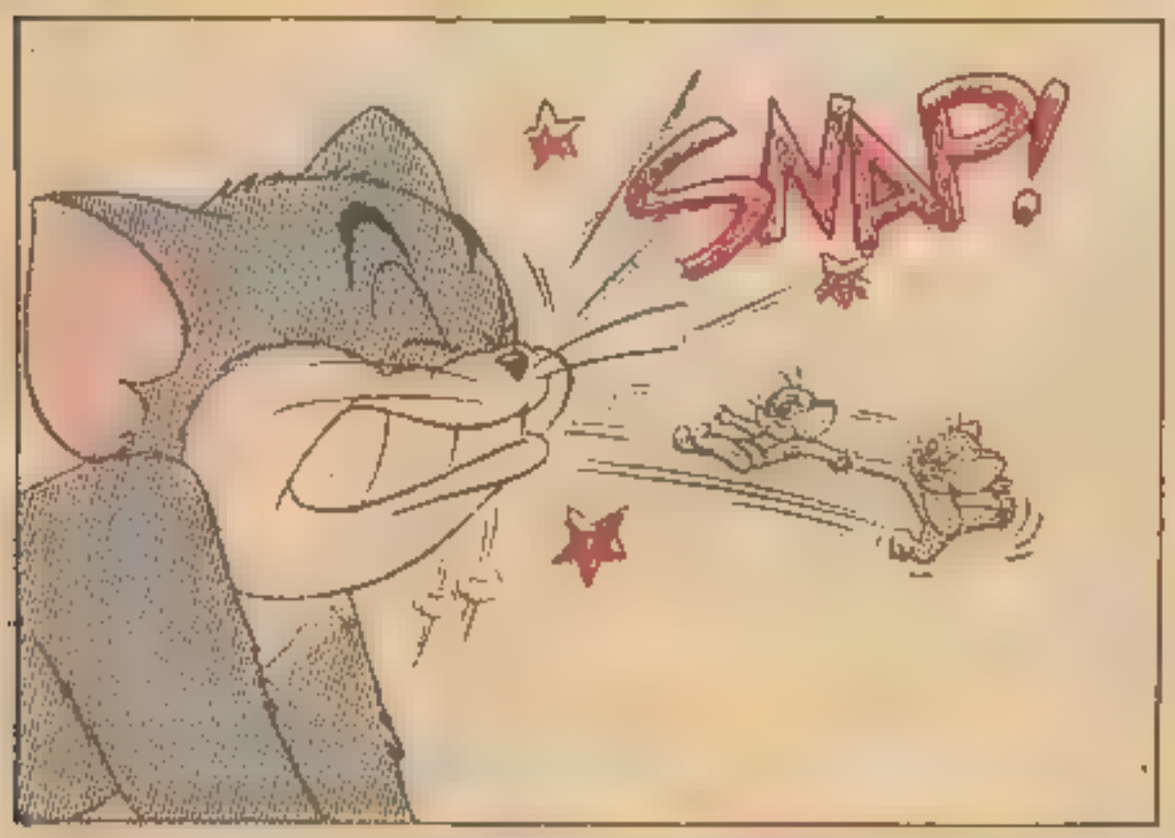

YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HIM?
TUFF! LISTEN-

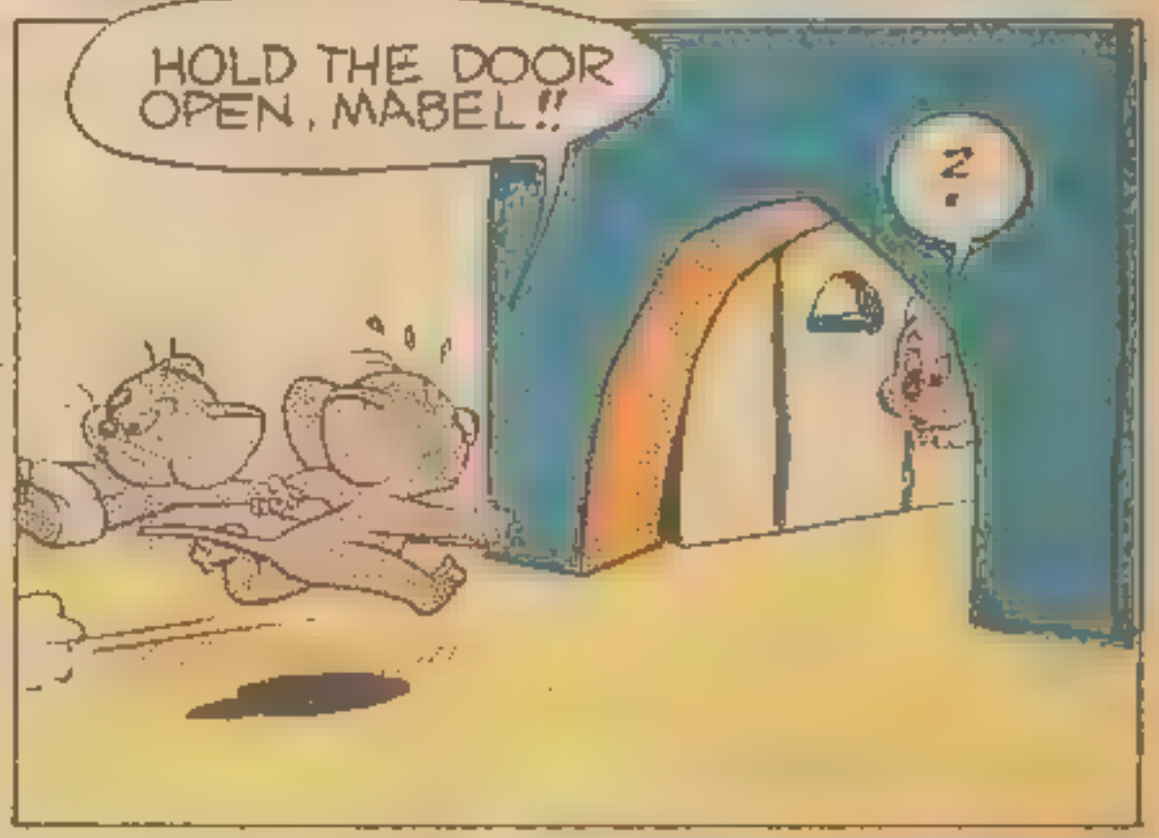

ALL RIGHT! I'LL THROW HIM OUT MYSELF!
WAIT!

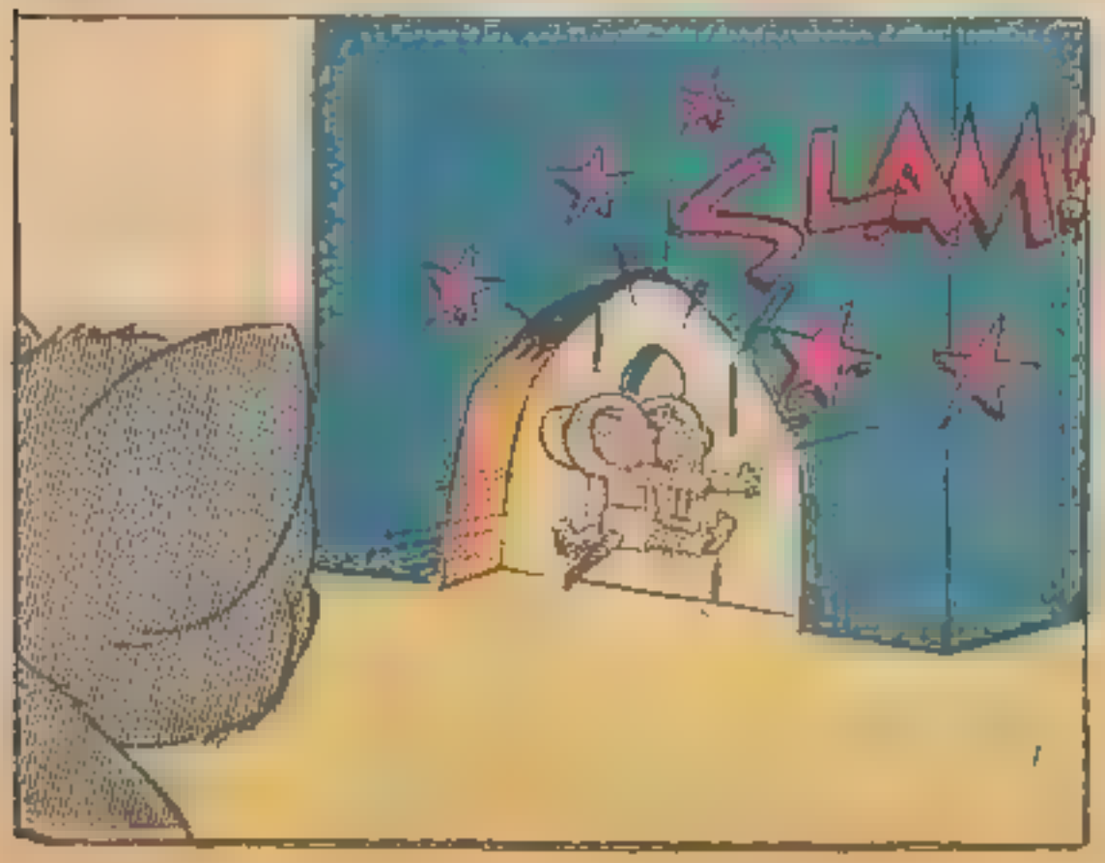


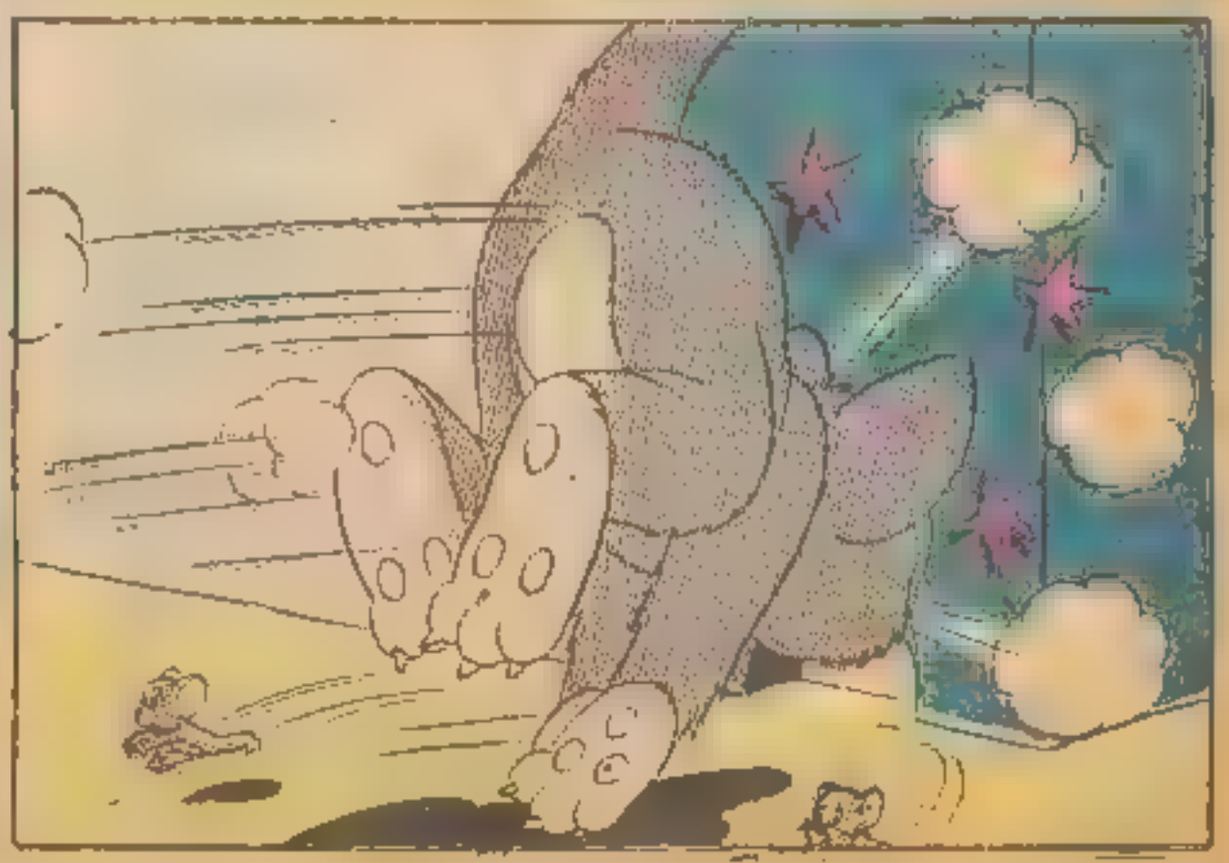


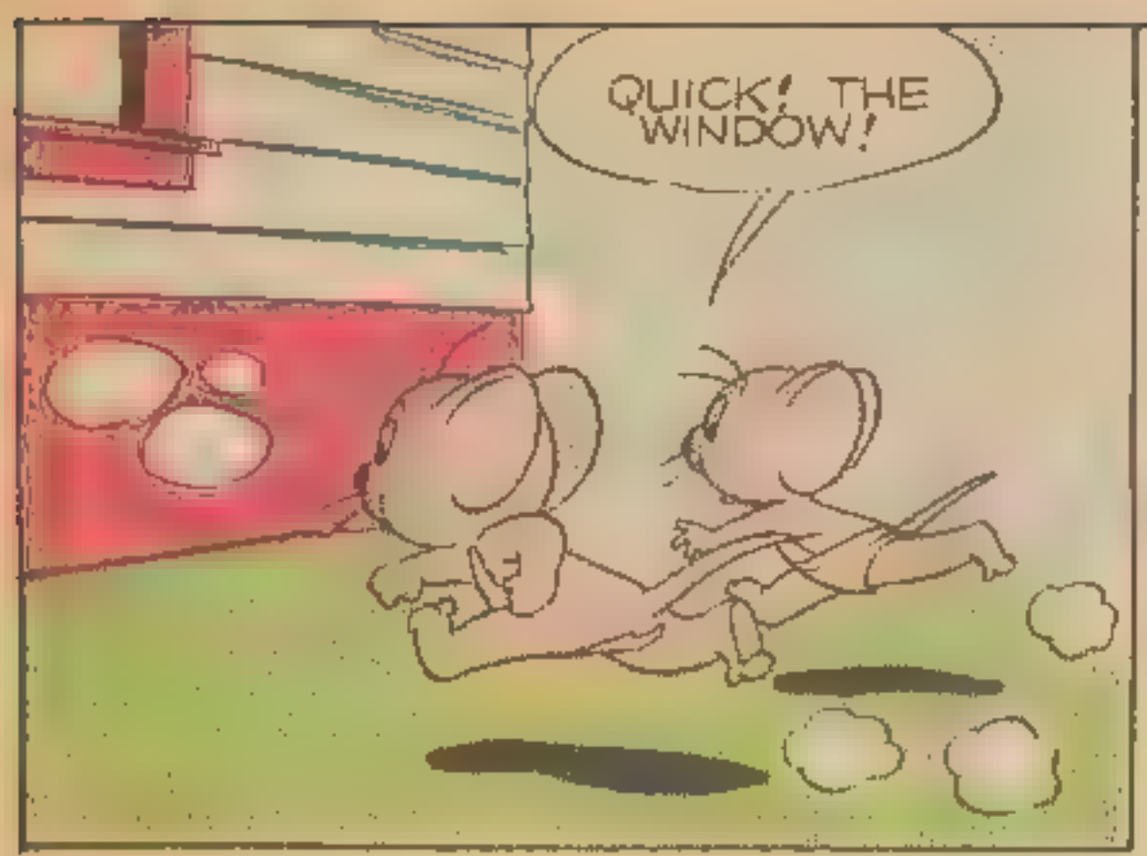

TUFFY!!

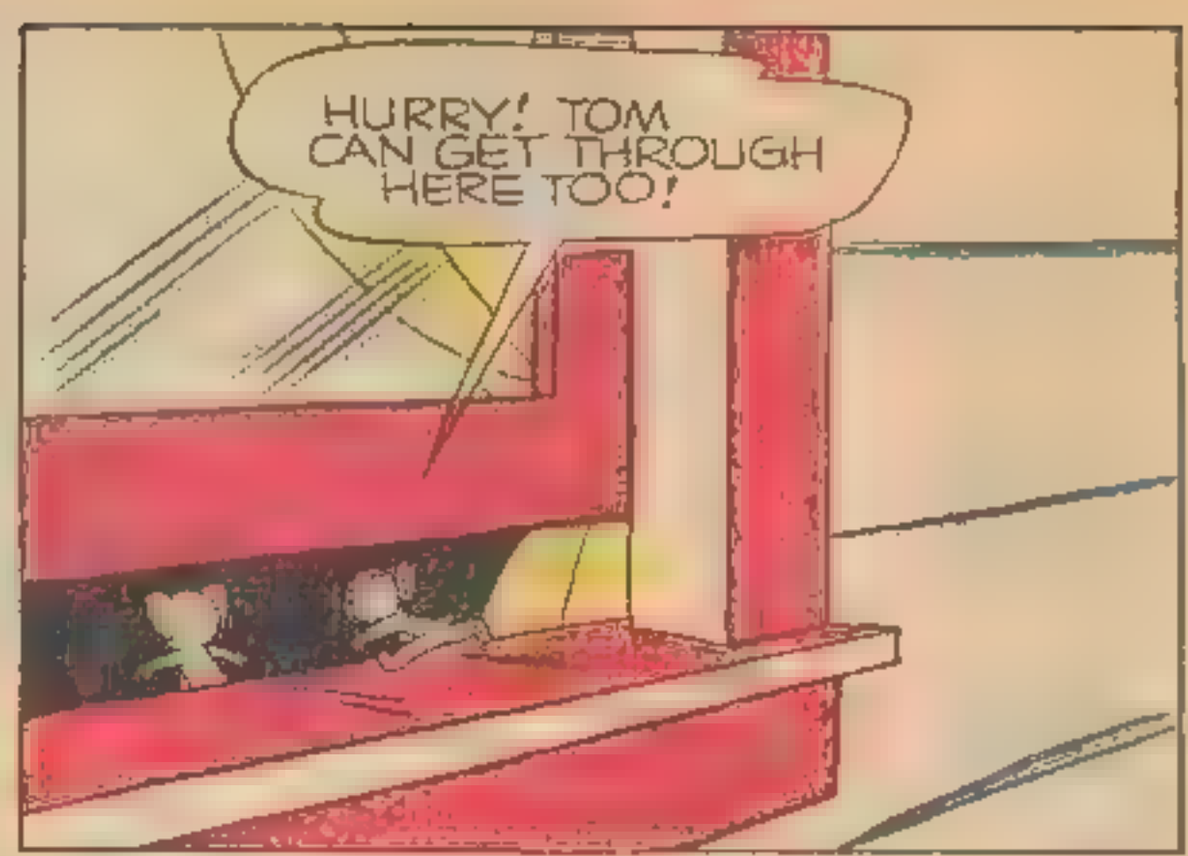

SNAP!

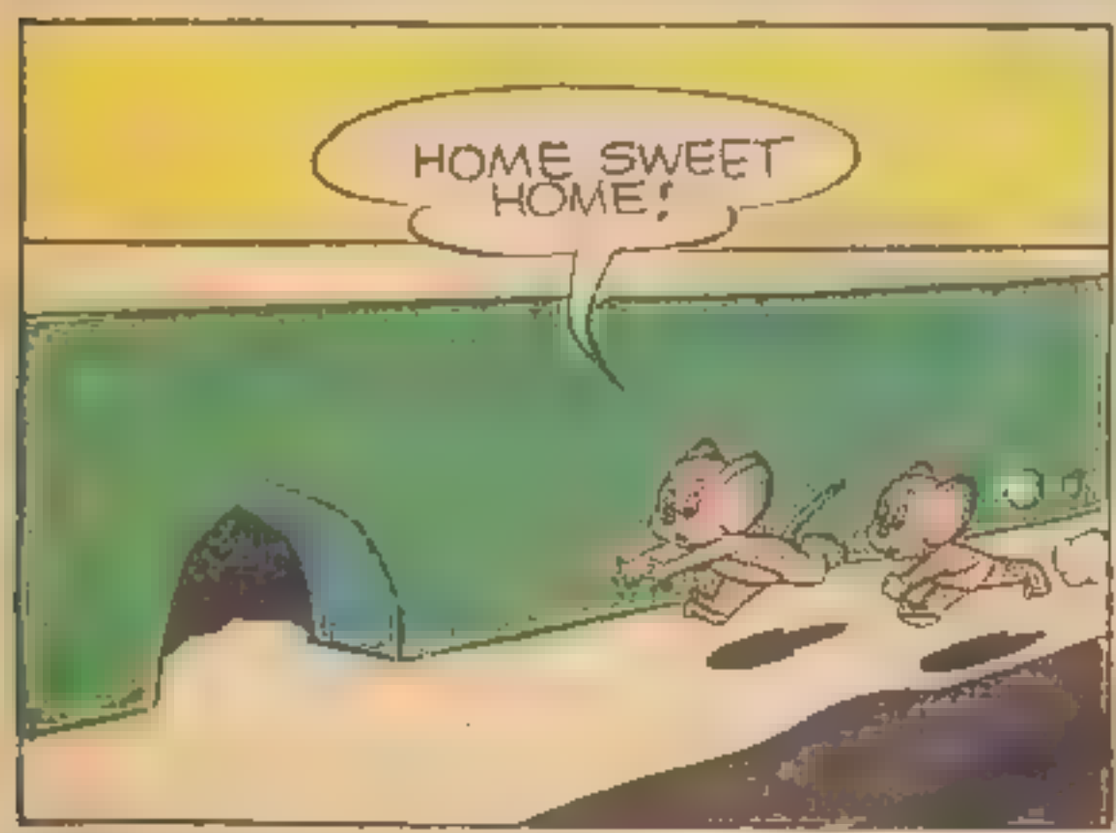

HOLD THE DOOR OPEN, MABEL!!
?

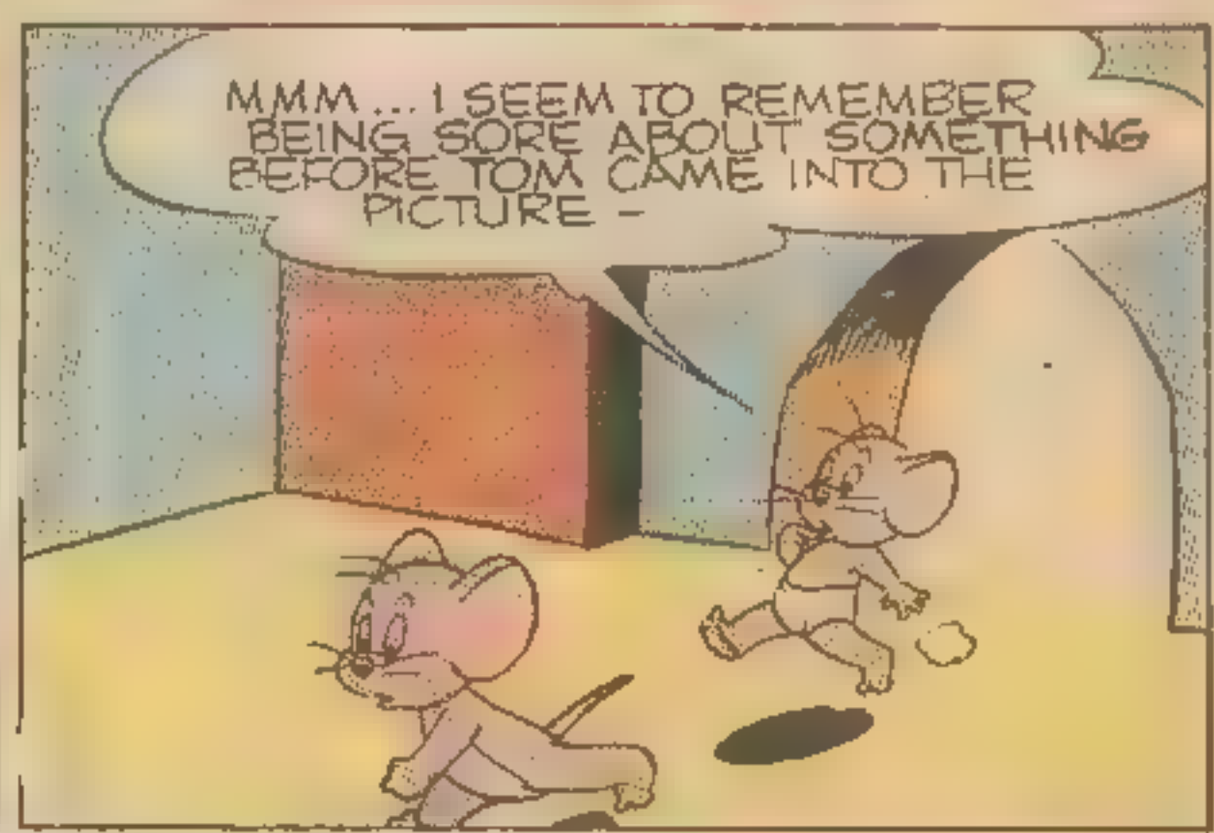

SLAM!

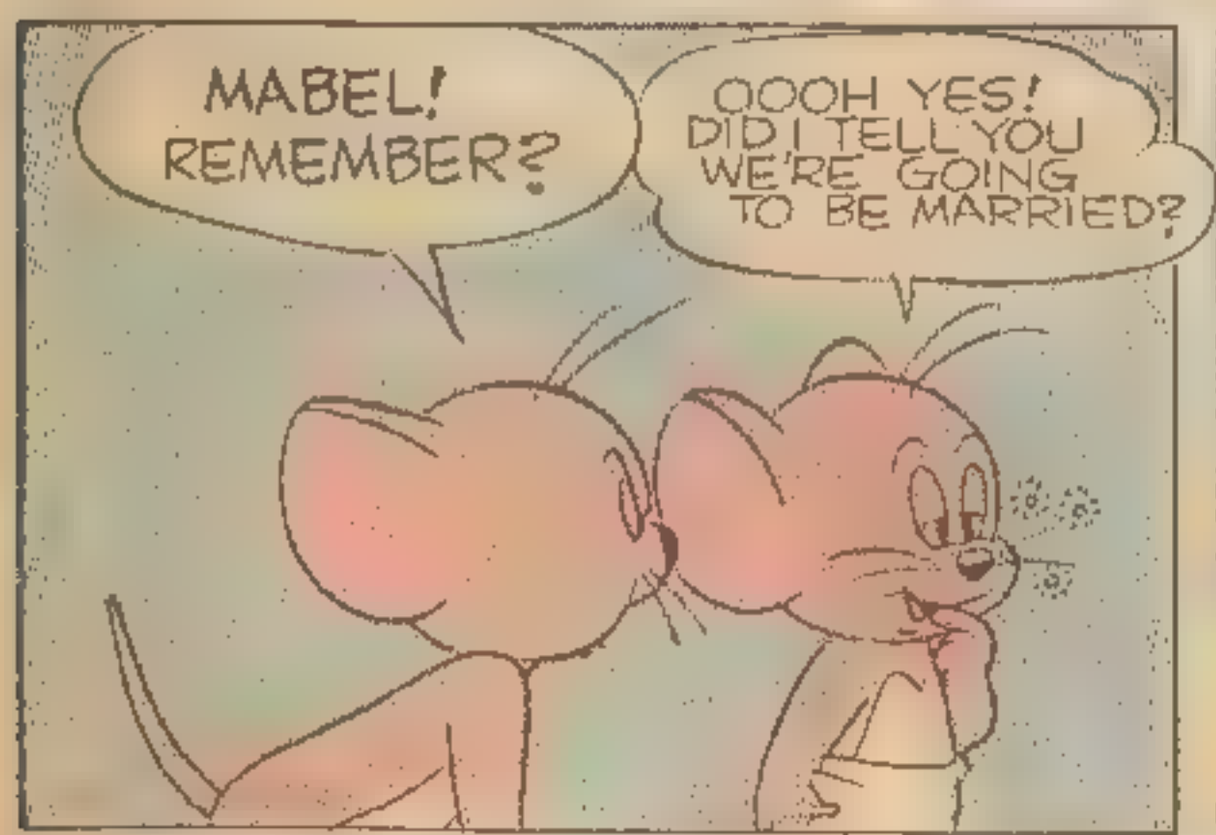


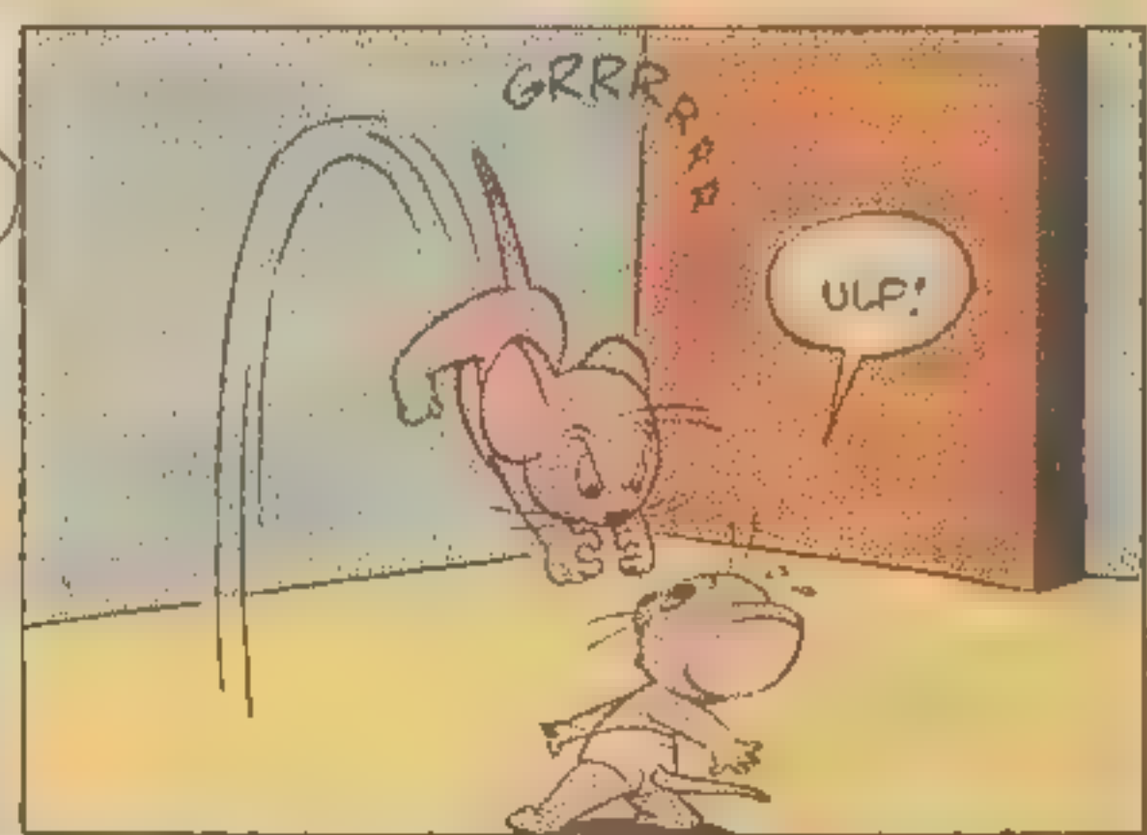

QUICK! THE WINDOW!

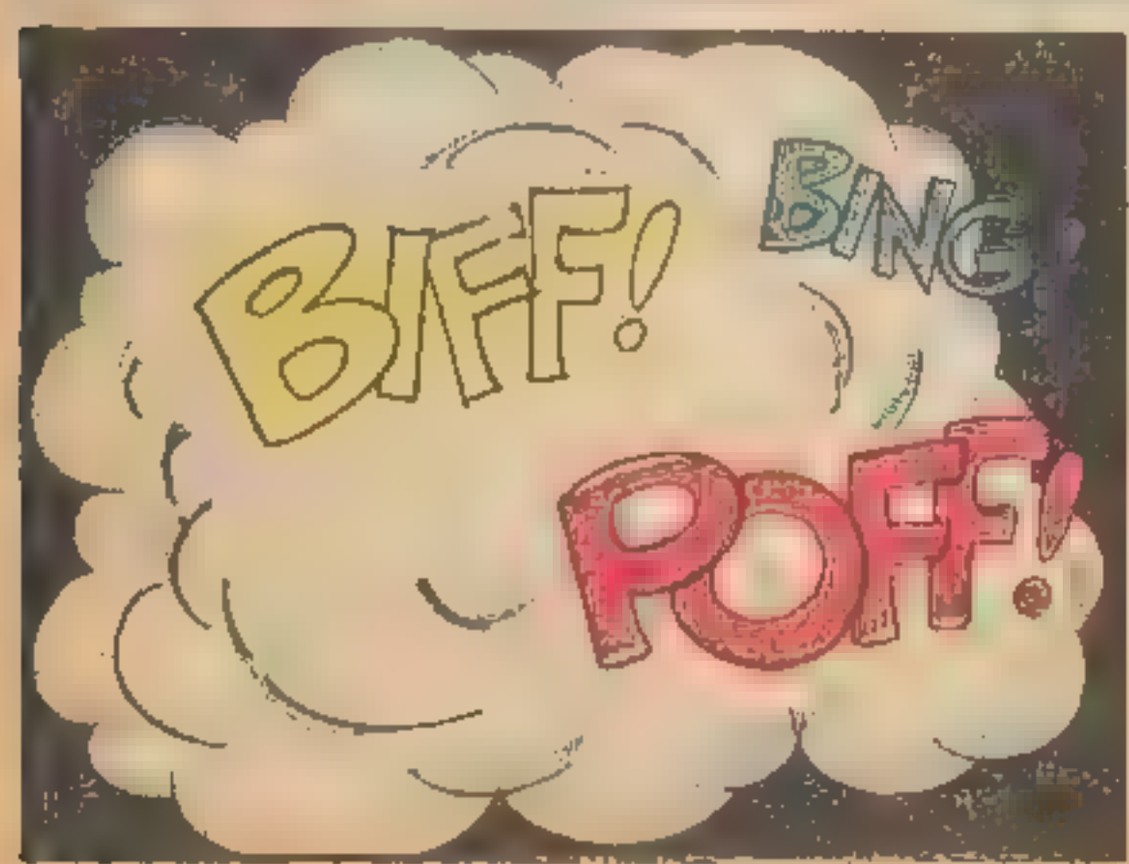

HURRY! TOM CAN GET THROUGH HERE TOO!

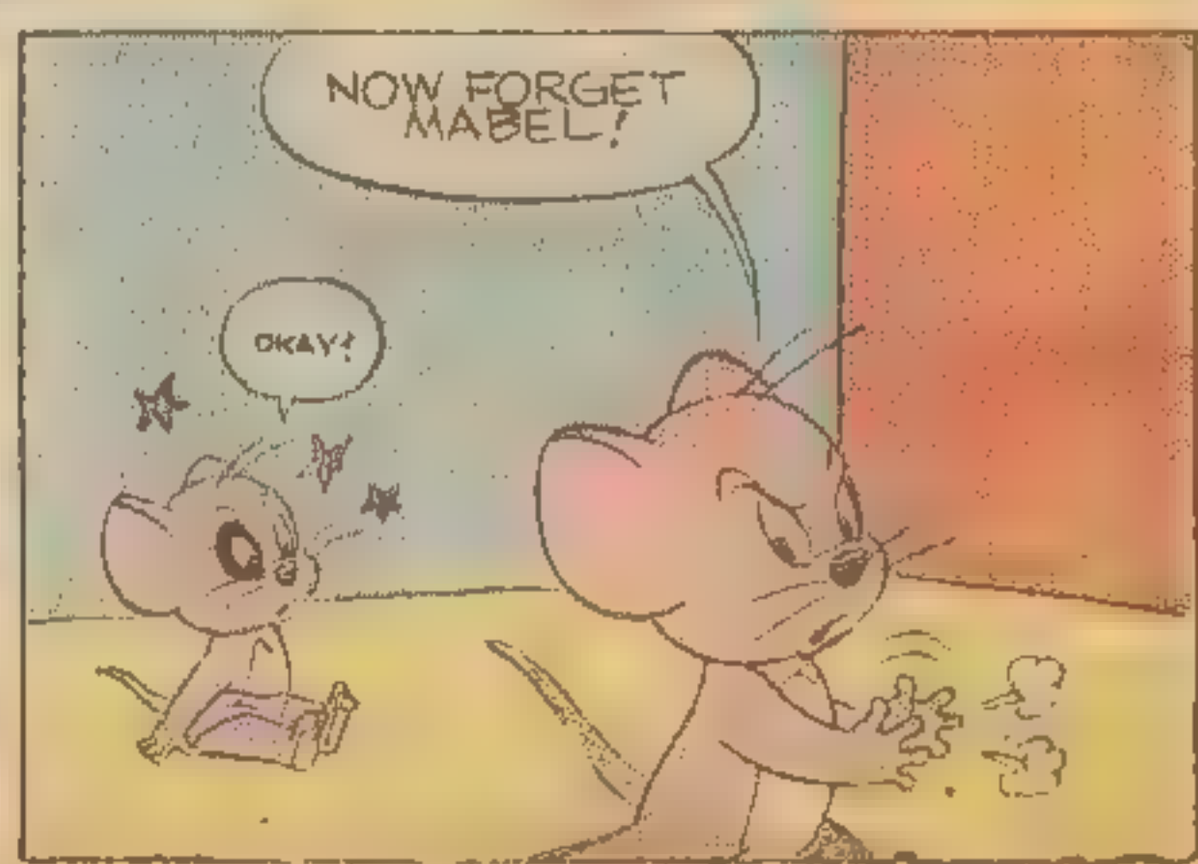

HOME SWEET HOME!


MMM... I SEEM TO REMEMBER BEING SORE ABOUT SOMETHING BEFORE TOM CAME INTO THE PICTURE -

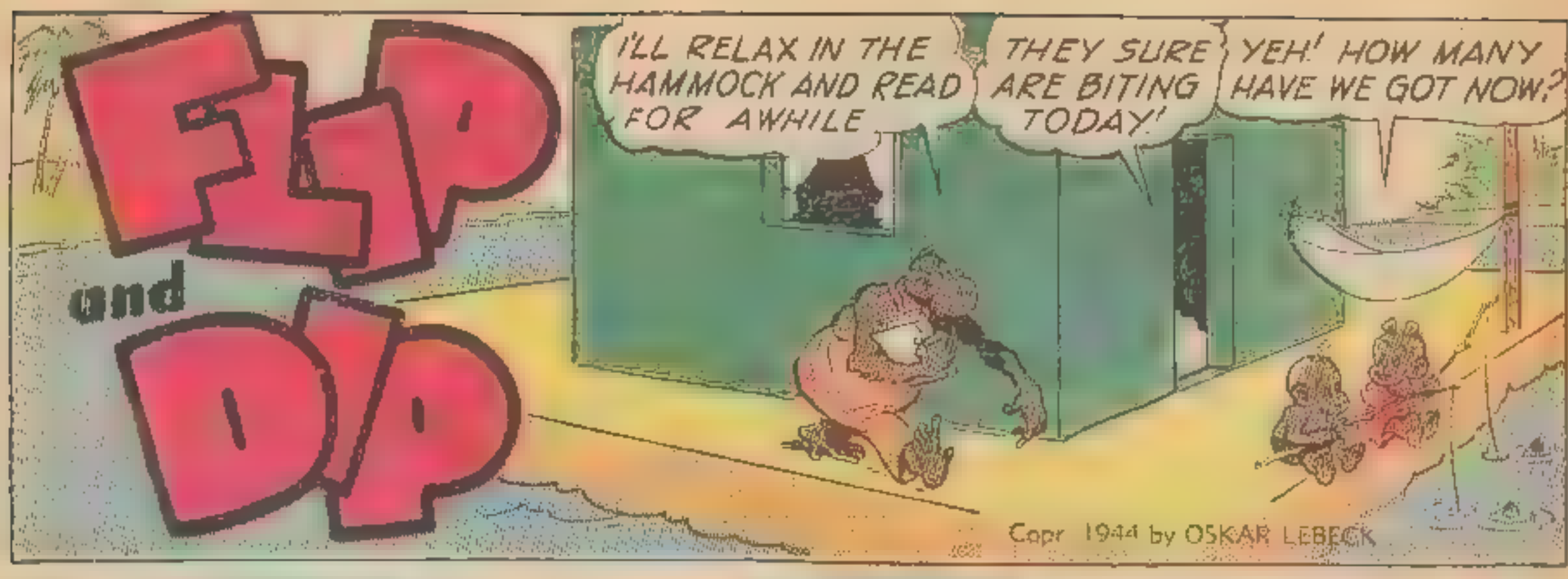

MABEL! REMEMBER?
OOOH YES! DID I TELL YOU WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED?

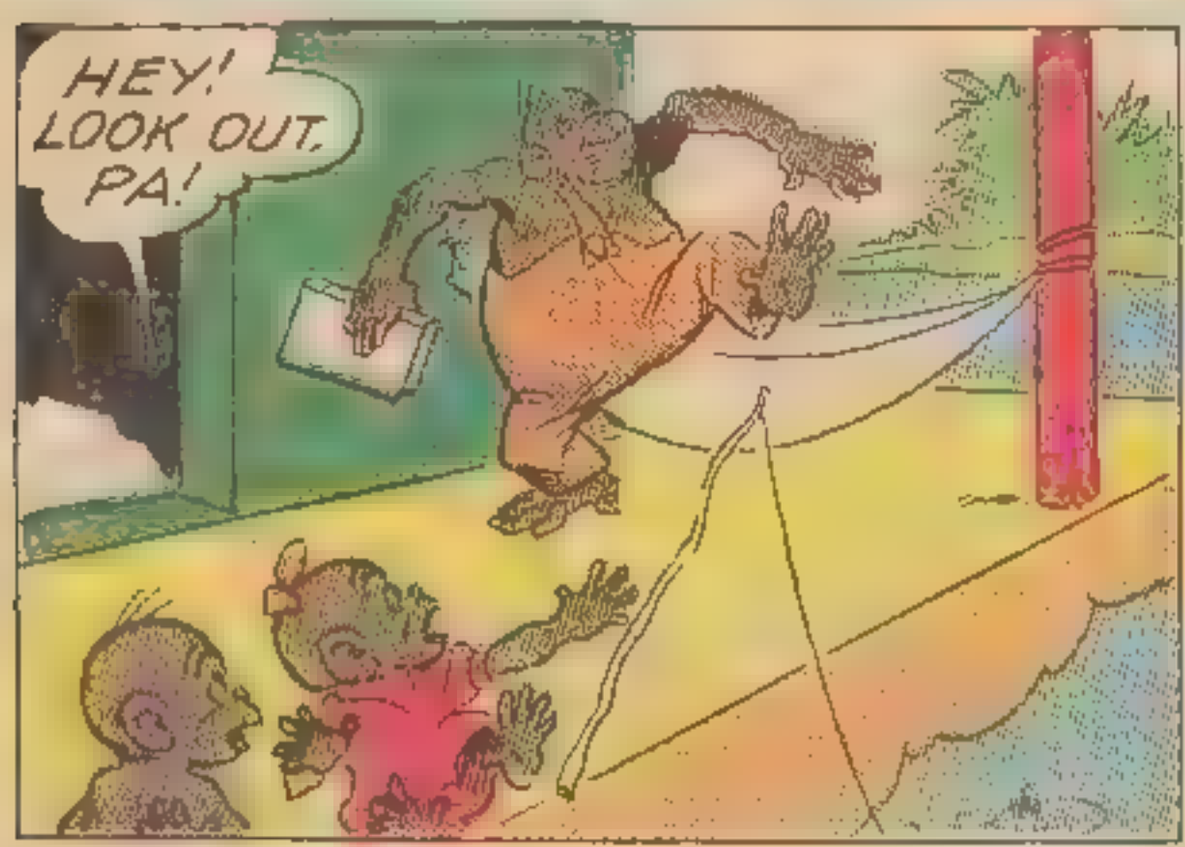

GRRRRRR
ULP!

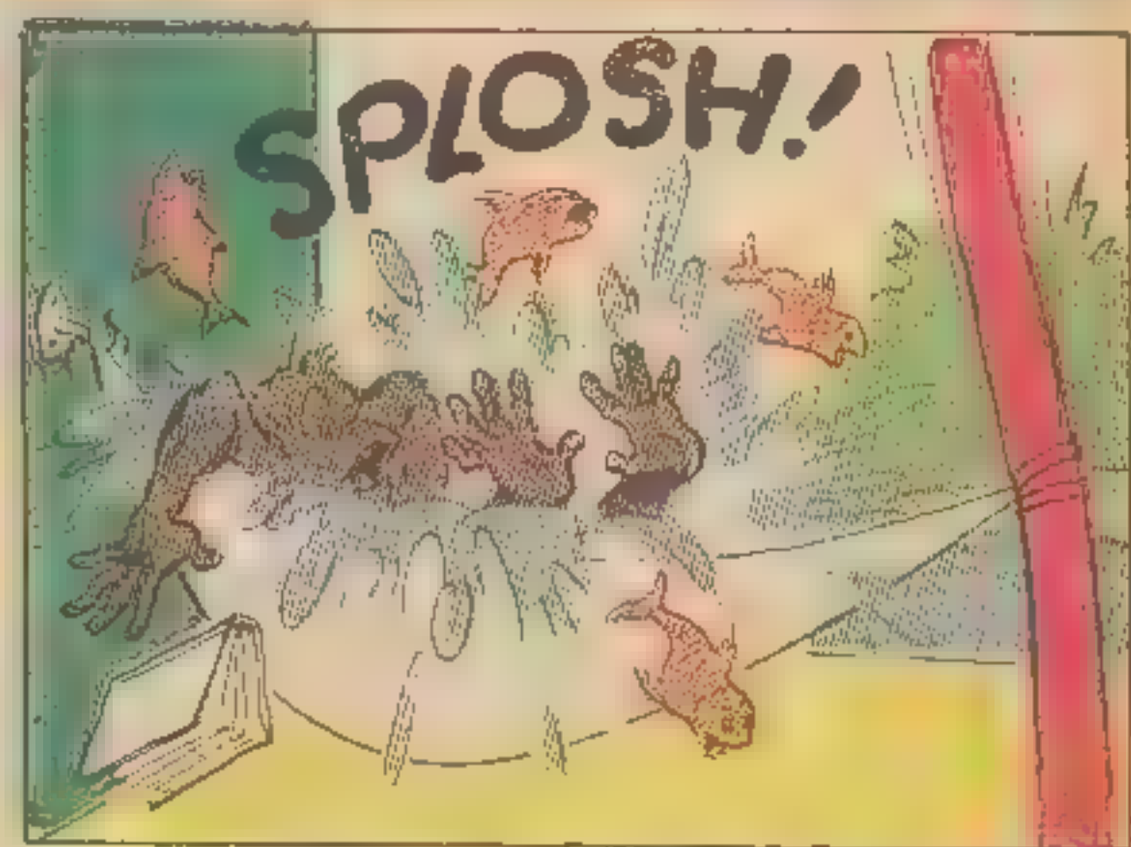

BIFF!
BING
POFF!

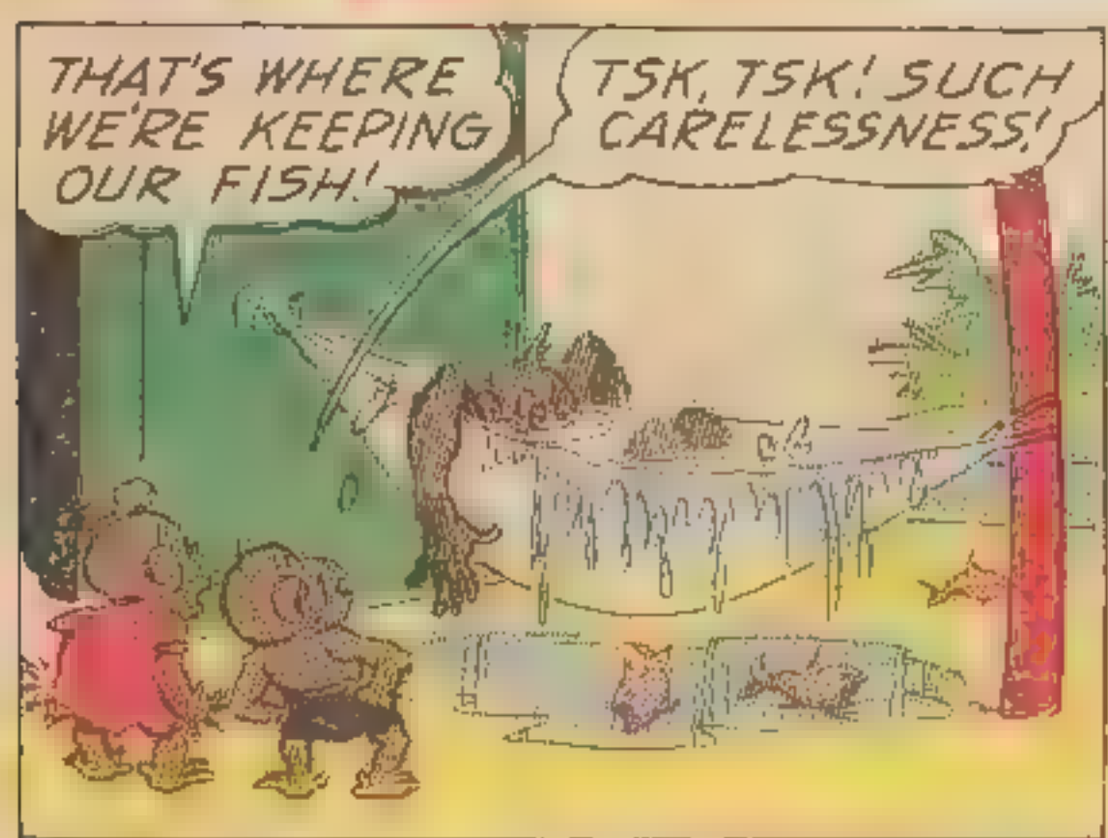

NOW FORGET MABEL!
OKAY!

FLIP and DIP

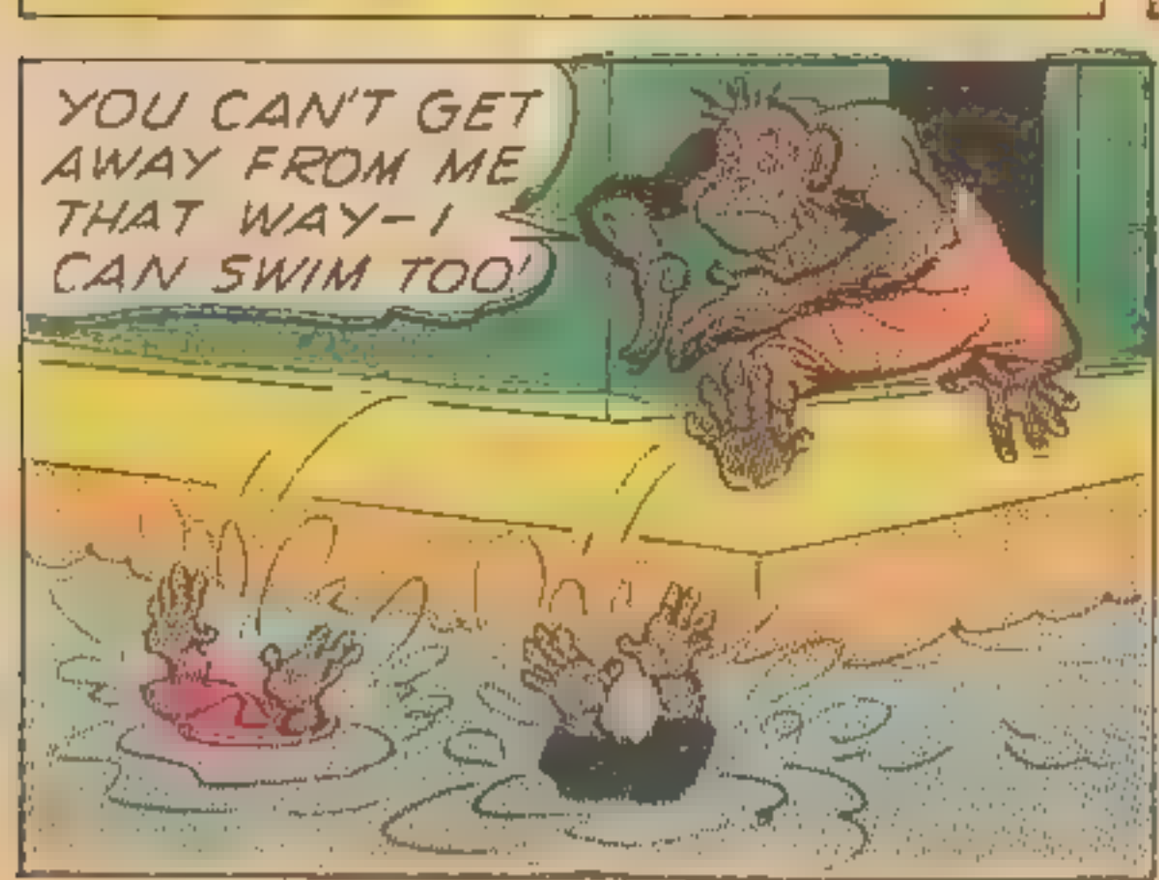

I'LL RELAX IN THE HAMMOCK AND READ FOR AWHILE
THEY SURE ARE BITING TODAY!
YEH! HOW MANY HAVE WE GOT NOW?
Copr 1944 by OSKAR LEBECK

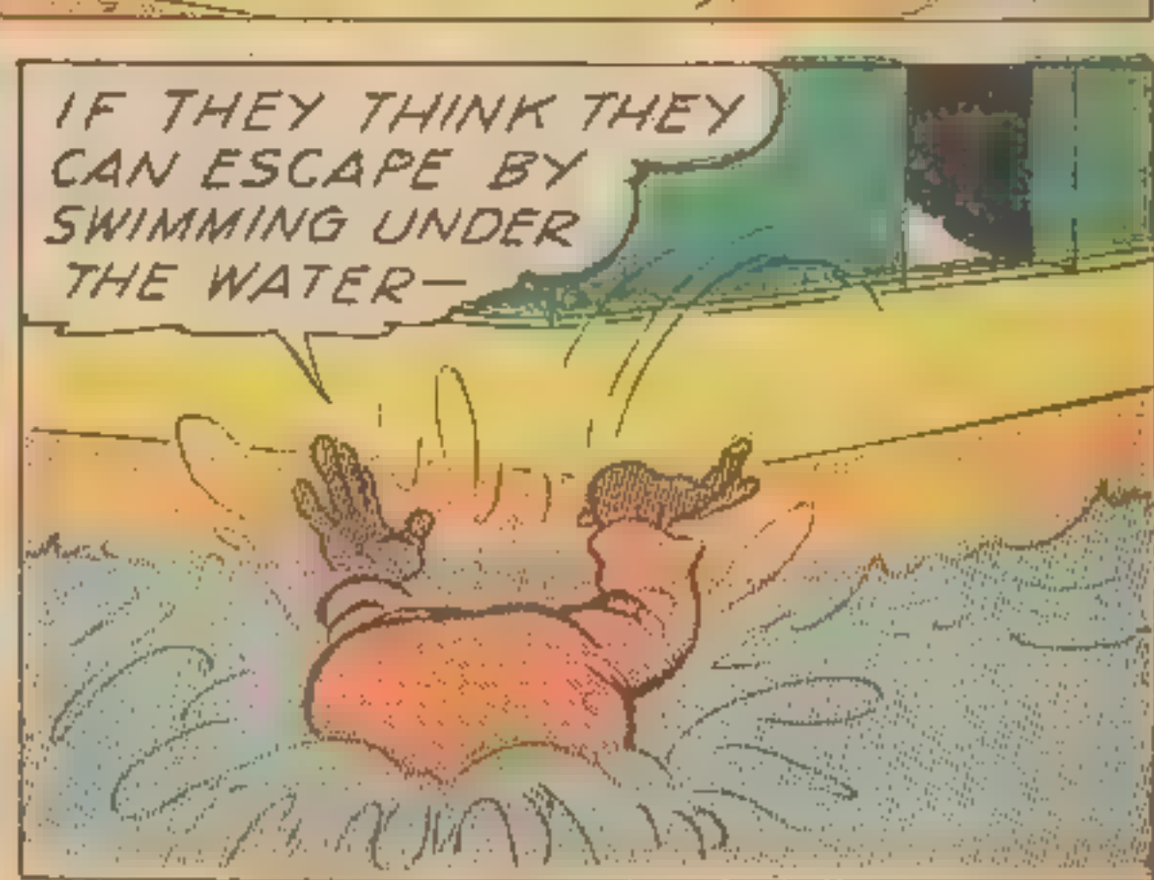

HEY! LOOK OUT, PA!

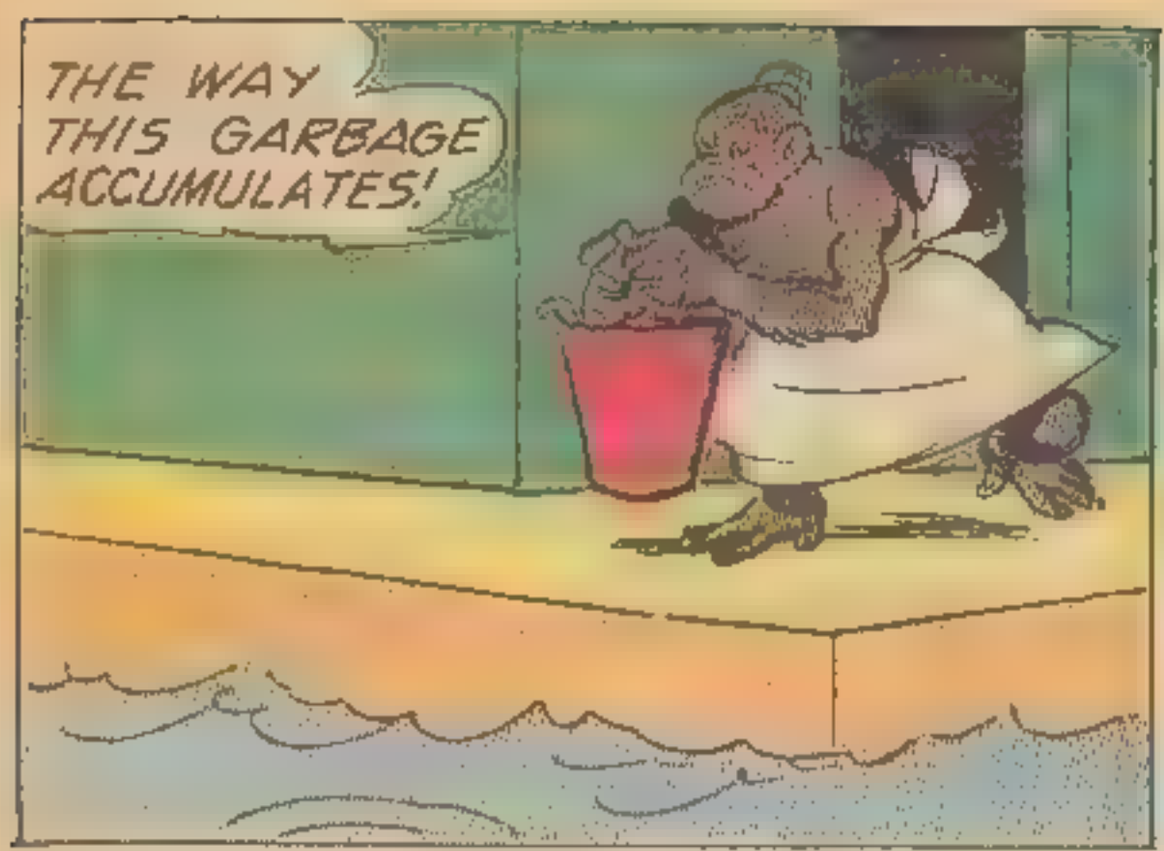

SPLOSH!

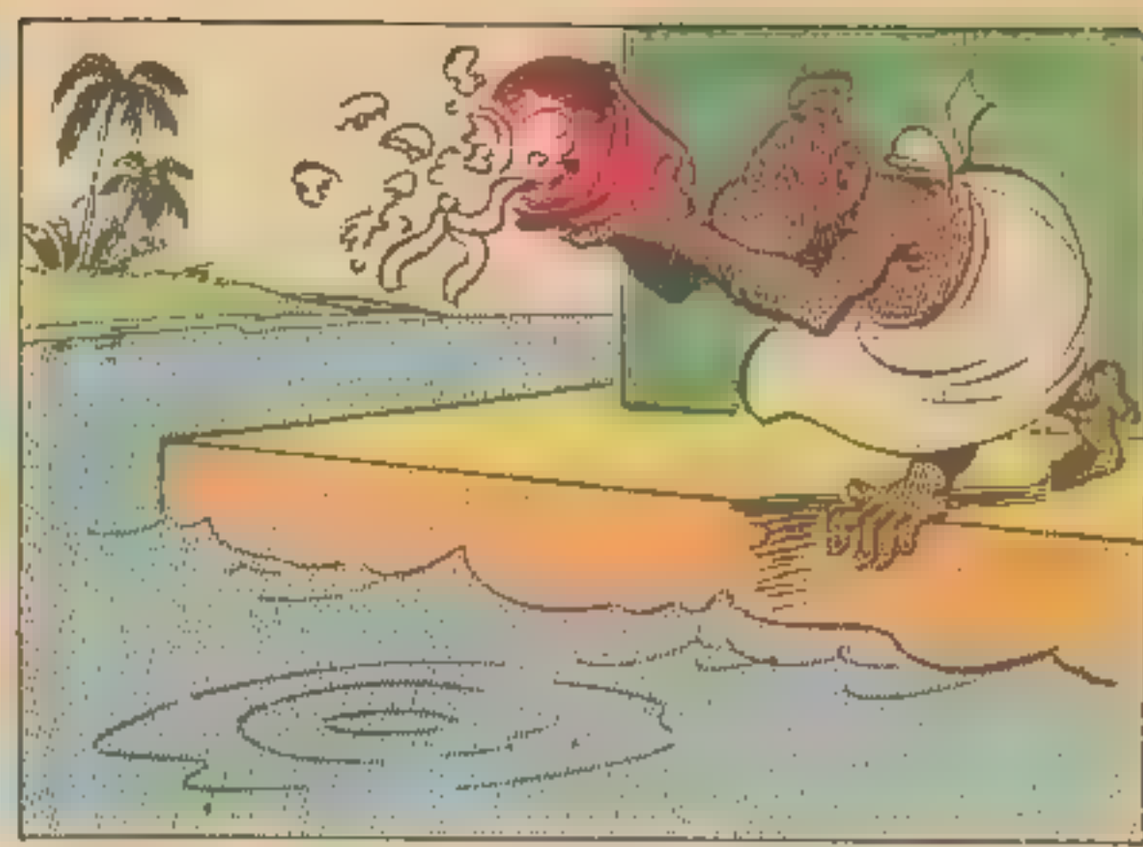

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE KEEPING OUR FISH!
TSK, TSK! SUCH CARELESSNESS!

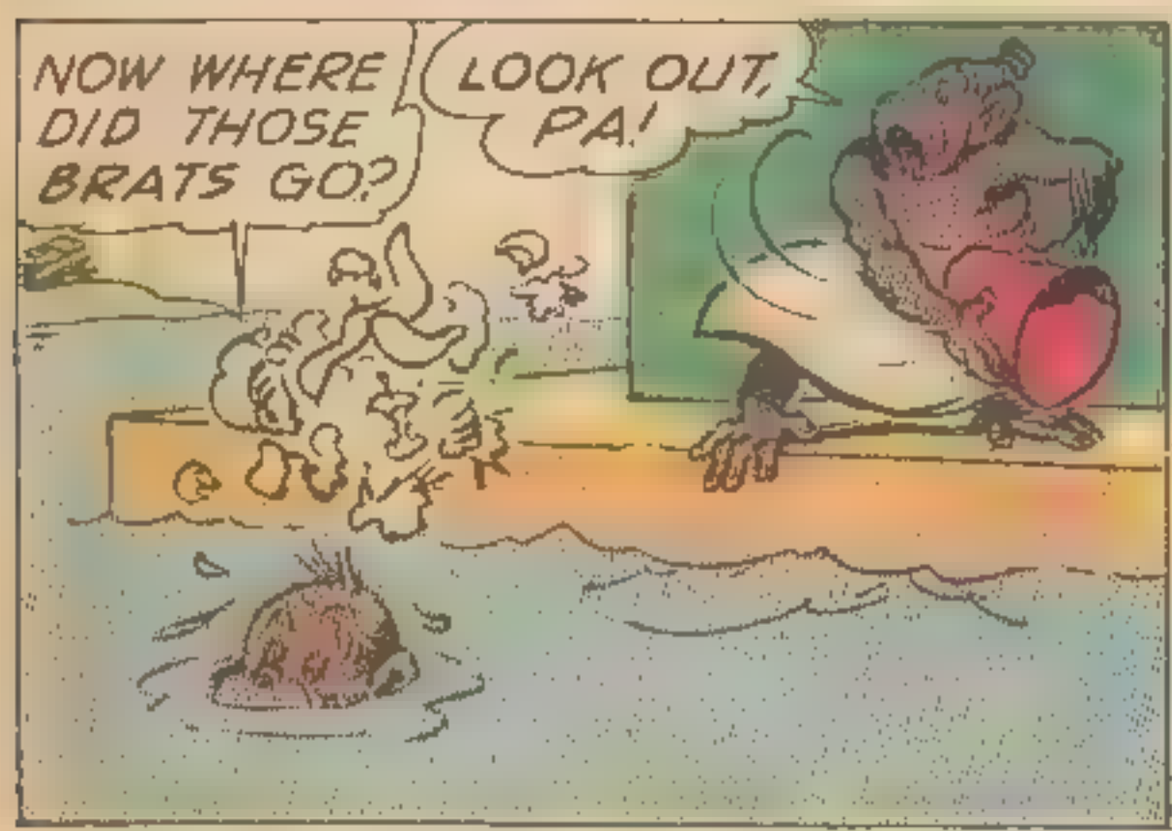
WHAT'S HE MAD ABOUT? AFTER ALL, IT WAS OUR FISH HE DISTURBED!
COME BACK HERE!
RUN!

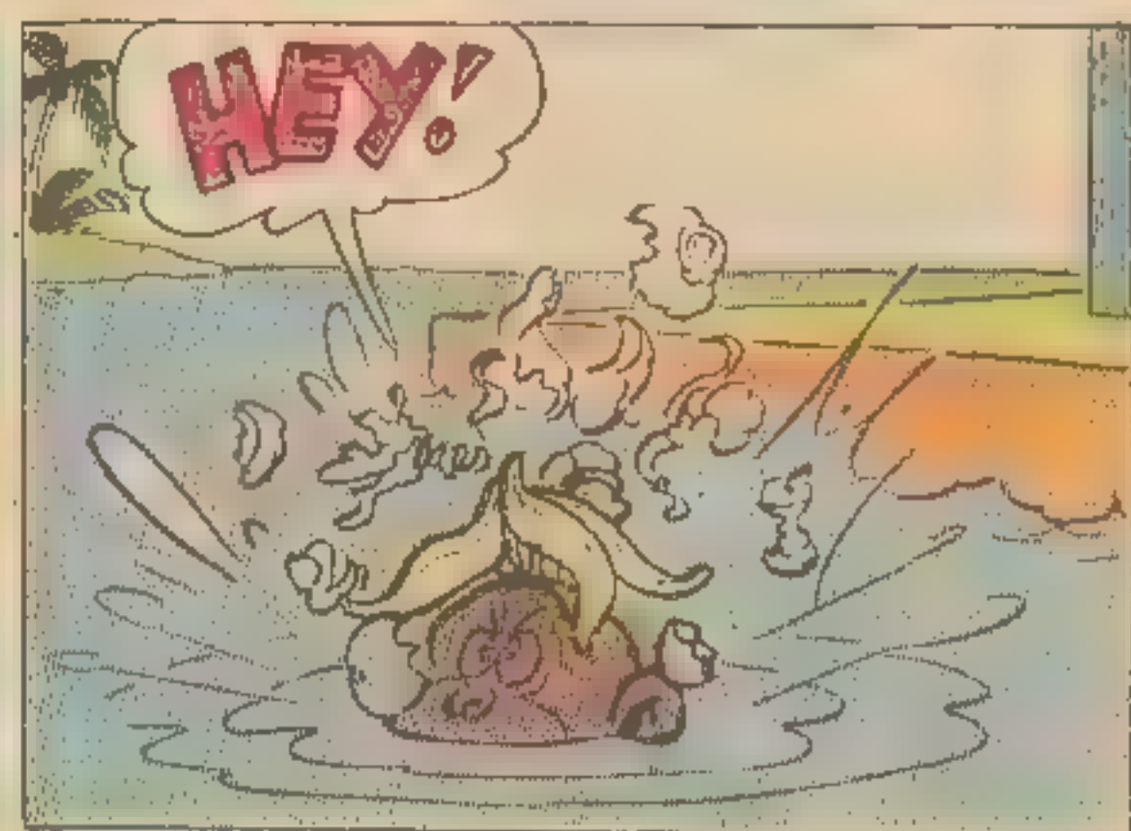

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT WAY—I CAN SWIM TOO!

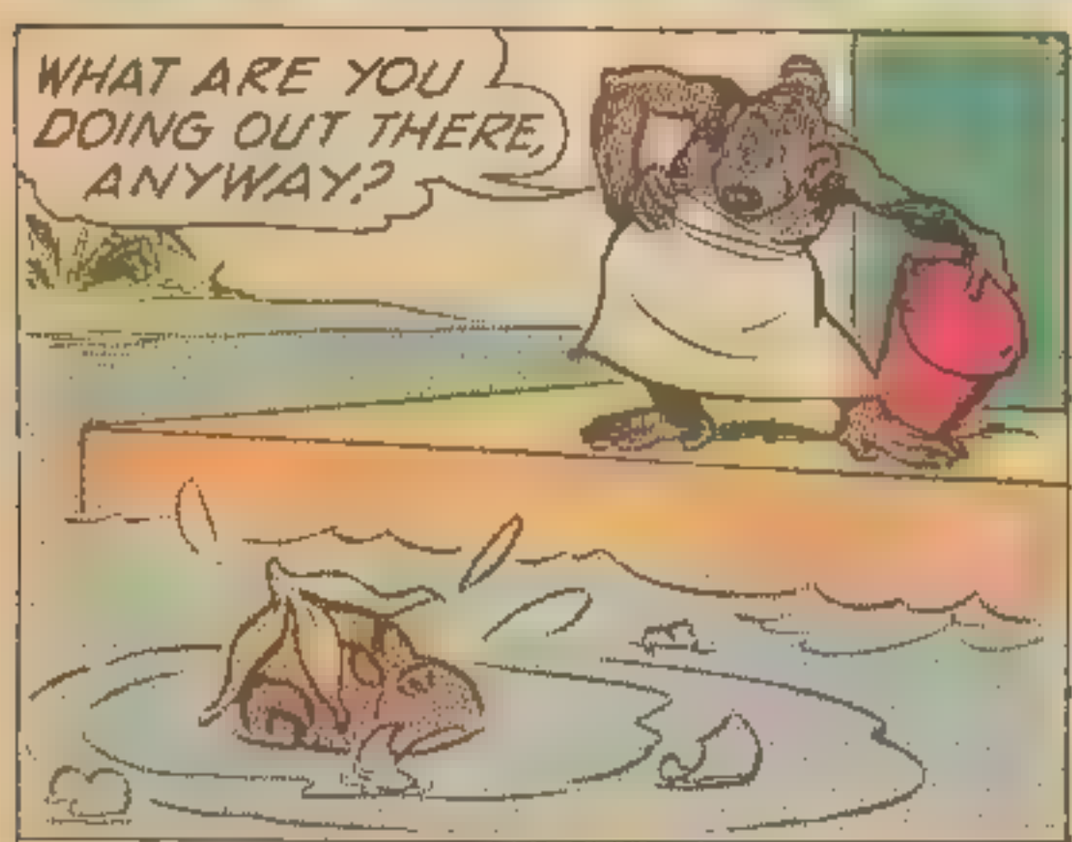

IF THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE BY SWIMMING UNDER THE WATER—

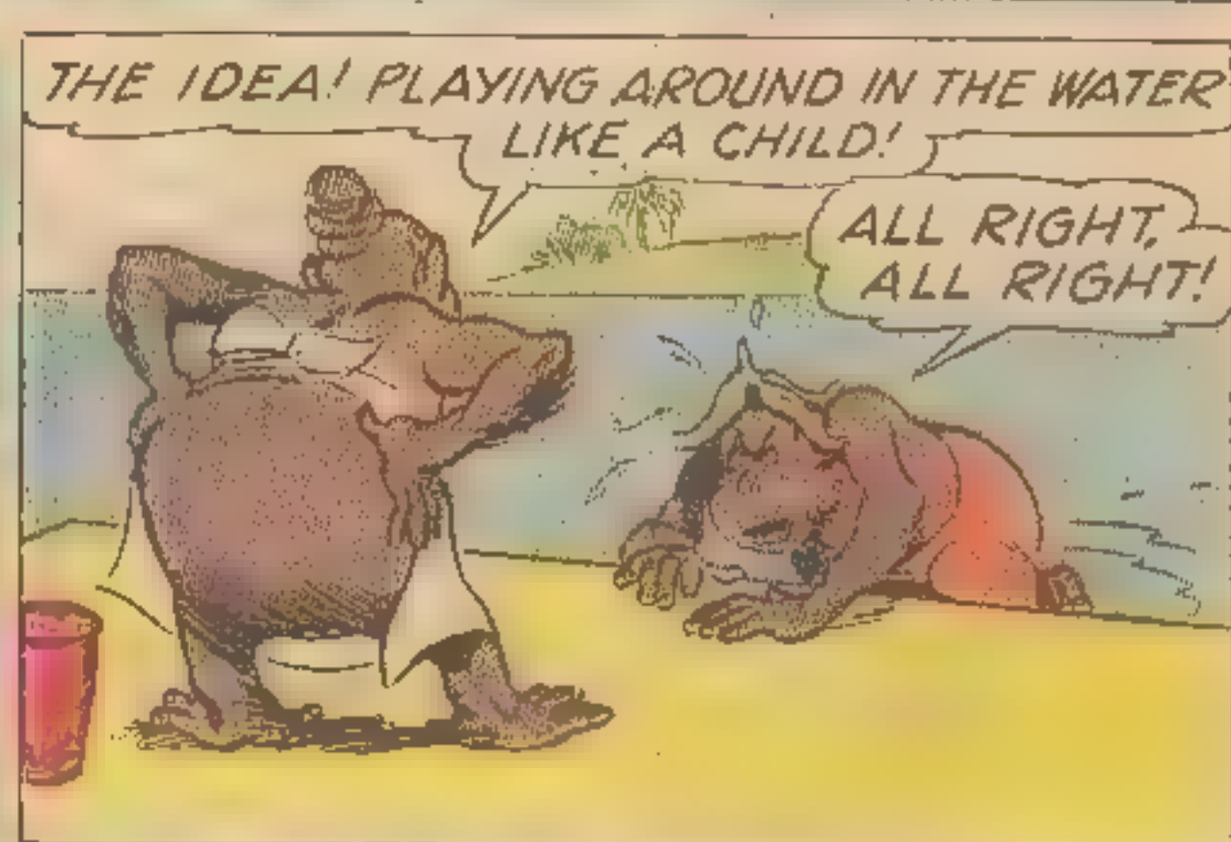

THE WAY THIS GARBAGE ACCUMULATES!

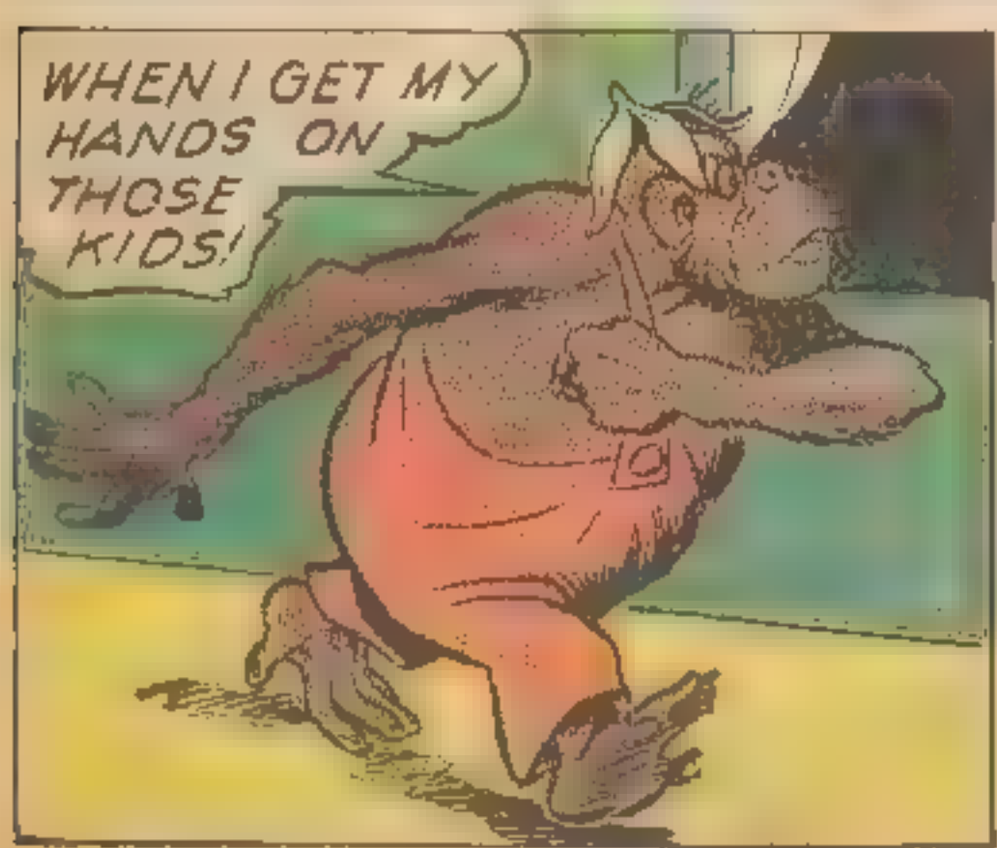


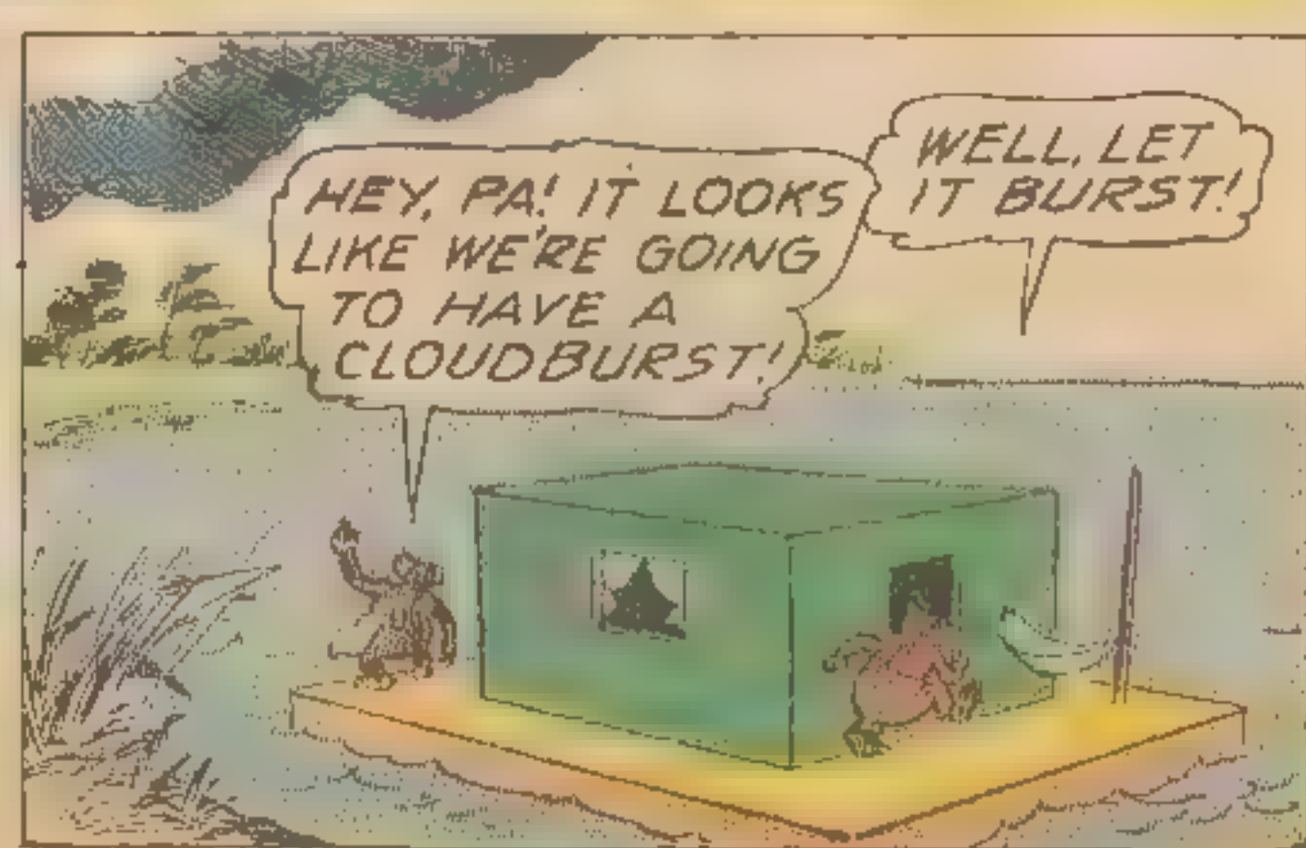

NOW WHERE DID THOSE BRATS GO?
LOOK OUT, PA!


HEY!


WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE, ANYWAY?

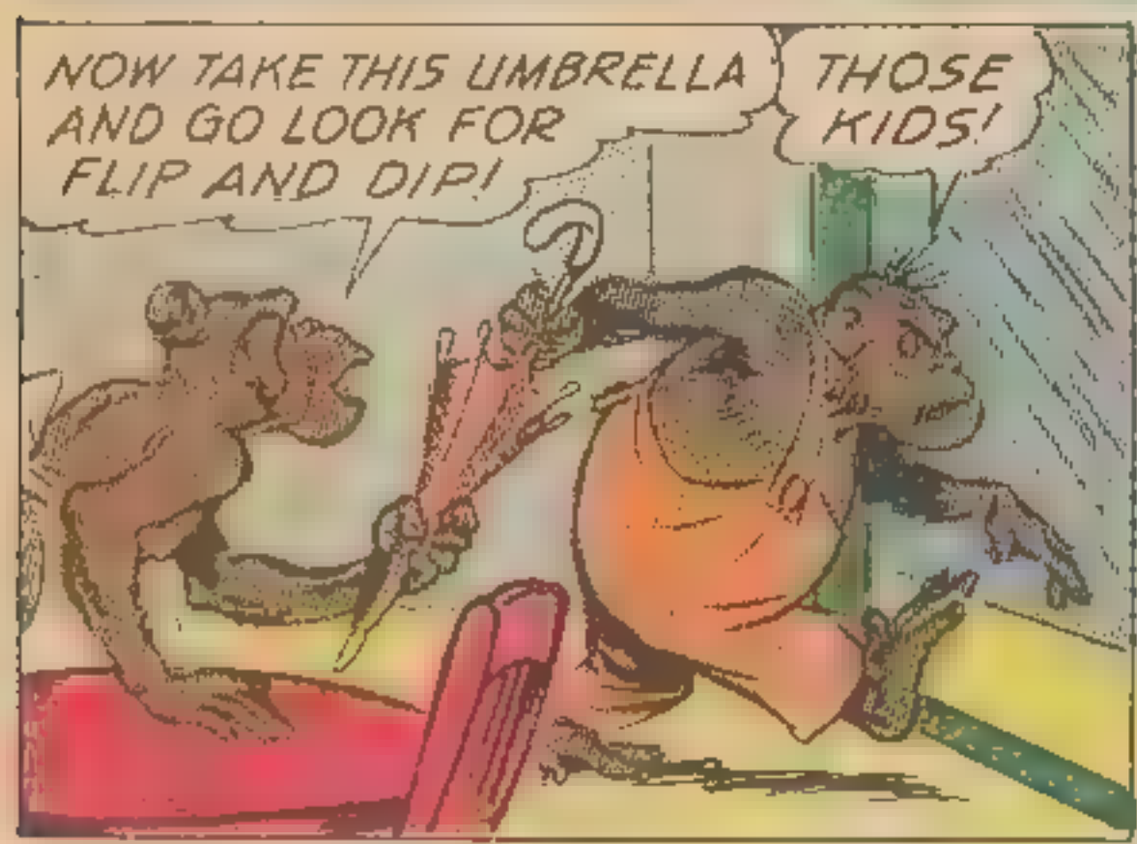

THE IDEA! PLAYING AROUND IN THE WATER LIKE A CHILD!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

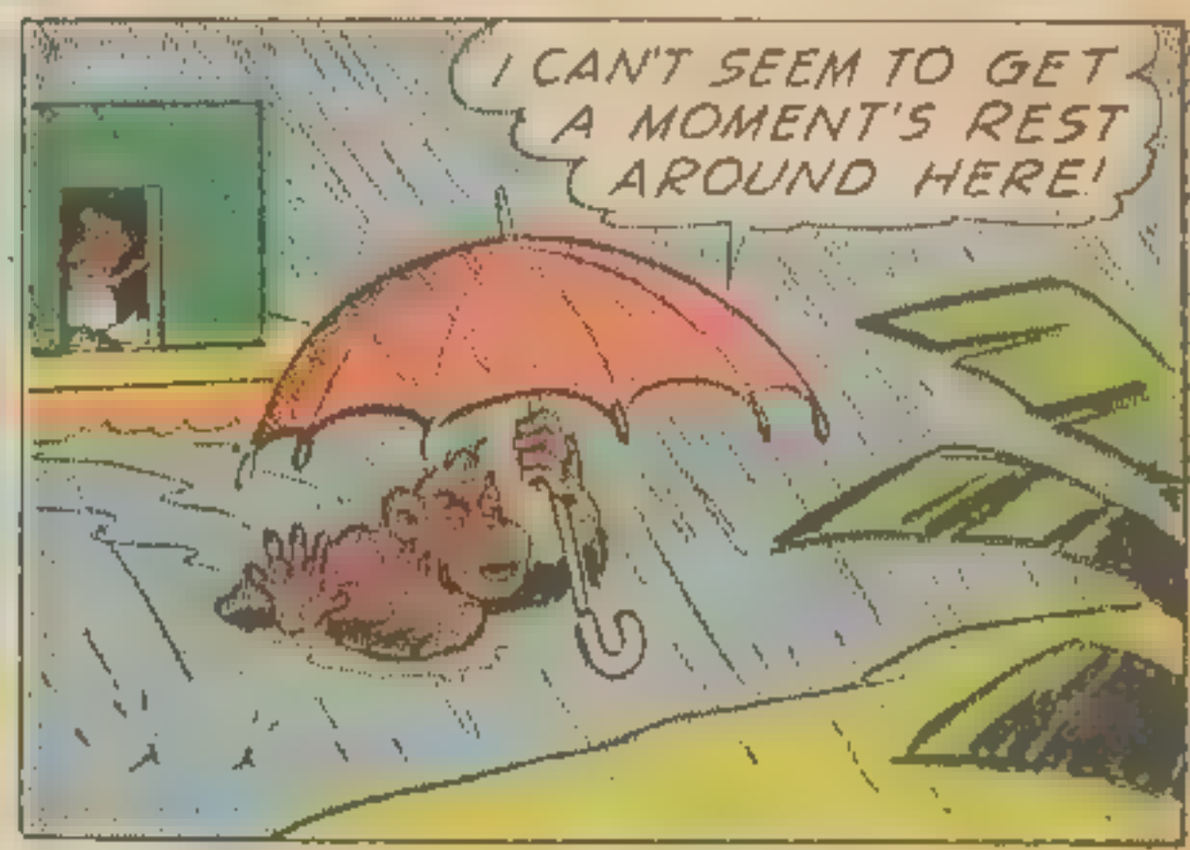

WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KIDS!

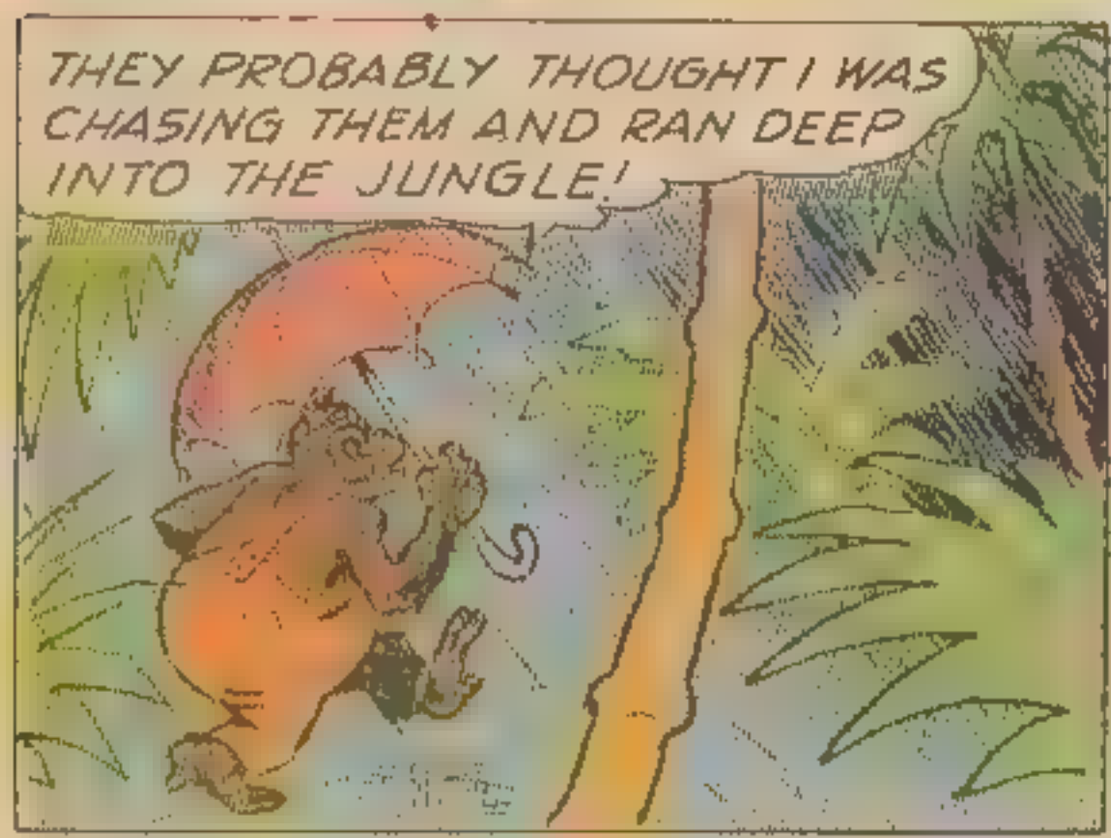

HEY, PA! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CLOUDBURST!
WELL, LET IT BURST!

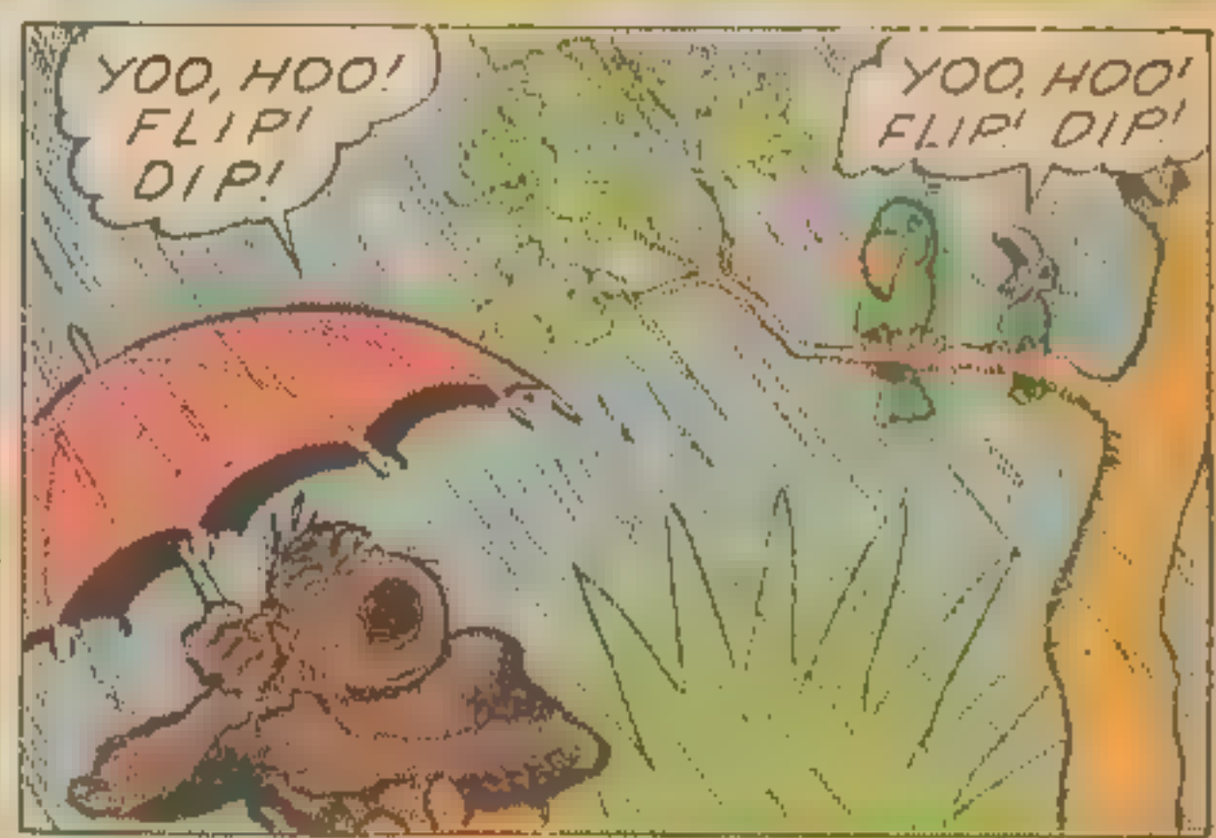
THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES
BUT THE KIDS MIGHT GET CAUGHT IN IT!

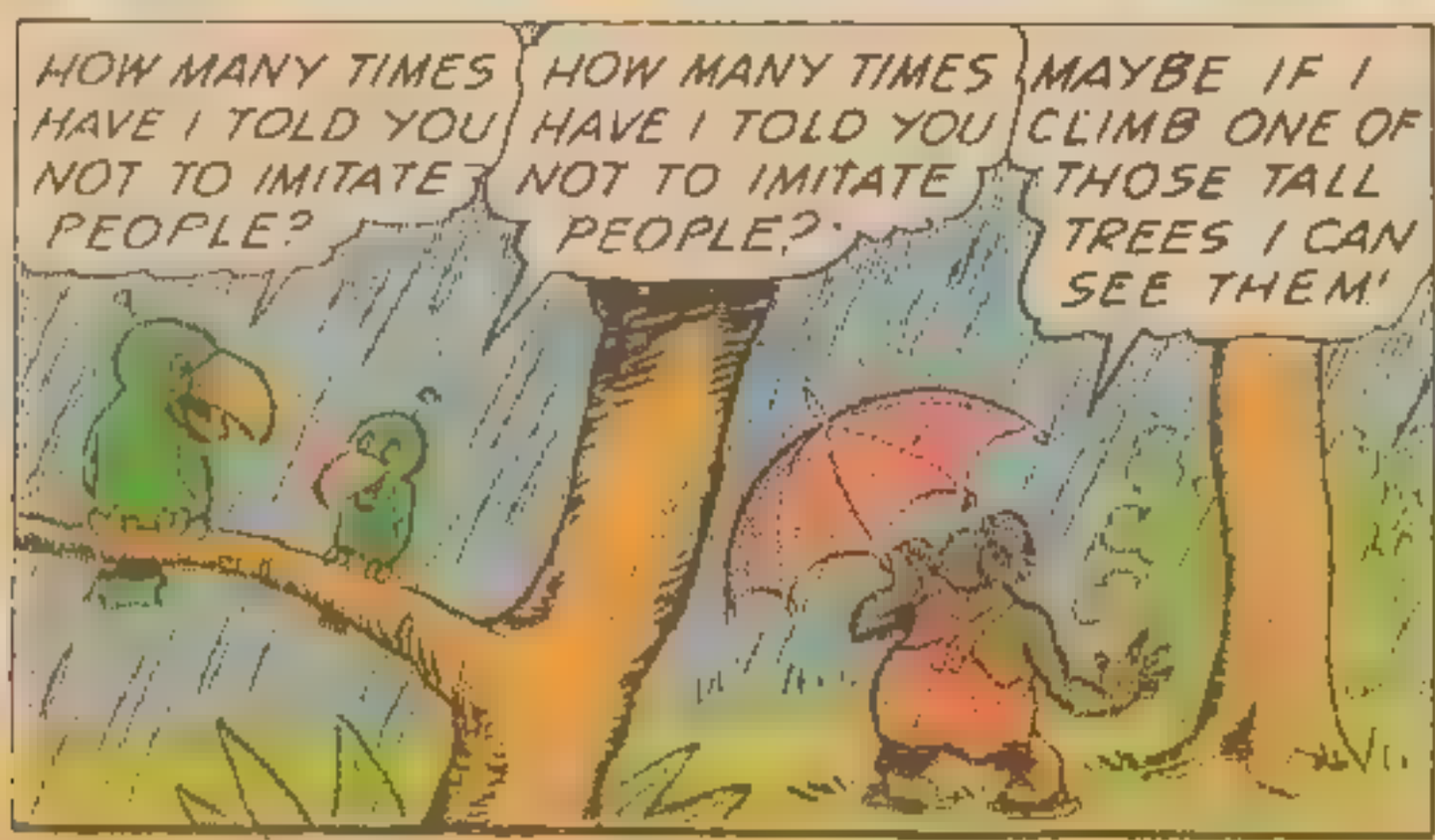
BAM!
HERE IT COMES!

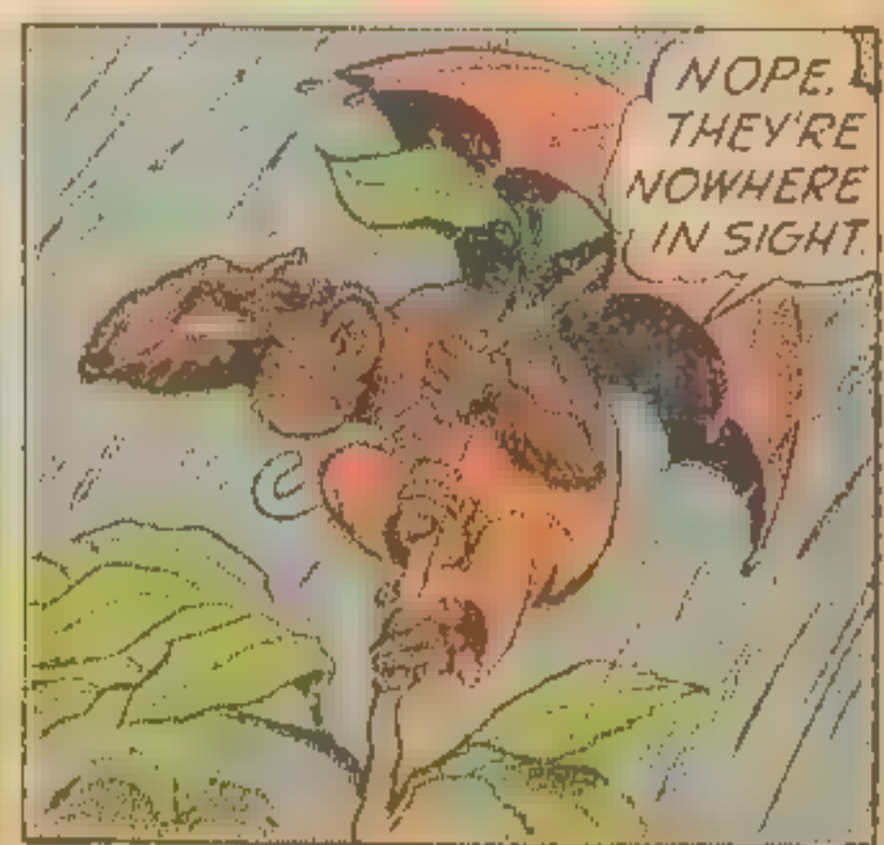

NOW TAKE THIS UMBRELLA AND GO LOOK FOR FLIP AND DIP!
THOSE KIDS!

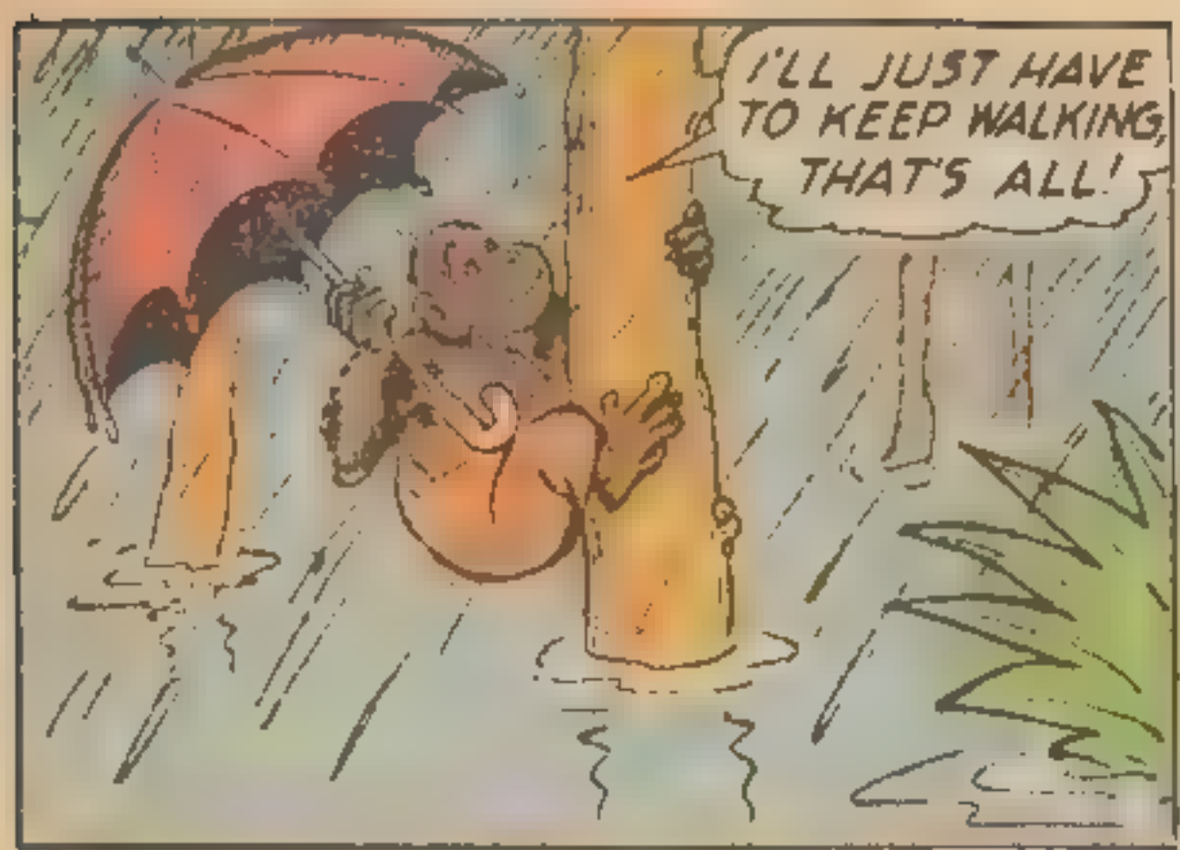

I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A MOMENT'S REST AROUND HERE!

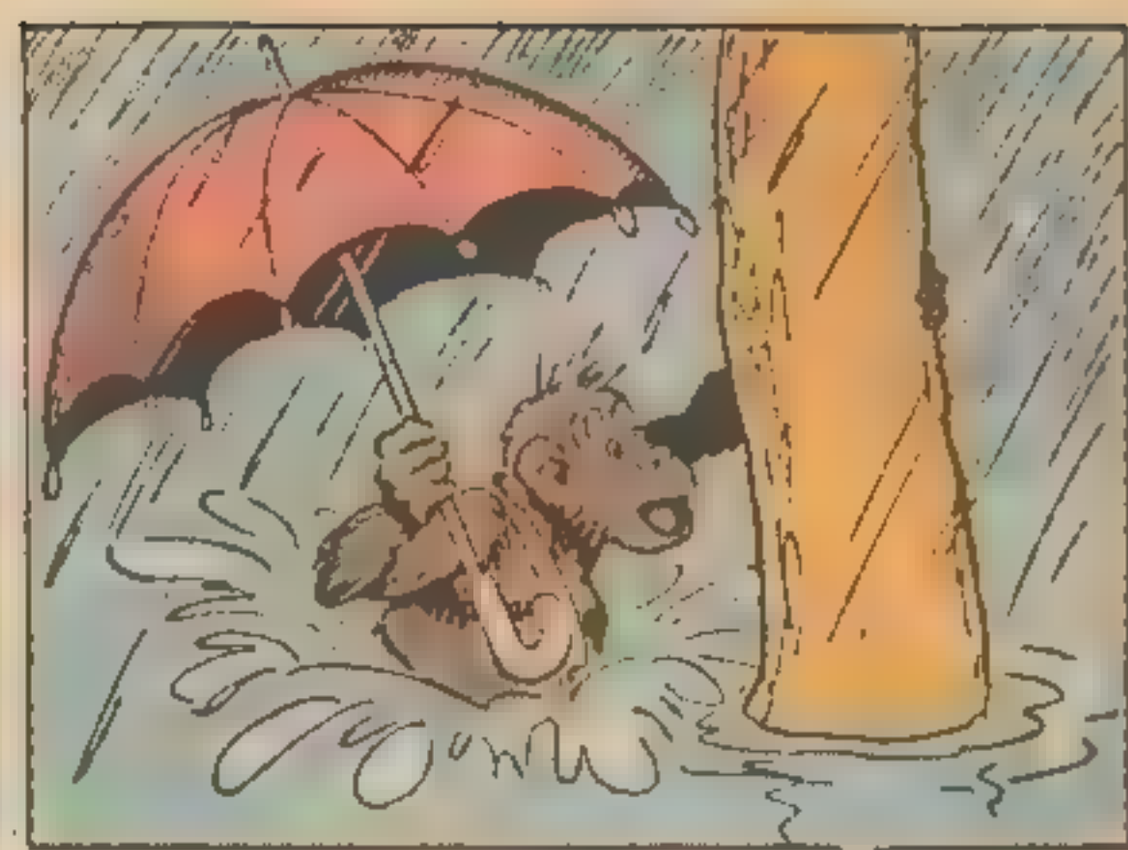

THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT I WAS CHASING THEM AND RAN DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE!

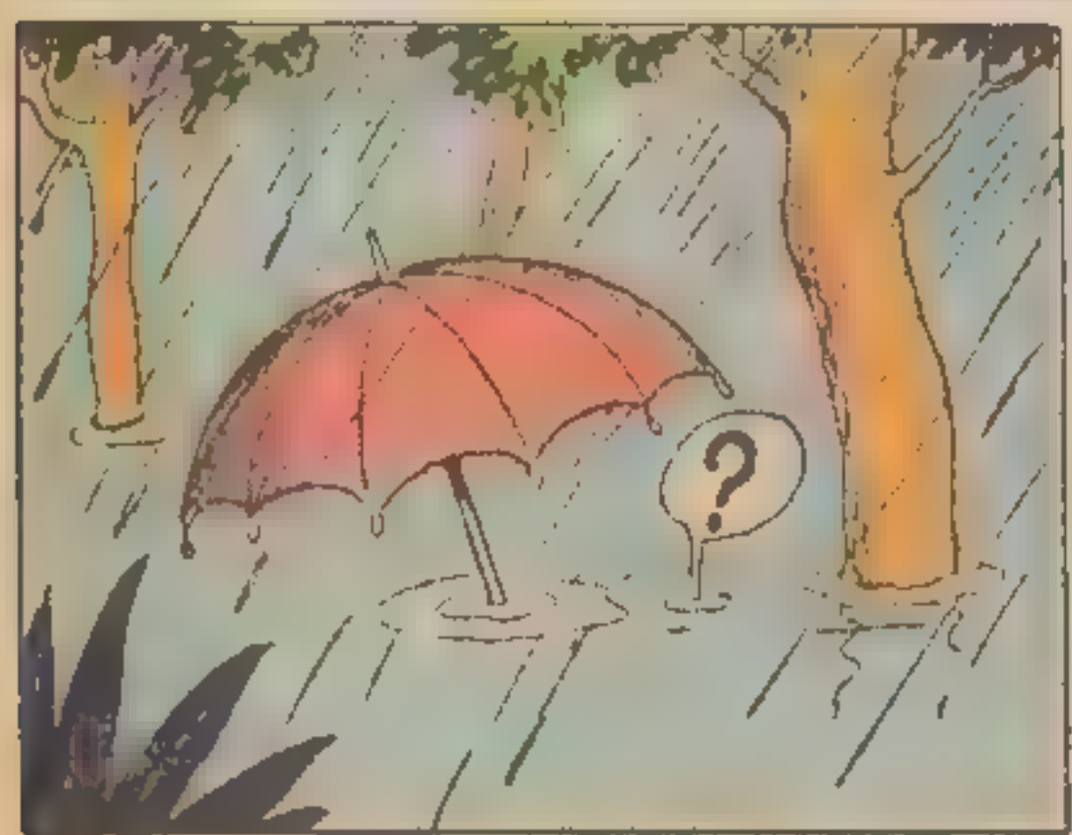

YOO, HOO! FLIP! DIP!
YOO, HOO! FLIP! DIP!

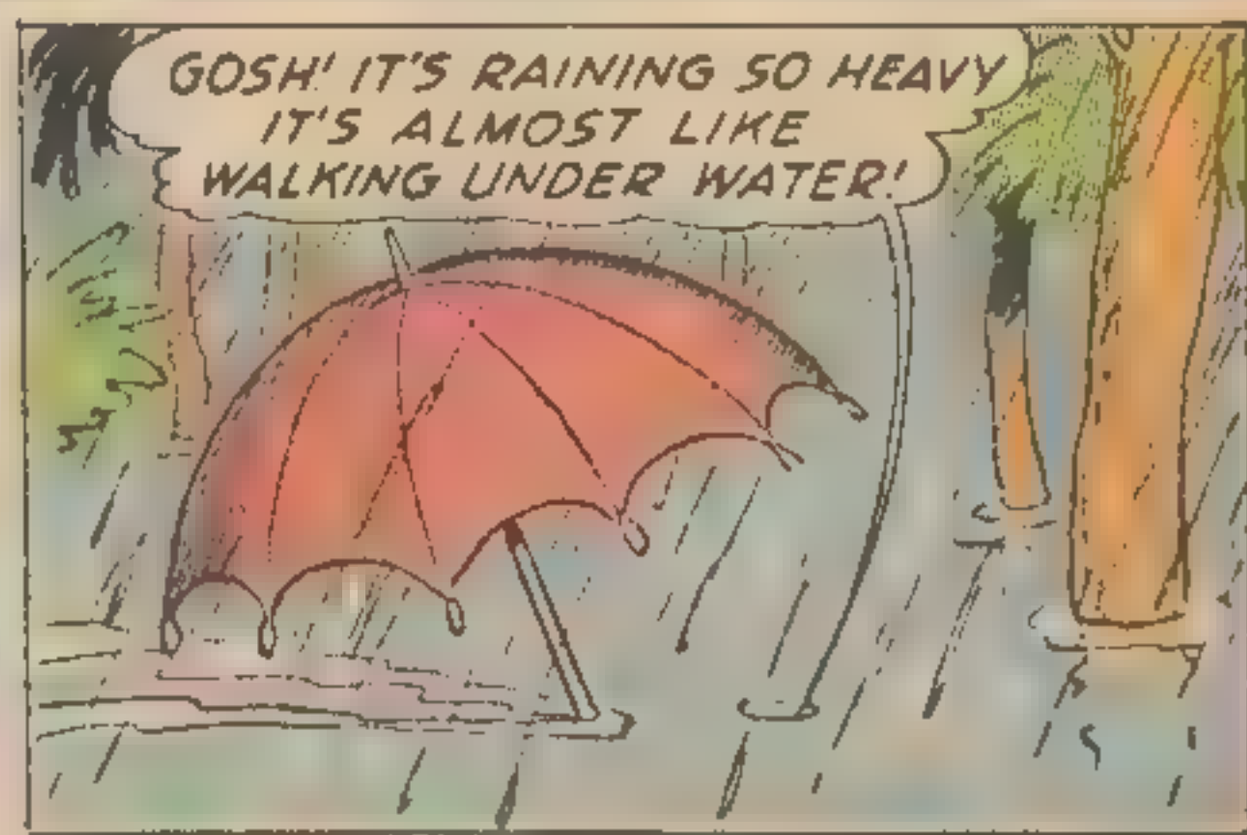

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO IMITATE PEOPLE?
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO IMITATE PEOPLE?
MAYBE IF I CLIMB ONE OF THOSE TALL TREES I CAN SEE THEM!

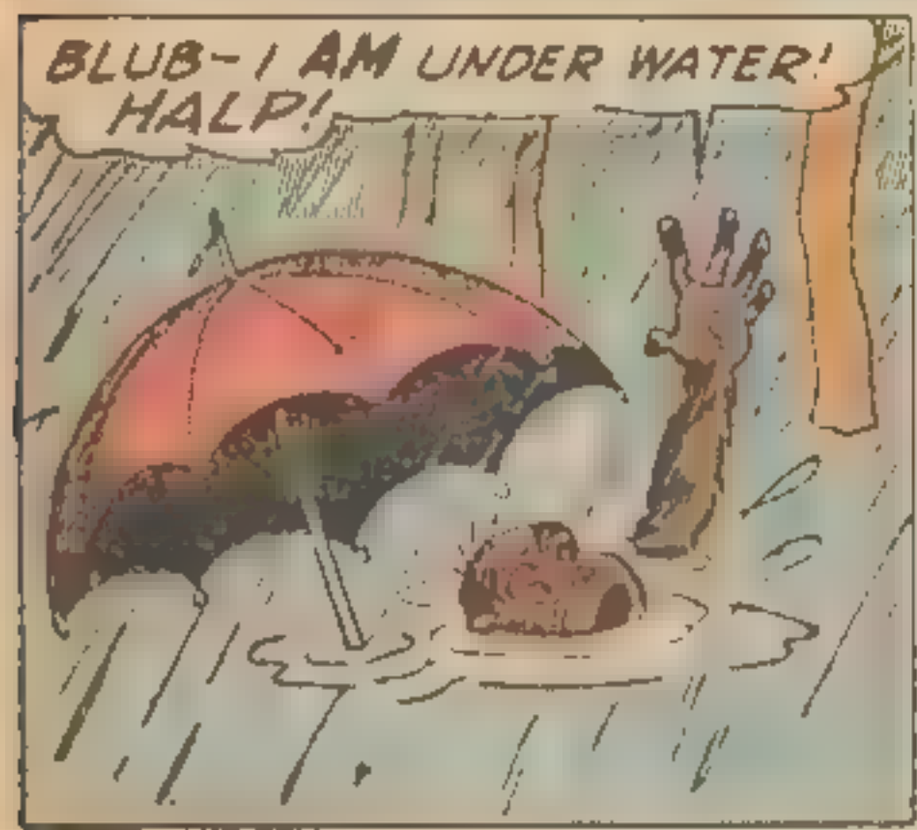

NOPE. THEY'RE NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

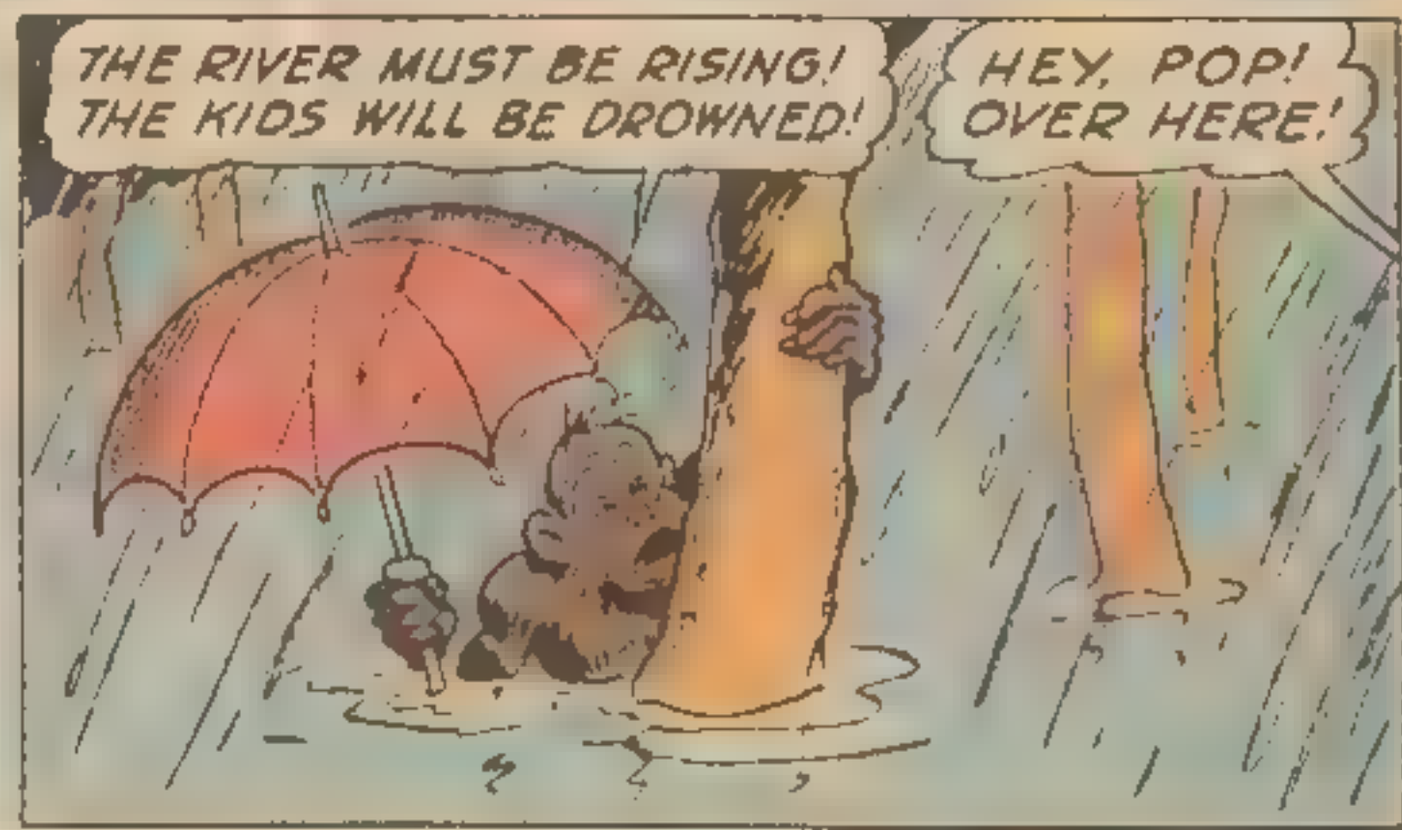

I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP WALKING, THAT'S ALL!

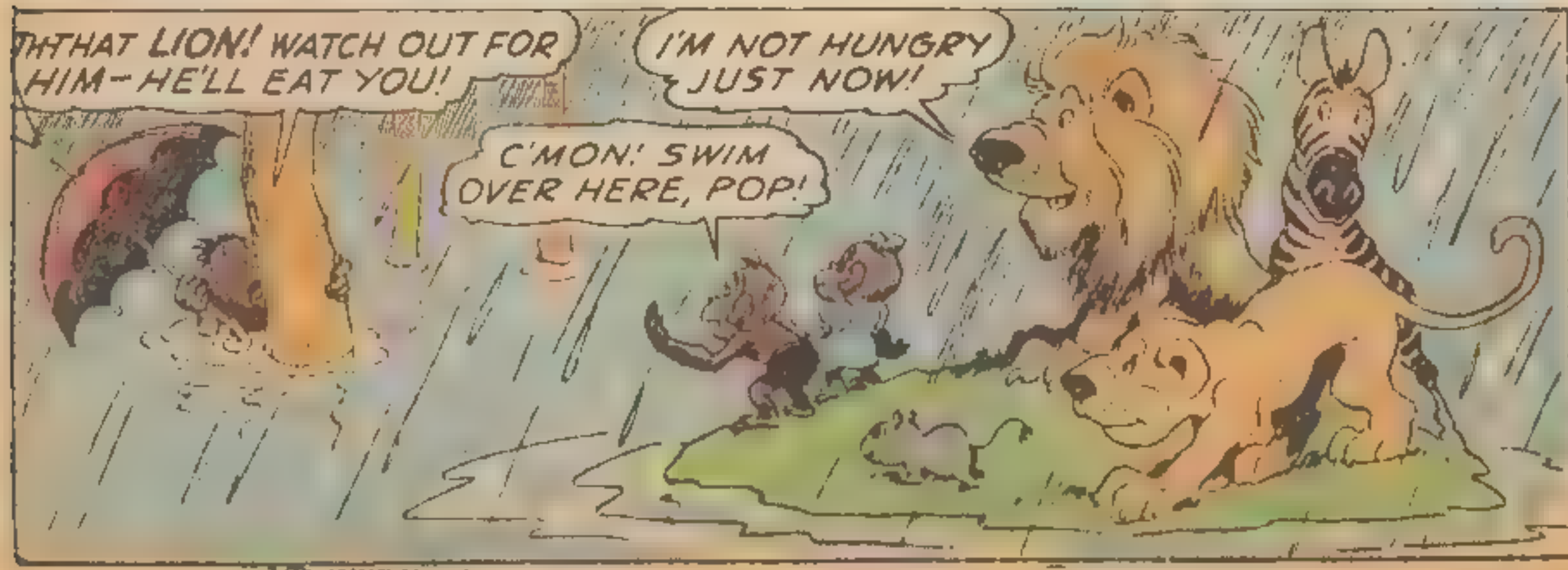


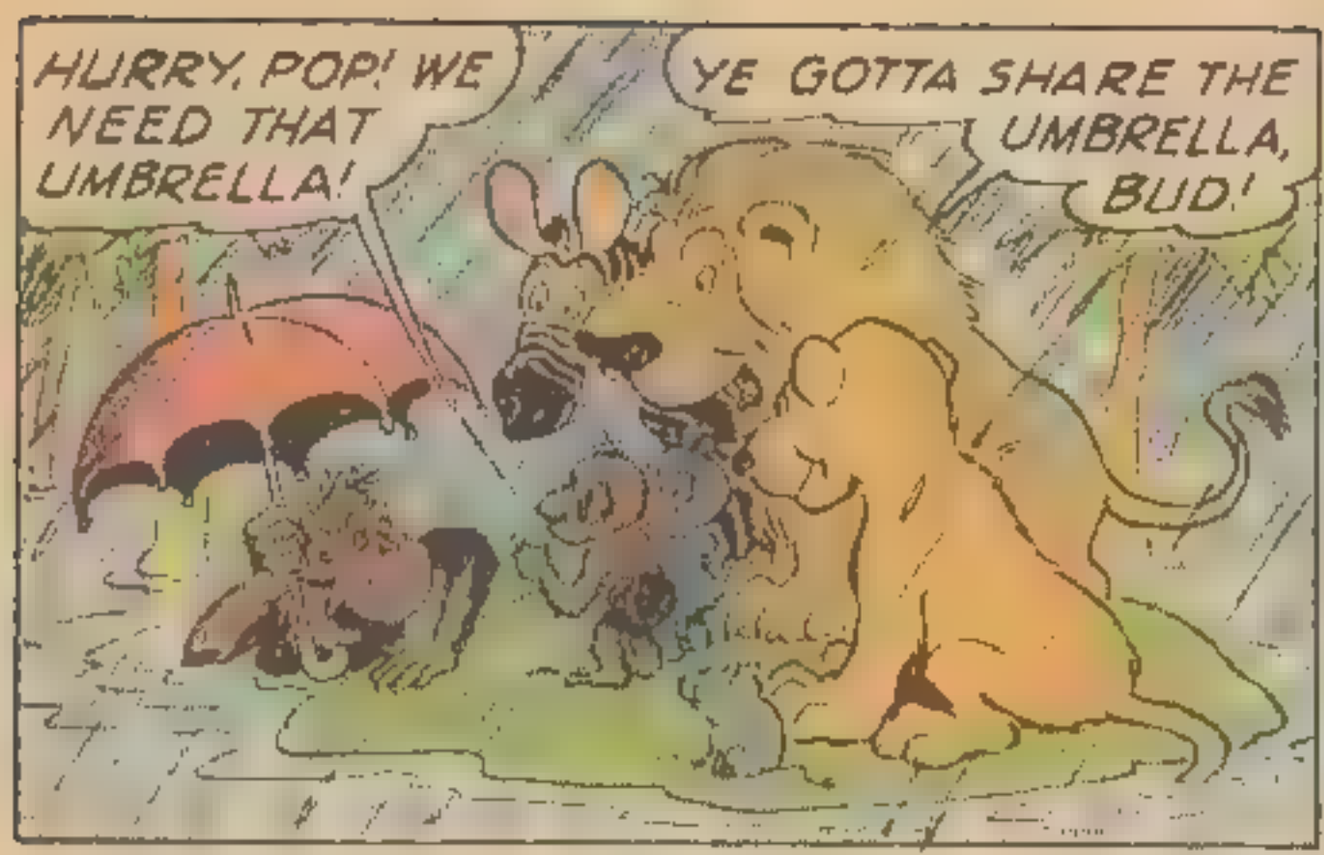

?

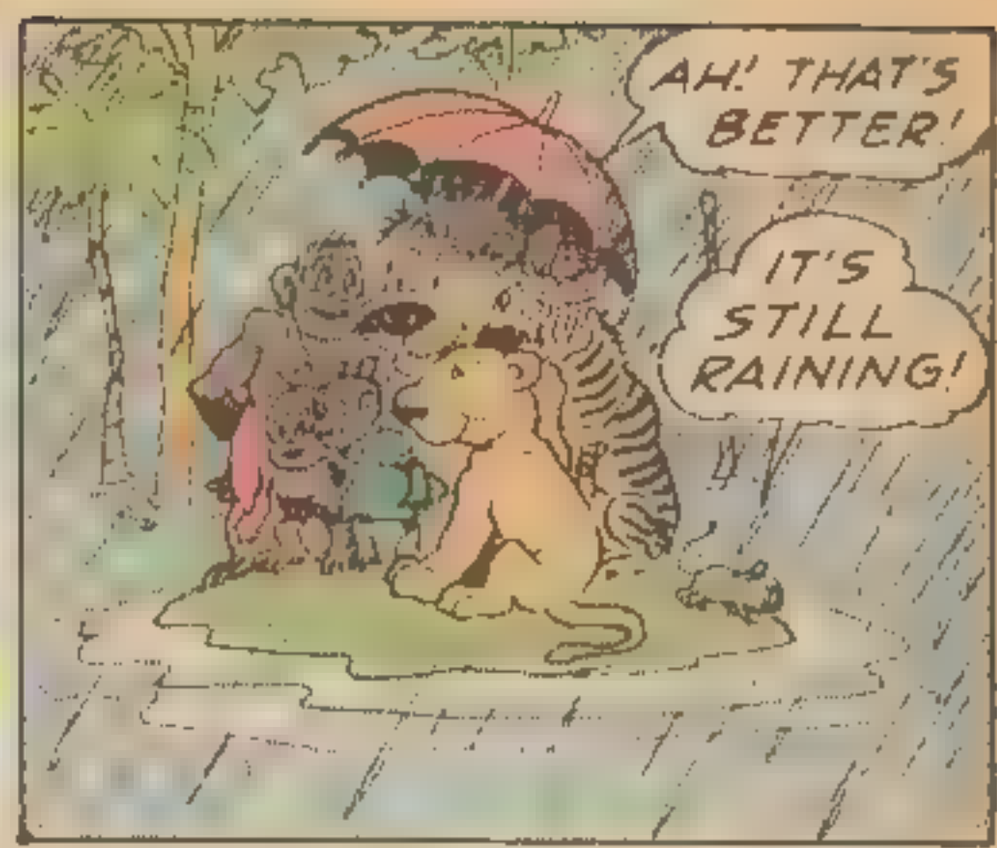

GOSH! IT'S RAINING SO HEAVY IT'S ALMOST LIKE WALKING UNDER WATER!

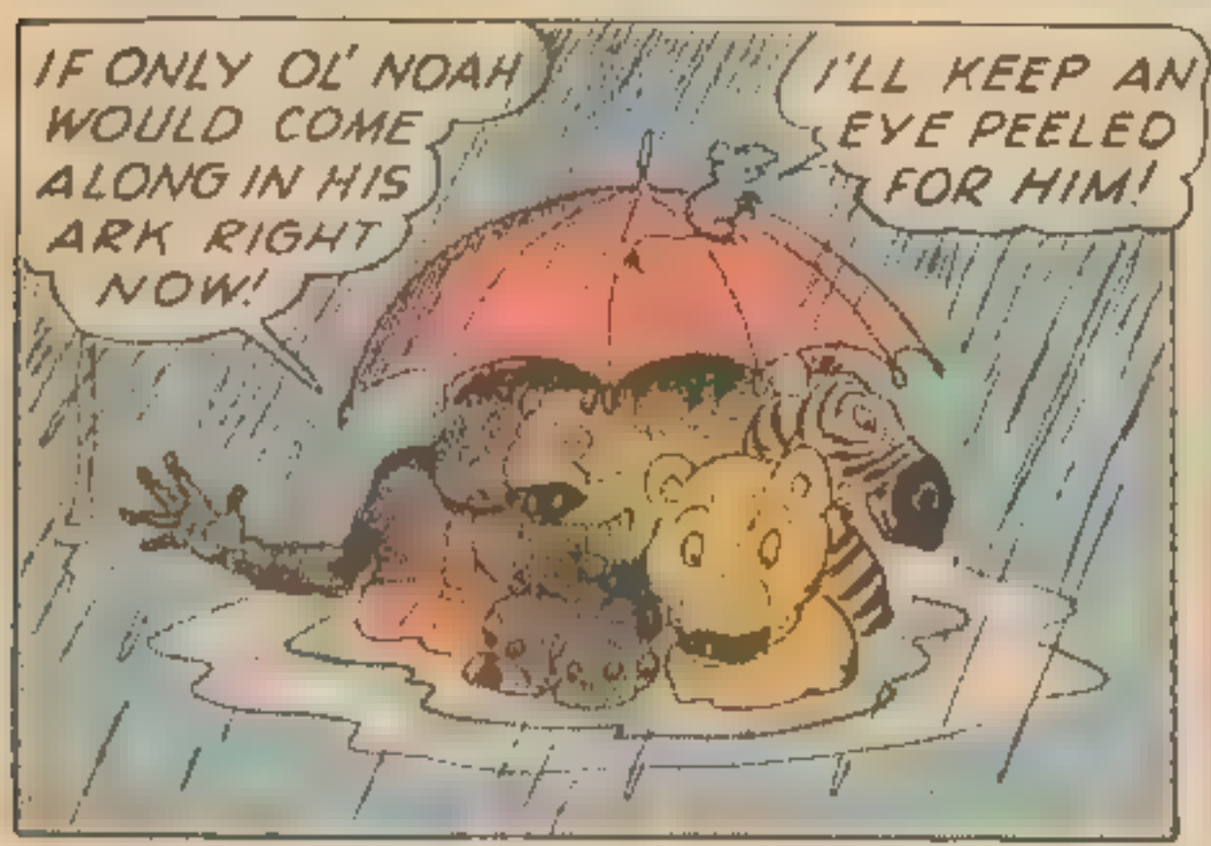

BLUB-I AM UNDER WATER! HALP!

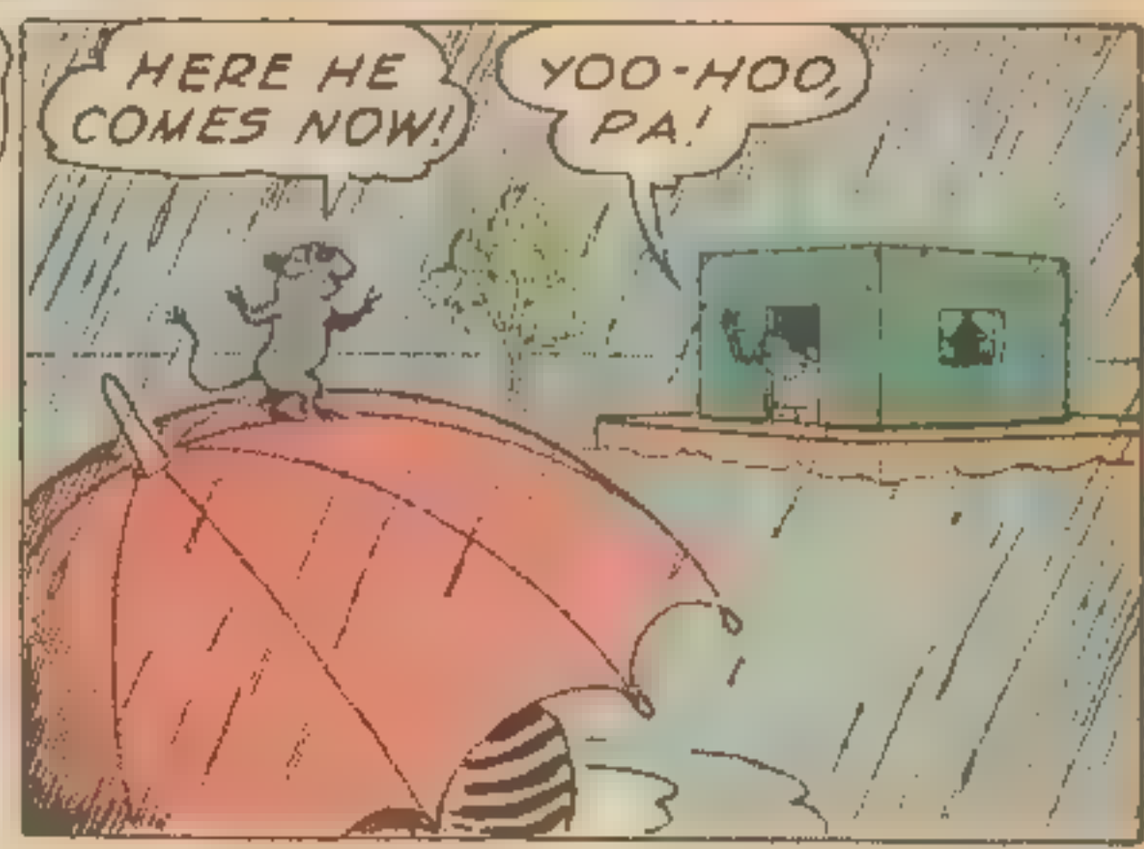

THE RIVER MUST BE RISING! THE KIDS WILL BE DROWNED!
HEY, POP! OVER HERE!

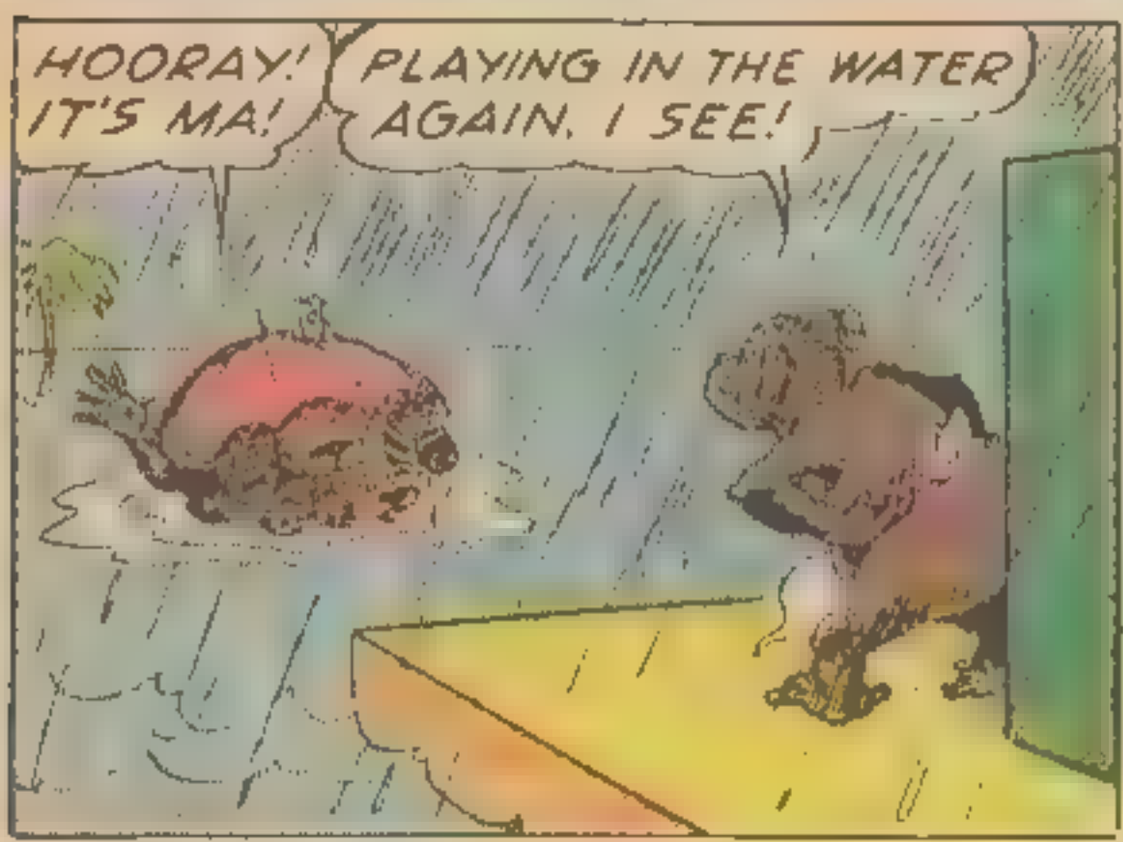

TH-THAT LION! WATCH OUT FOR HIM-HE'LL EAT YOU!
I'M NOT HUNGRY JUST NOW!
C'MON! SWIM OVER HERE, POP!

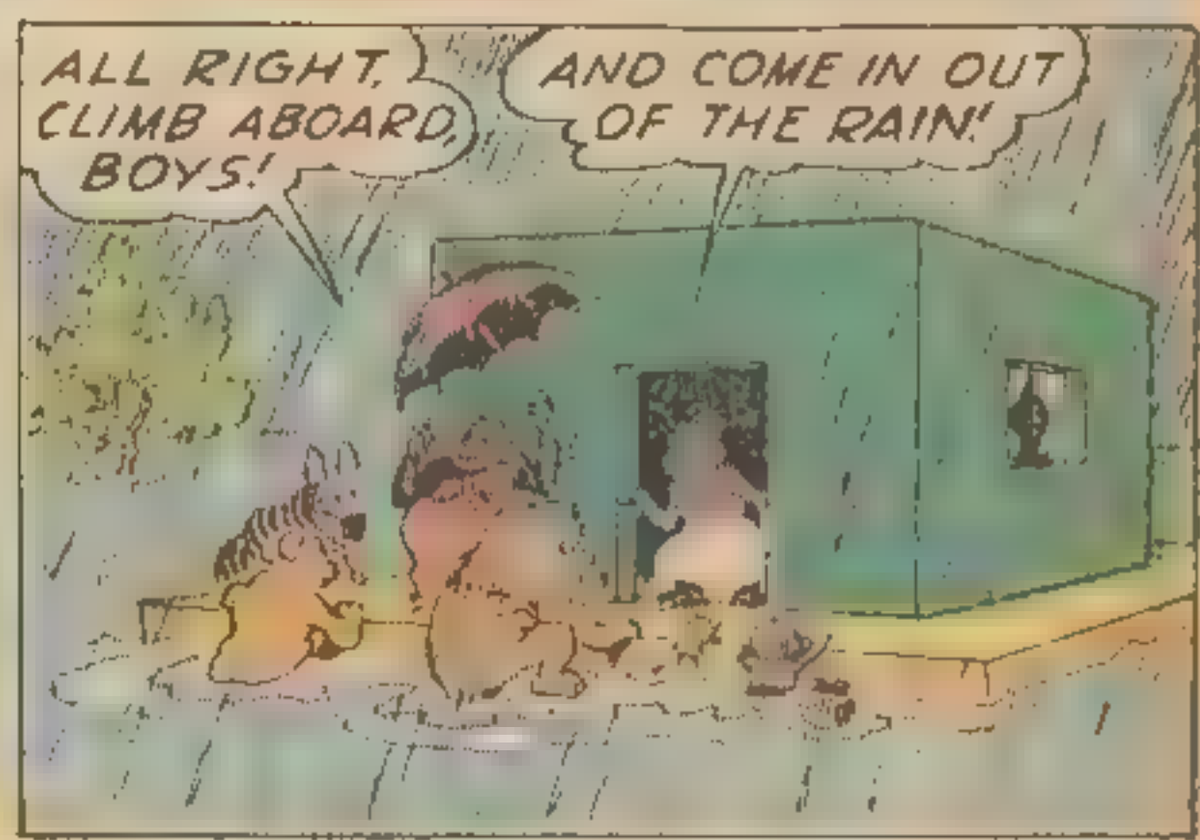

HURRY, POP! WE NEED THAT UMBRELLA!
YE GOTTA SHARE THE UMBRELLA, BUD!

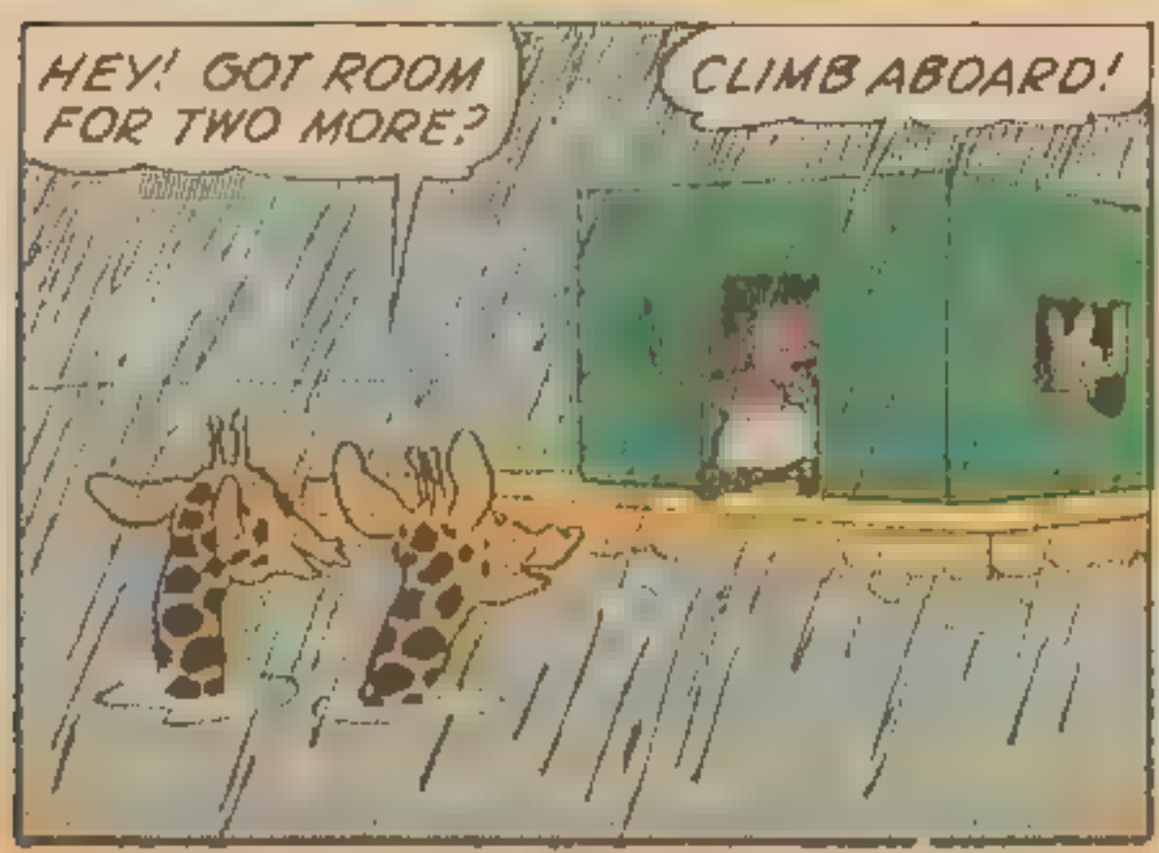

AH! THAT'S BETTER!
IT'S STILL RAINING!

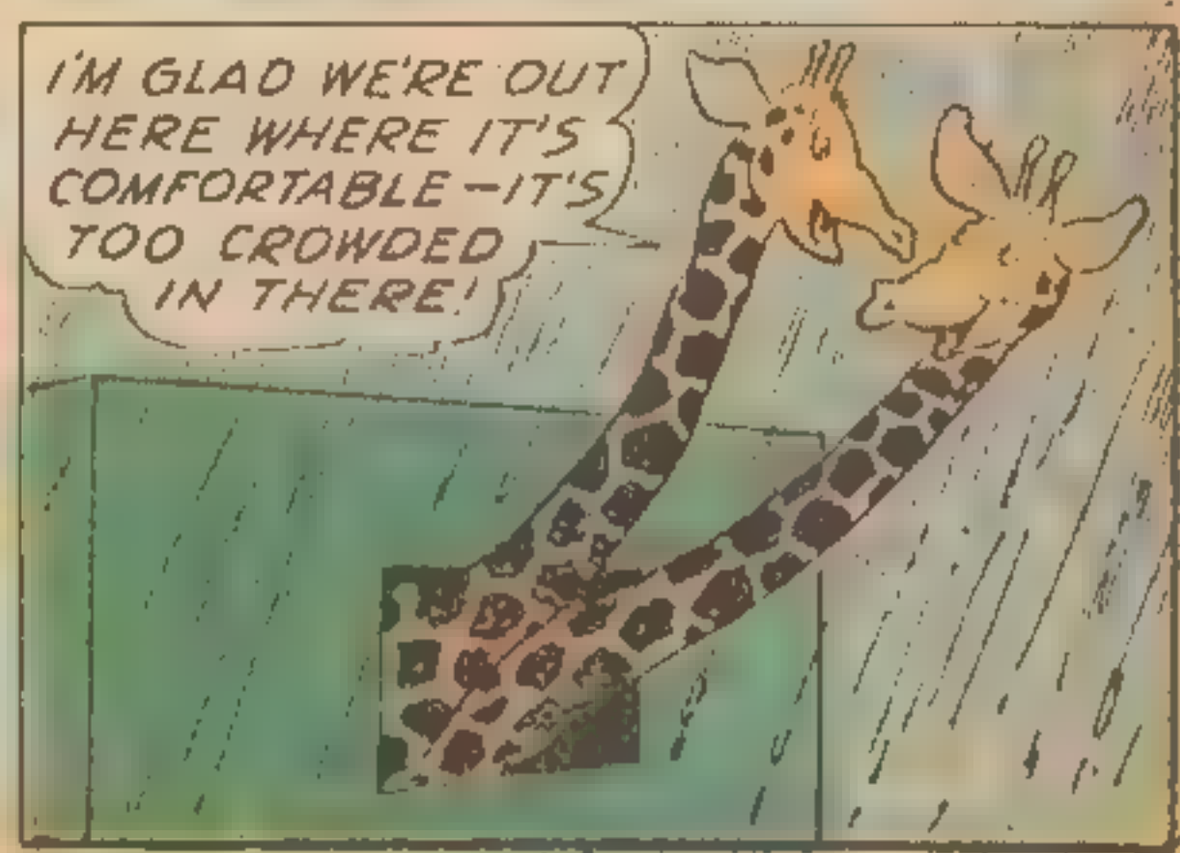

IF ONLY OL' NOAH WOULD COME ALONG IN HIS ARK RIGHT NOW!
I'LL KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR HIM!

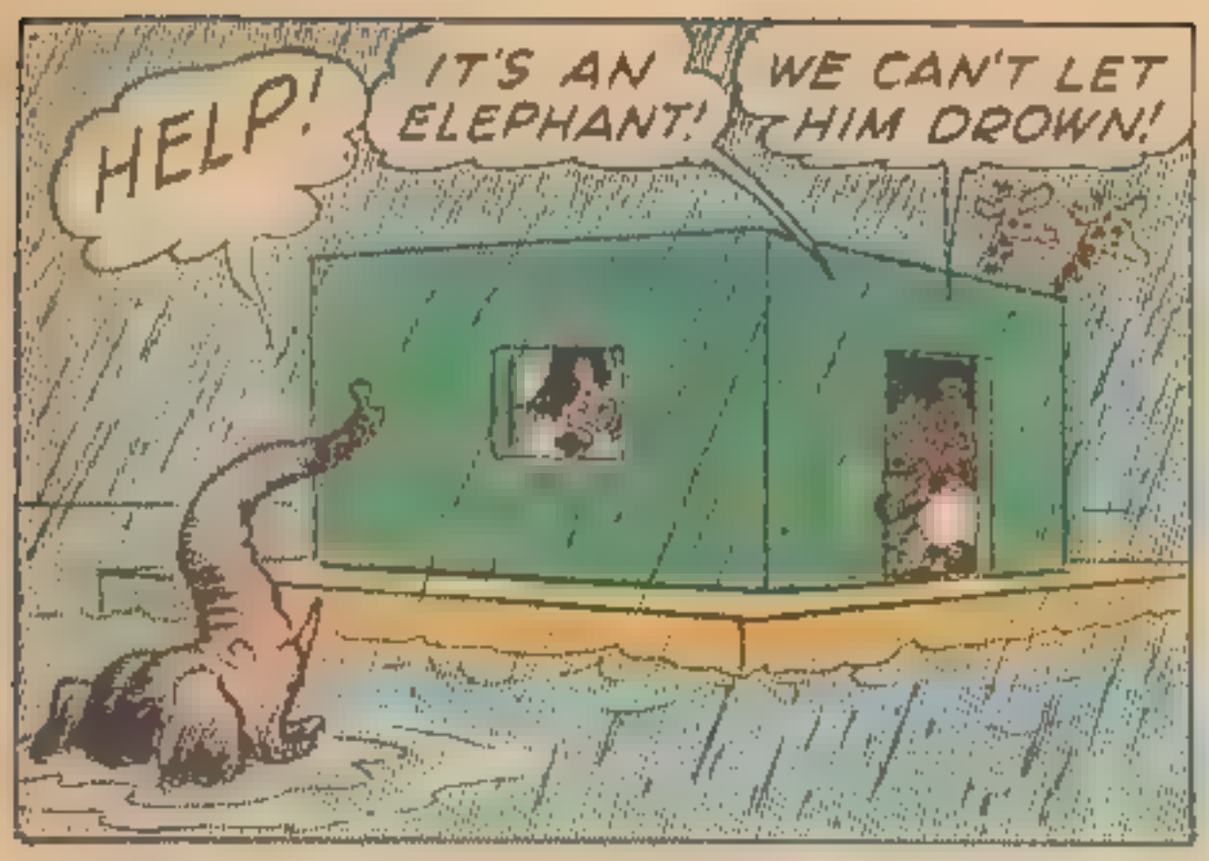

HERE HE COMES NOW!
YOO-HOO, PA!

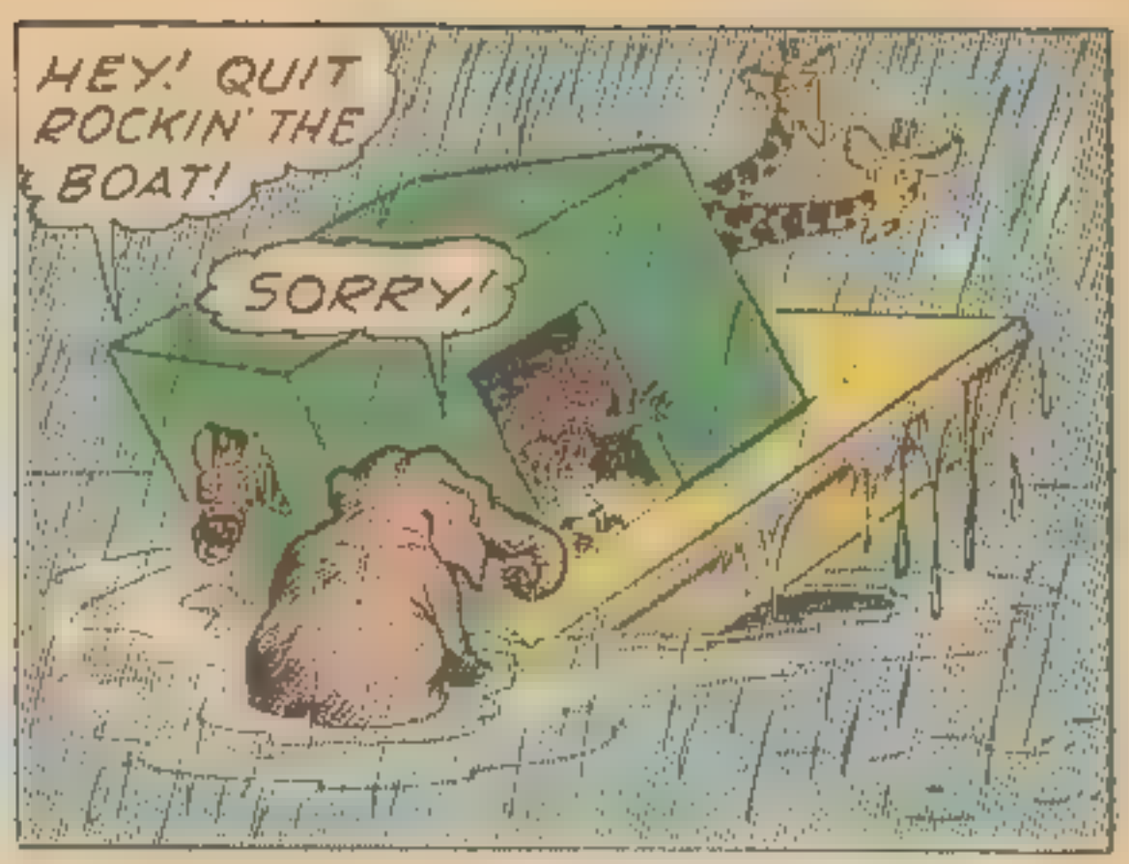

HOORAY! IT'S MA!
PLAYING IN THE WATER AGAIN, I SEE!

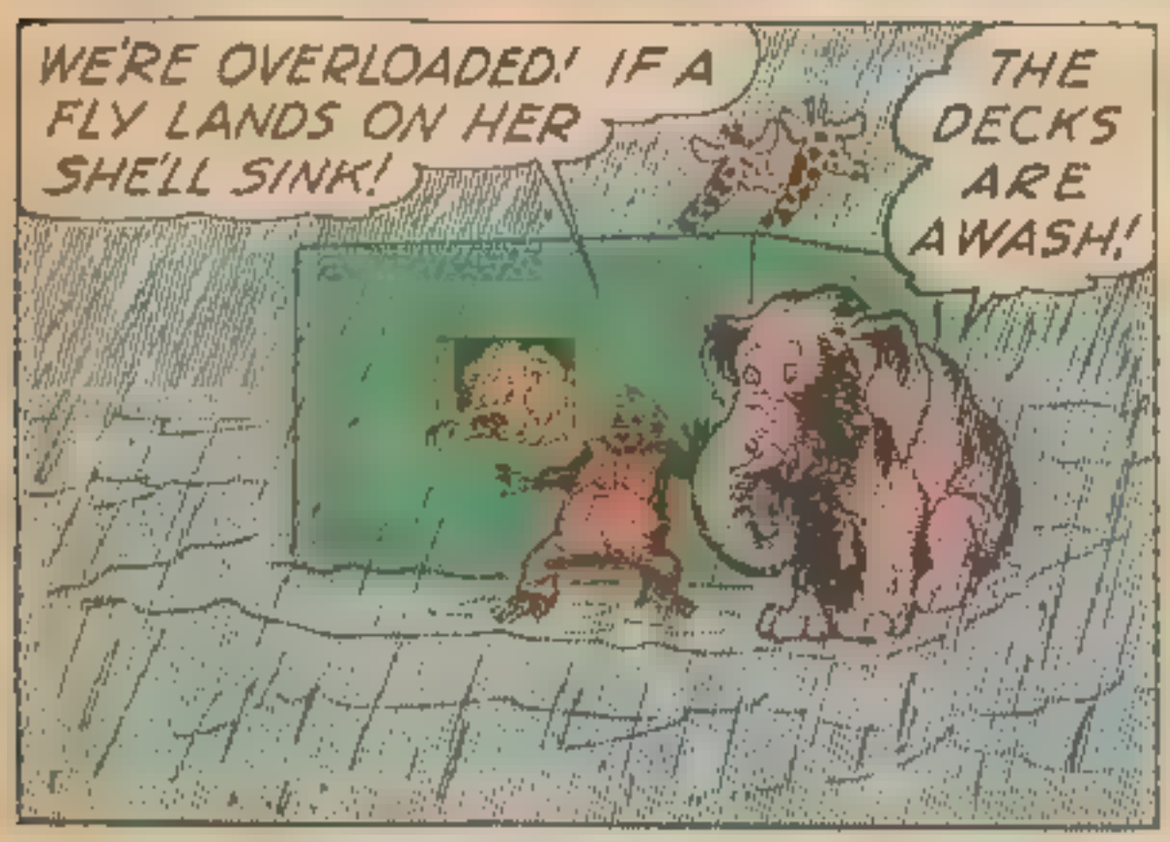

ALL RIGHT, CLIMB ABOARD, BOYS!
AND COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN!


HEY! GOT ROOM FOR TWO MORE?
CLIMB ABOARD!

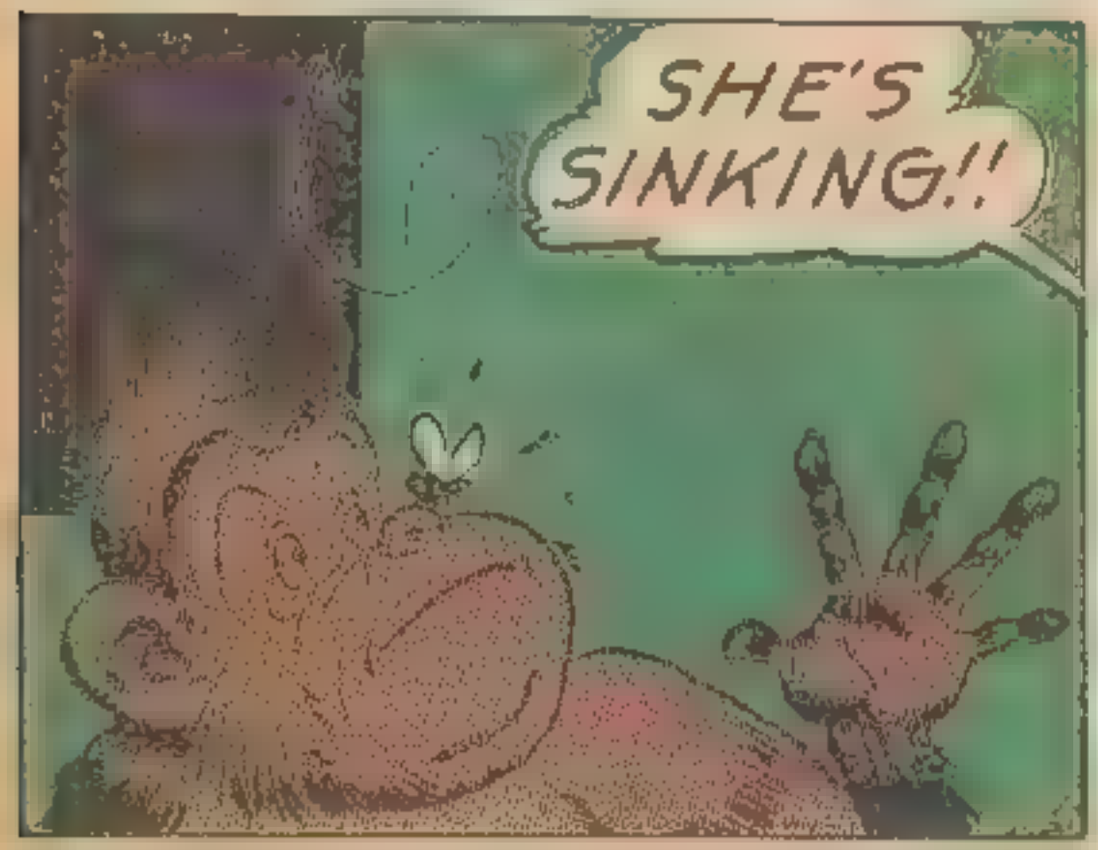

I'M GLAD WE'RE OUT HERE WHERE IT'S COMFORTABLE—IT'S TOO CROWDED IN THERE!

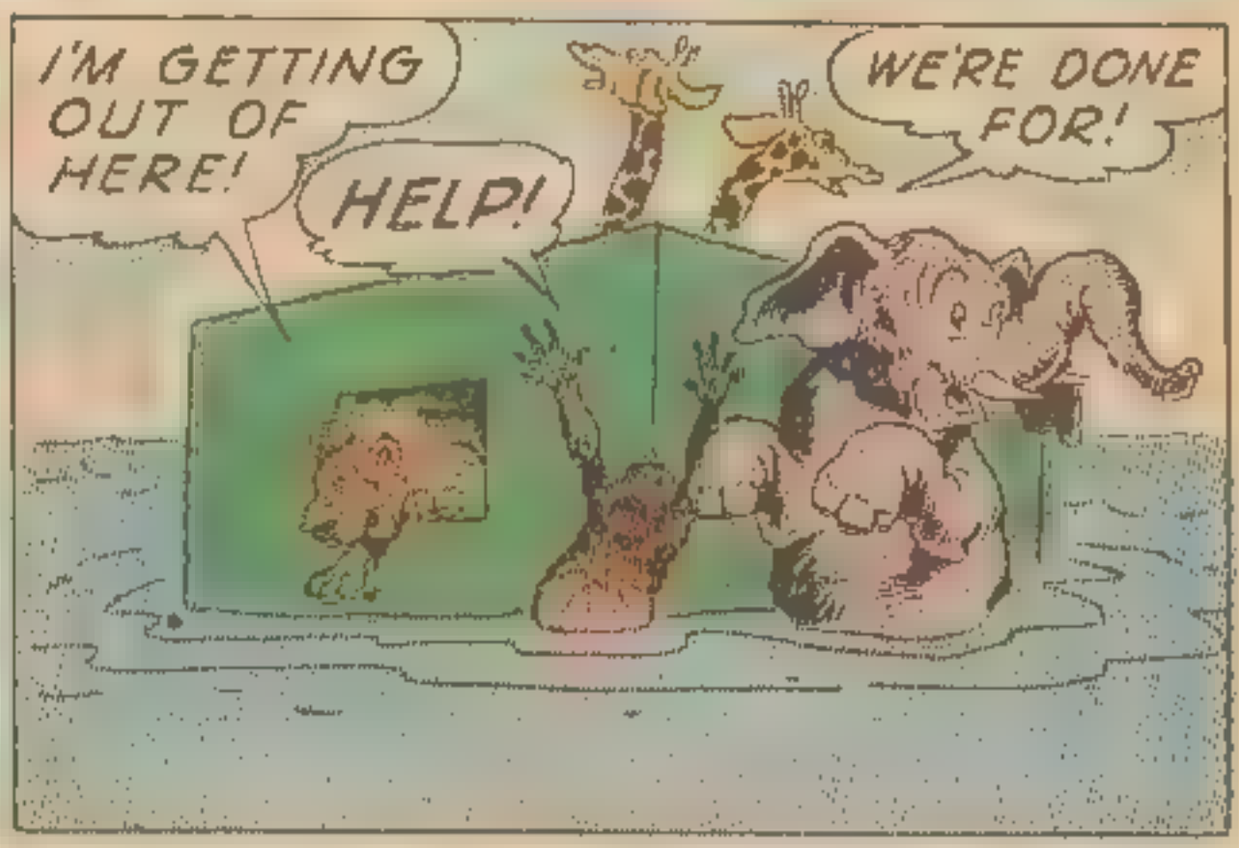

HELP!
IT'S AN ELEPHANT!
WE CAN'T LET HIM DROWN!

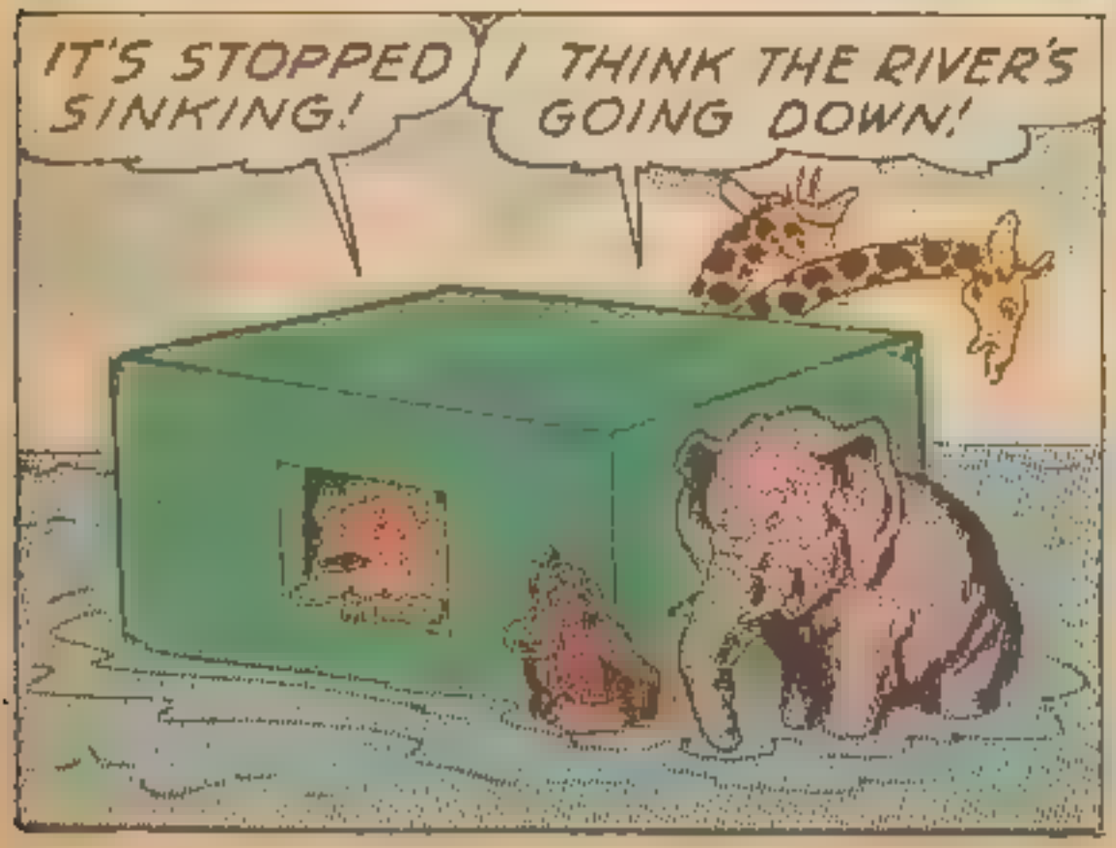

HEY! QUIT ROCKIN' THE BOAT!
SORRY!

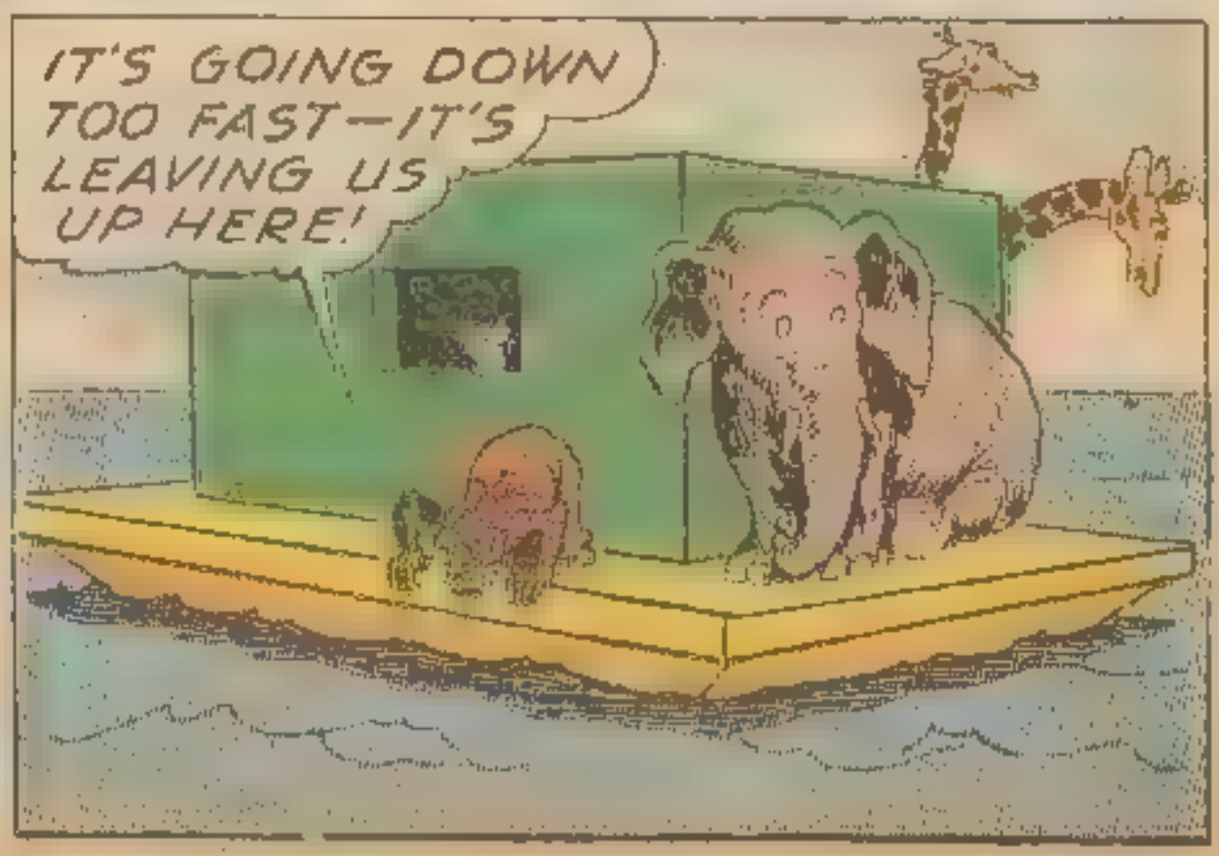

WE'RE OVERLOADED! IF A FLY LANDS ON HER SHE'LL SINK!
THE DECKS ARE AWASH!

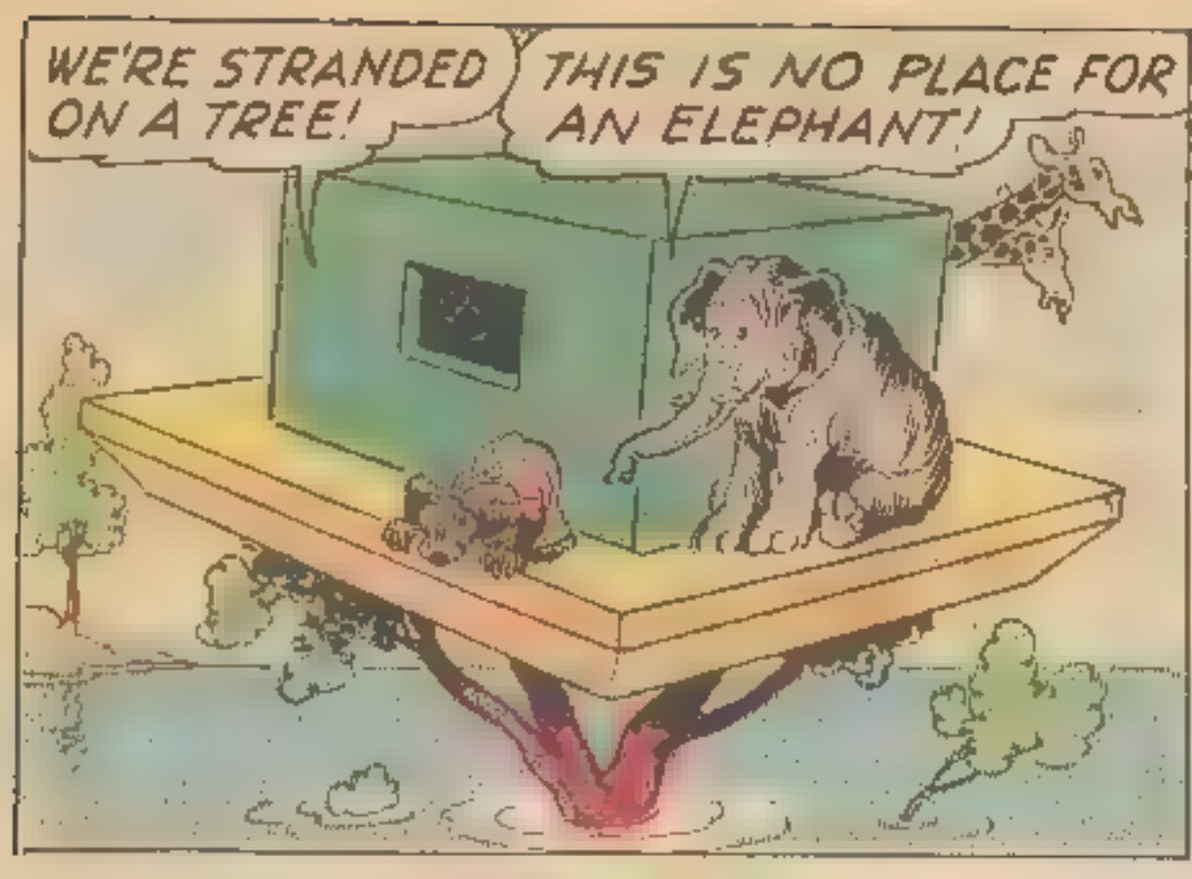
YESSIR, IF— HEY!

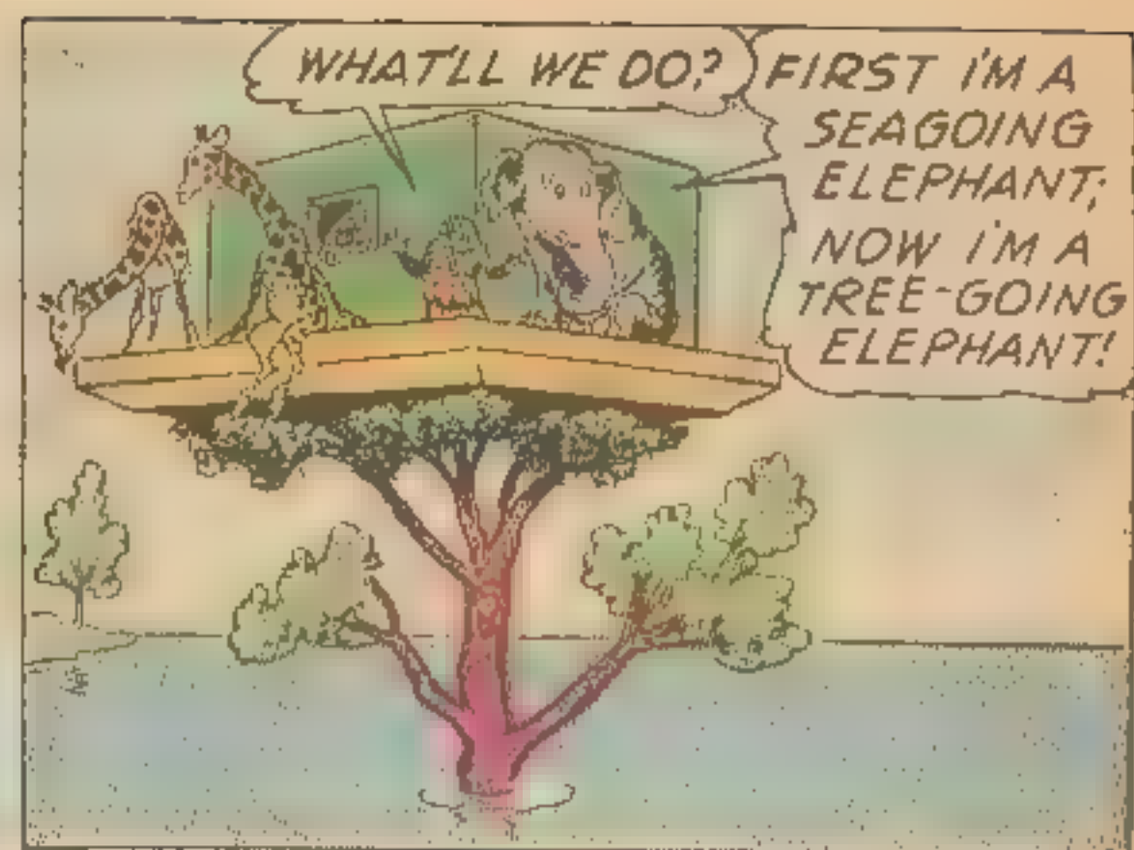

SHE'S SINKING!!

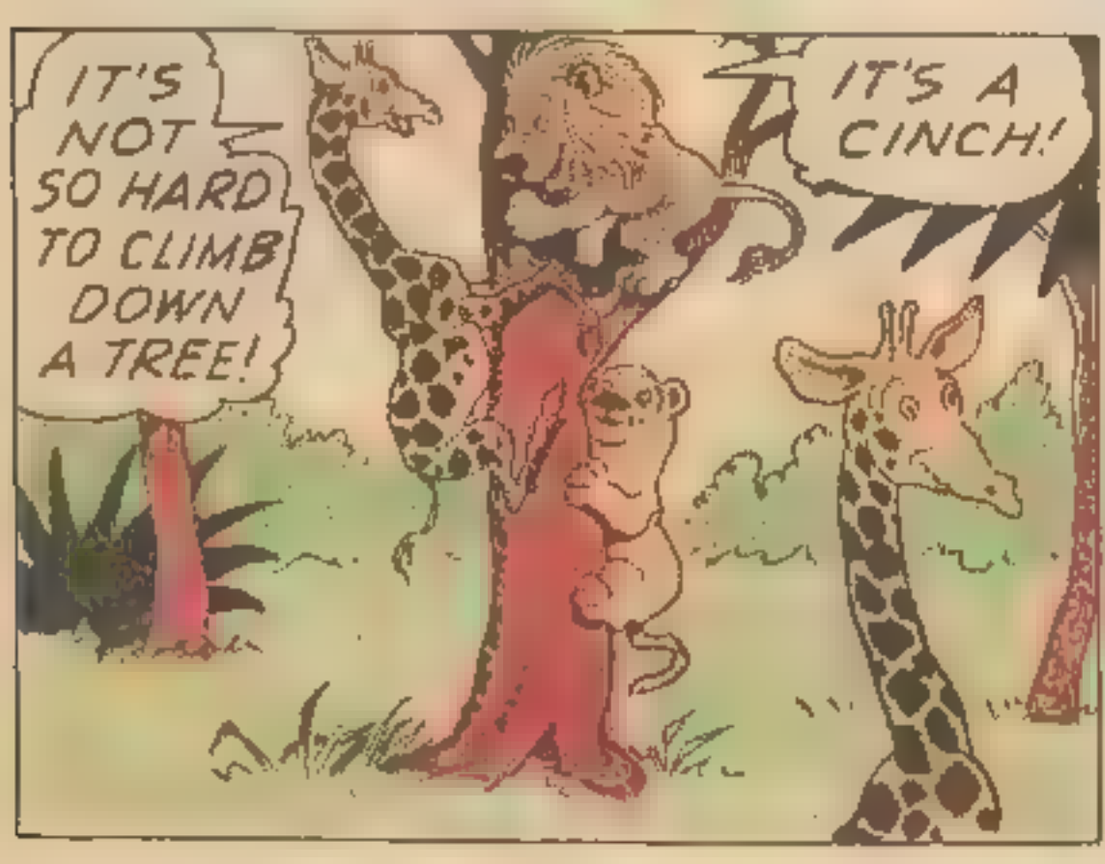

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
HELP!
WE'RE DONE FOR!

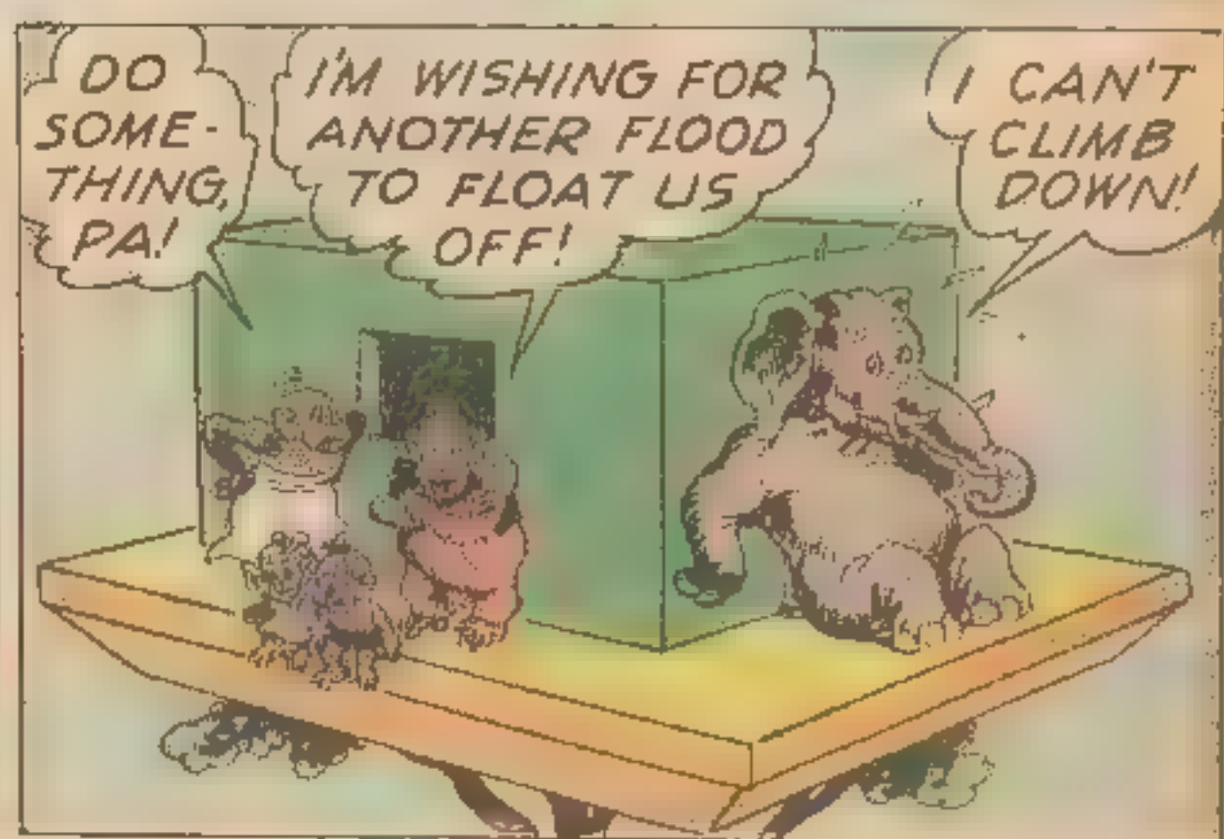

IT'S STOPPED SINKING!
I THINK THE RIVER'S GOING DOWN!

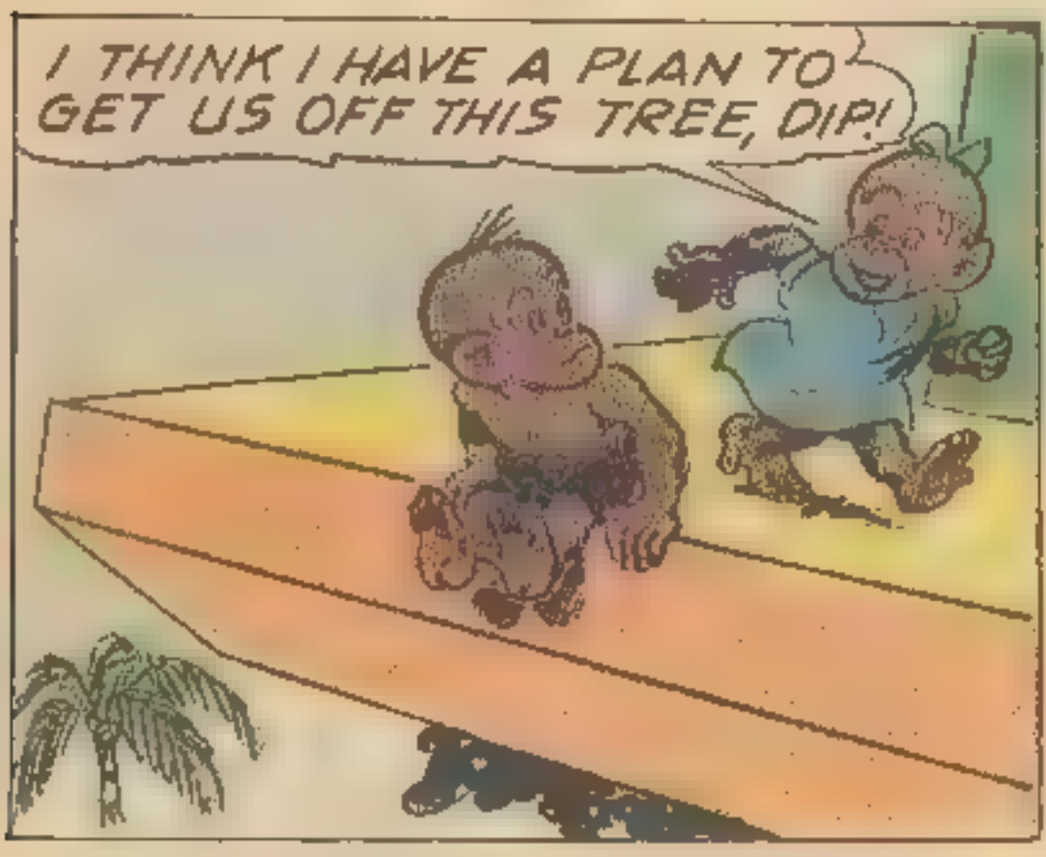

IT'S GOING DOWN TOO FAST—IT'S LEAVING US UP HERE!

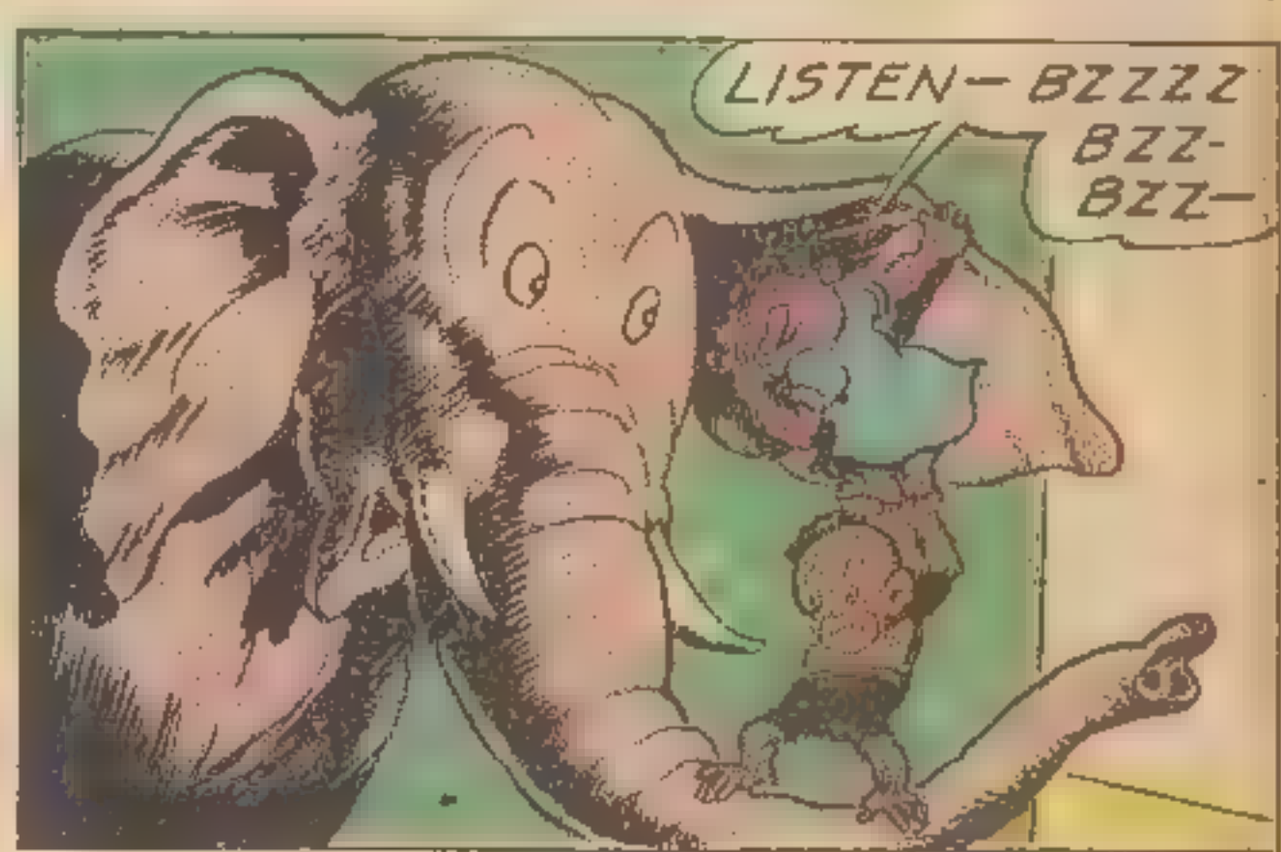

WE'RE STRANDED ON A TREE!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR AN ELEPHANT!

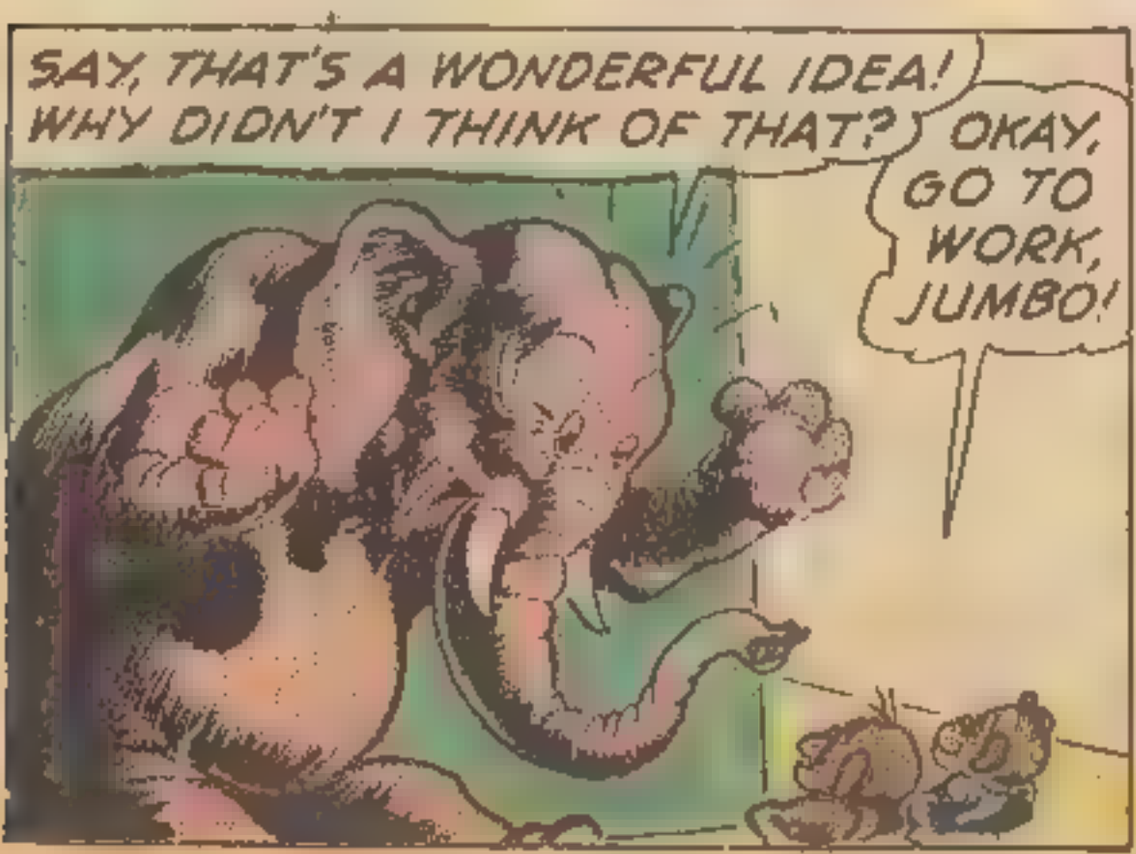

WHAT'LL WE DO?
FIRST I'M A SEAGOING ELEPHANT; NOW I'M A TREE-GOING ELEPHANT!

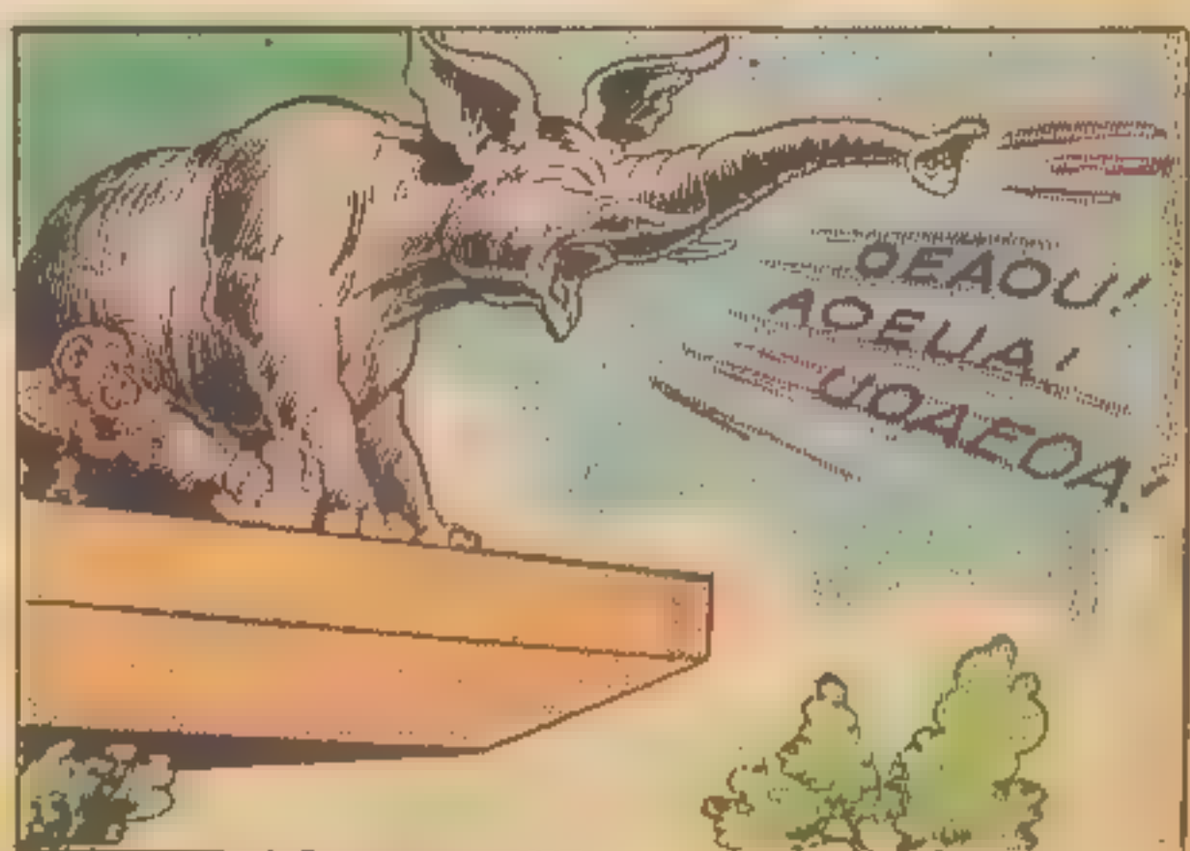

IT'S NOT SO HARD TO CLIMB DOWN A TREE!
IT'S A CINCH!

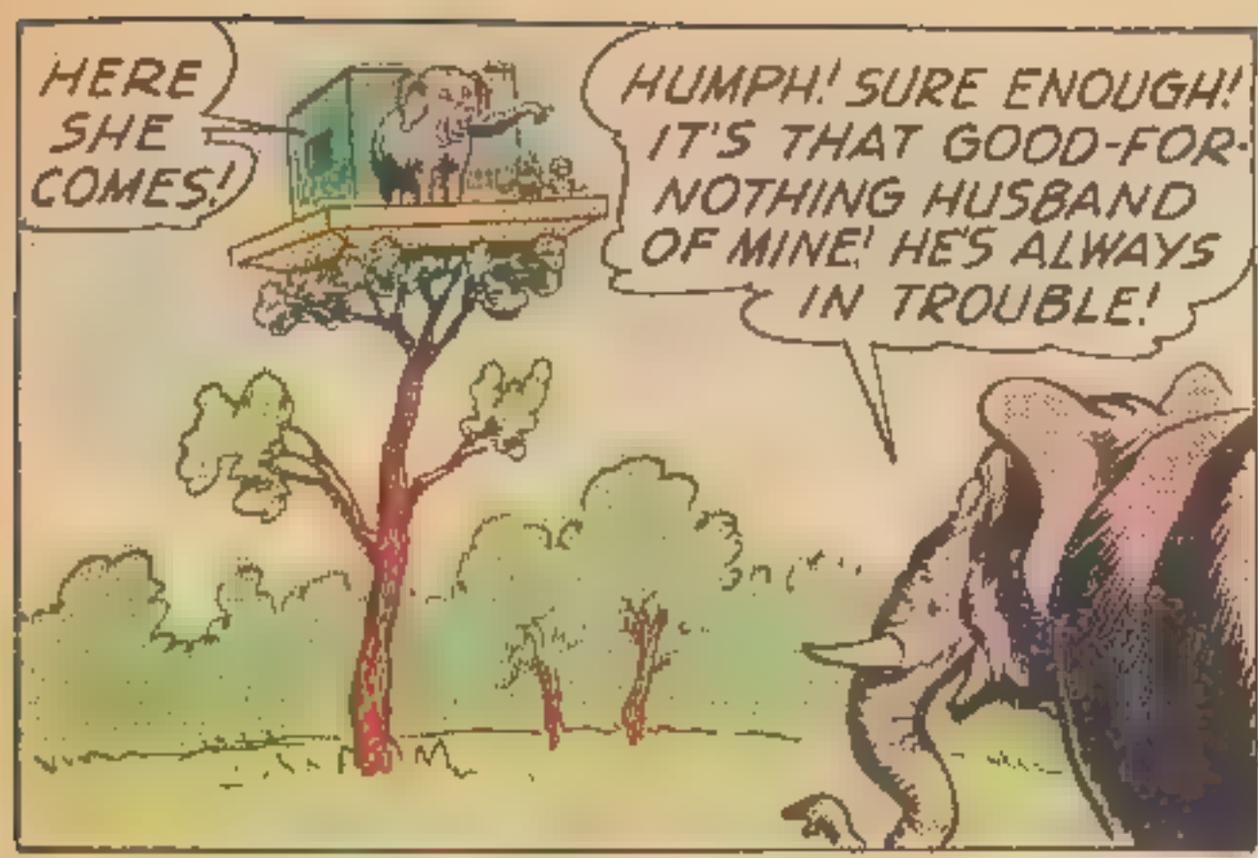

DO SOME-THING, PA!
I'M WISHING FOR ANOTHER FLOOD TO FLOAT US OFF!
I CAN'T CLIMB DOWN!

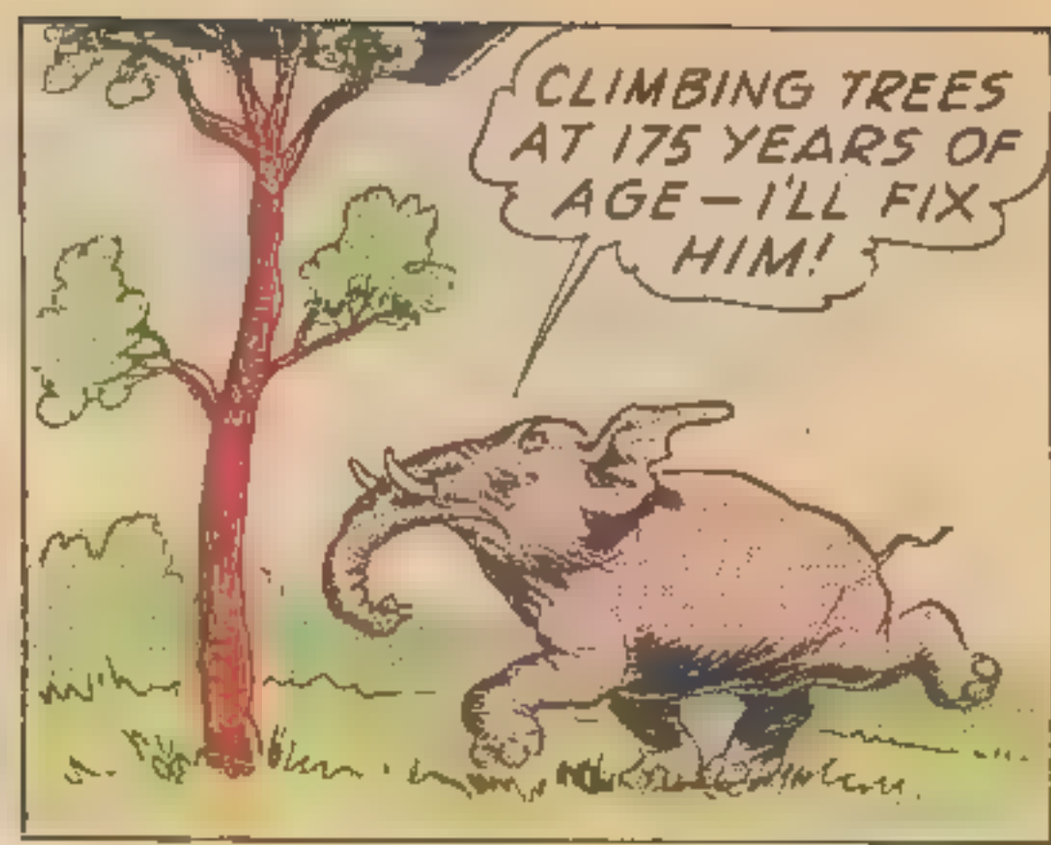

I THINK I HAVE A PLAN TO GET US OFF THIS TREE, DIP!

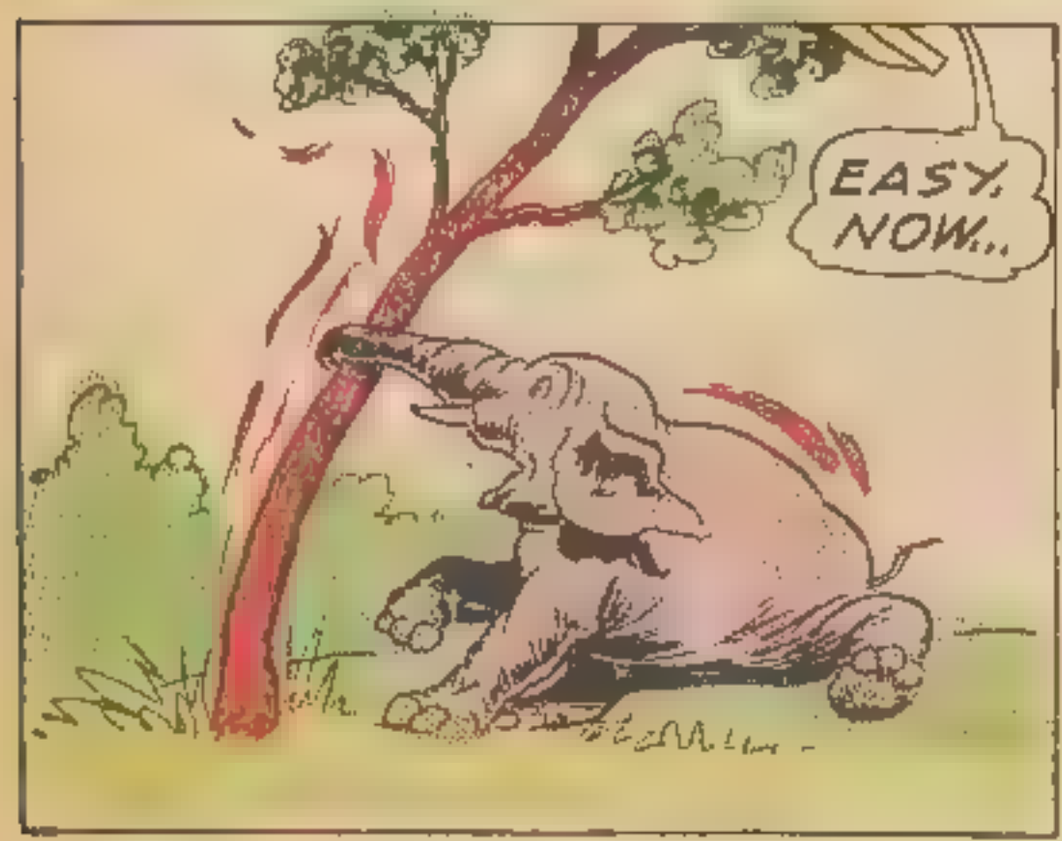

LISTEN— BZZZZ BZZ-BZZ—


SAY, THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?
OKAY, GO TO WORK, JUMBO!


OEAOU! AOEUA! UOAEOA!

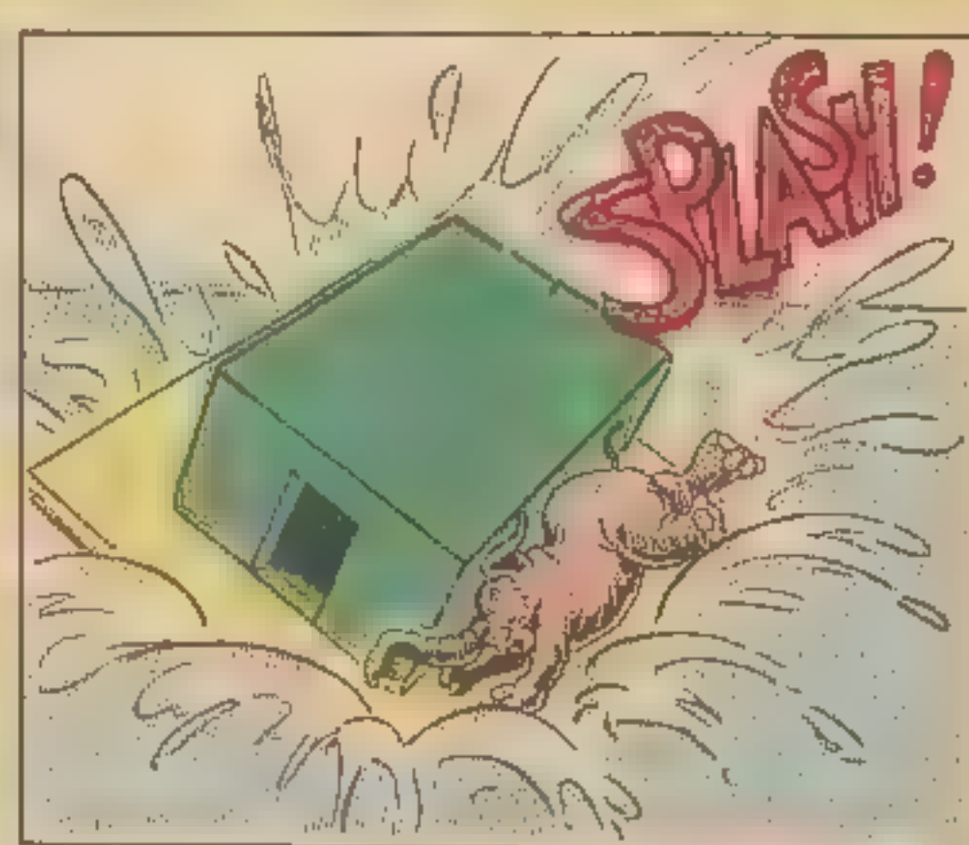

HERE SHE COMES!
HUMPH! SURE ENOUGH! IT'S THAT GOOD-FOR-NOTHING HUSBAND OF MINE! HE'S ALWAYS IN TROUBLE!

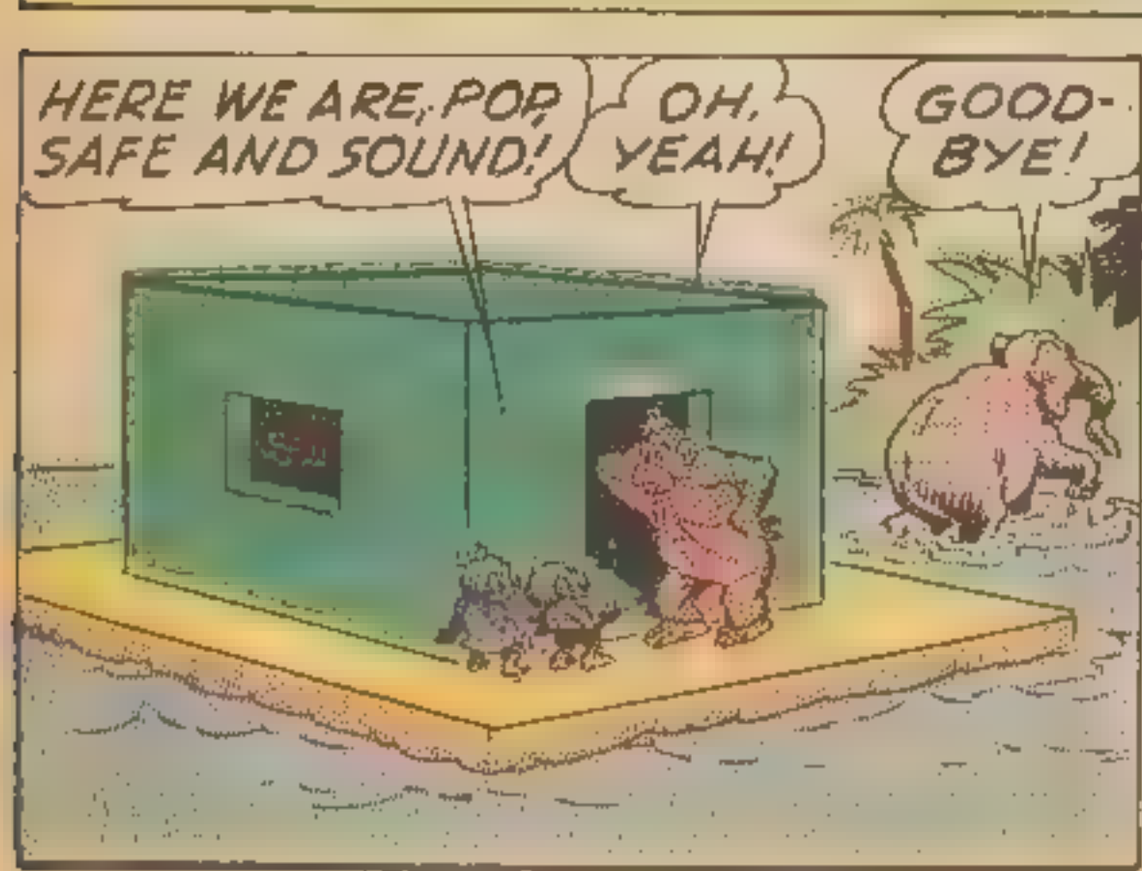

CLIMBING TREES AT 175 YEARS OF AGE—I'LL FIX HIM!

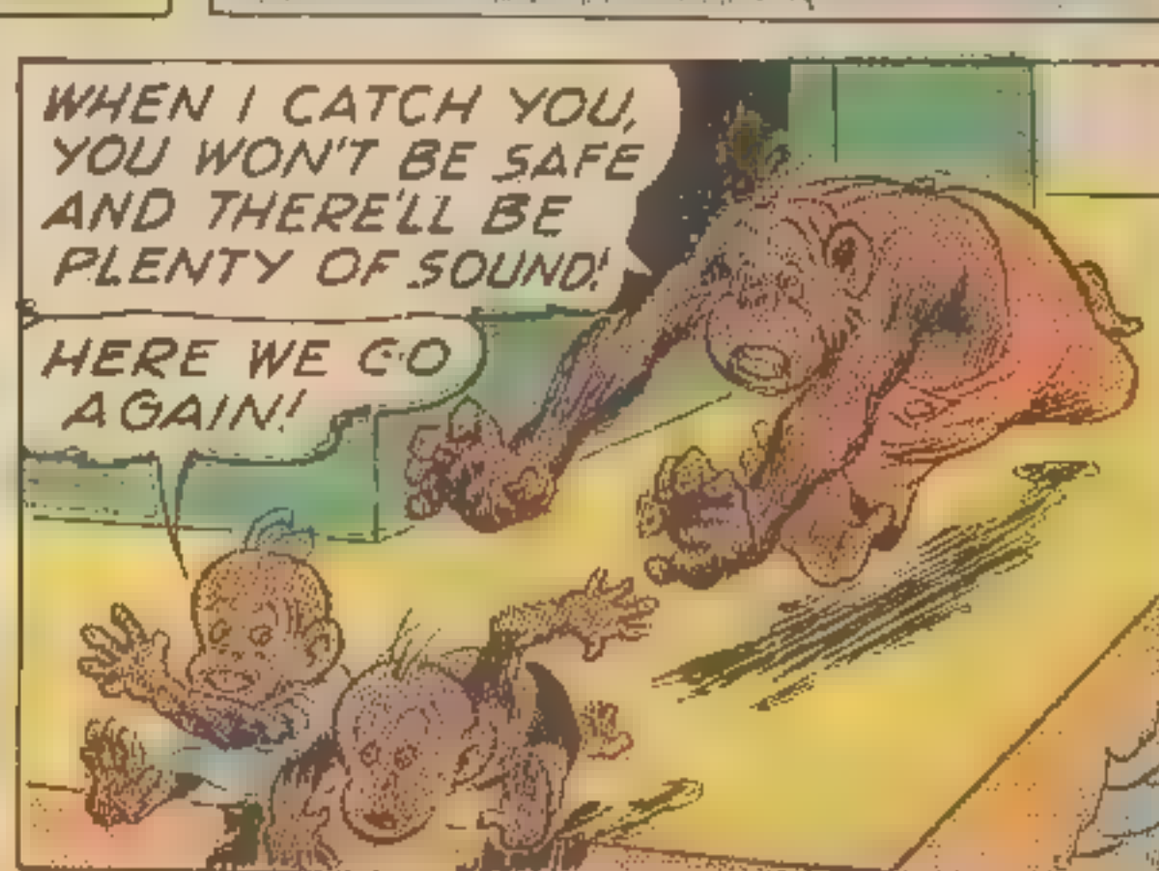

EASY, NOW...

CAREFUL, NOW!

WHEEE!
ZIPPP!


SPLASH!


HERE WE ARE, POP, SAFE AND SOUND!
OH, YEAH!
GOOD-BYE!


WHEN I CATCH YOU, YOU WON'T BE SAFE AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF SOUND!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

TOODLES

That Thursday began like every other ordinary Thursday. Tom didn't dream that it was going to be a day which he would never forget.

He and little Jerry had their usual morning romp. Jerry pulled Tom's whiskers. Tom chased Jerry wildly around the living room and outdoors. Jerry scampered to safety in the drainpipe on the side of the house. Tom stretched on the ground beside the pipe, waiting, watching and muttering low, threatening growls.

It was a very normal, pleasant morning.

Then it happened. An automobile rolled into the driveway and stopped. There was a shrill chatter of women's voices. Then the car slid away and Missus walked around the house toward Tom.

Tom closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. Jerry disappeared into the pipe.

"I have a playmate for you, Tom!" Misuss called cheerfully. "He's come to spend the day with you."

Tom opened one green eye and looked. Quickly he opened both green eyes and stared.

Missus was holding a strange cat, an elegant, silky-white creature with a blue satin ribbon around its neck. Never, in all his nine lives, had Tom seen such a magnificent being.

"I want you to play nicely with him," Missus said, and set the splendid newcomer on the grass beside the amazed Tom. "His name is Toodles."

Then Missus was gone and Tom was alone with the gorgeous Toodles. They gazed silently at each other. Jerry peered out of the pipe and gazed, too.

"How do you do," Toodles said politely in a voice as silky as his snowy fur. "Would you like to play with my catnip ball?" One dainty, white paw pushed the ball across the grass toward Tom.

The eyes of Tom and Jerry met in a quick glance of understanding. No longer were they enemies. They were pals now, facing a strange, soft-voiced intruder.

"Catnip ball!" Tom jeered roughly and batted the ball disdainfully. "Who wants to play a sissy game like that?"

"But we must play something," Toodles reminded him quietly. "Your mistress instructed us."

Again Tom and Jerry looked at each other. Tom rose to his feet, arched his back, narrowed his green eyes and looked as ferocious as he could.

"Okay!" he grated in his roughest, toughest voice. "Let's play a REAL game, then, not a sissy one for pampered pets." He'd show this dressed-up, snowy stranger a thing or two!

"Very well," Toodles answered with a smile. "What shall we play?"

"Follow-the-leader!" Tom decided, and there was a devilish gleam in his eyes. "I'll be the first leader, because I know the neighborhood. Then it'll be your turn."

"Fine!" Toodles agreed. "I've never played it. But I imagine that it will be fun."

"You don't know how much fun, brother!" Tom muttered under his breath. Jerry heard and giggled.

"Lead the way," Toodles cried.

So Tom led the way. And what a way! Over fences. Through mud puddles. Down alleys. Under hedges.

"I guess this'll teach Mister Smarty Pants a lesson!" Tom grinned to himself. "Look at him now!"

Toodles was a sorry sight. His snowy coat was muddy and bedraggled. His blue ribbon was torn and dragging. But he was still following close behind Tom.

Tom was growing tired. He decided that Toodles had had enough punishment. So he led the way over the back fence and into his own yard. Then he dropped wearily on the grass.

Toodles dropped down beside him, a mud-caked, disheveled heap.

"The game's over!" Tom announced.

"Oh, no, it isn't! It's my turn to be the leader now!" Toodles spoke in his silky voice, but this time there was a new note of firmness in it. Tom looked at him in surprise.

"Come on!" Toodles leaped to his feet. He didn't look at all tired. His eyes gleamed brightly and he even smiled. "I'll lead the way now! Unless you want to call it quits because you can't take any more." There was a taunt in the low voice.

Tom leaped to his feet. He'd show that Toodles that no pampered household pet could outdo him.

"Okay!" Tom growled. "Get goin'!"

Toodles got going with vim and vigor. He found the highest fences and the deepest, muddiest puddles. He discovered the thickest hedges and the longest alleys. He raced up tree trunks and leaped from branches.

Doggedly Tom followed him. His body was scratched and bruised. He ached in every muscle. He could hardly breathe. He panted and puffed and plodded onward.

Finally, when Toodles darted toward a very high fence, Tom dropped to the ground and lay there.

"I give up," Tom groaned, when Toodles stopped his headlong flight and came back to him. "I can't go another step."

Toodles looked at him and laughed softly.

"I thought you were so tough and rough," he jeered.

"And I thought you were a soft, tame household pet," Tom moaned.

"I guess we both made a mistake," Toodles said in his soft voice.

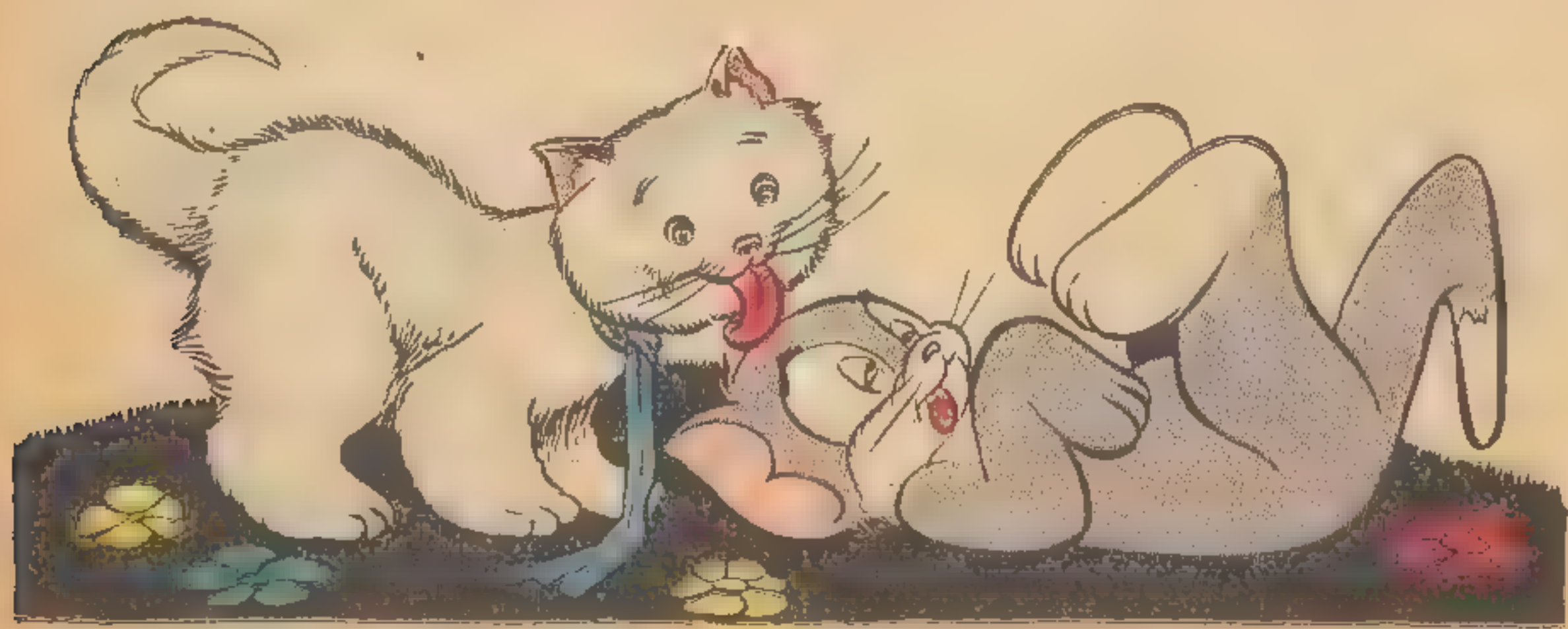
Tom looked at Toodles. Toodles looked at Tom. Tom smiled.

"You win!" he said with a grin. "Let's be friends."

When Missus came out a long time later with two saucers of milk, Tom and Toodles were lying in the shade, playing happily with a catnip ball.

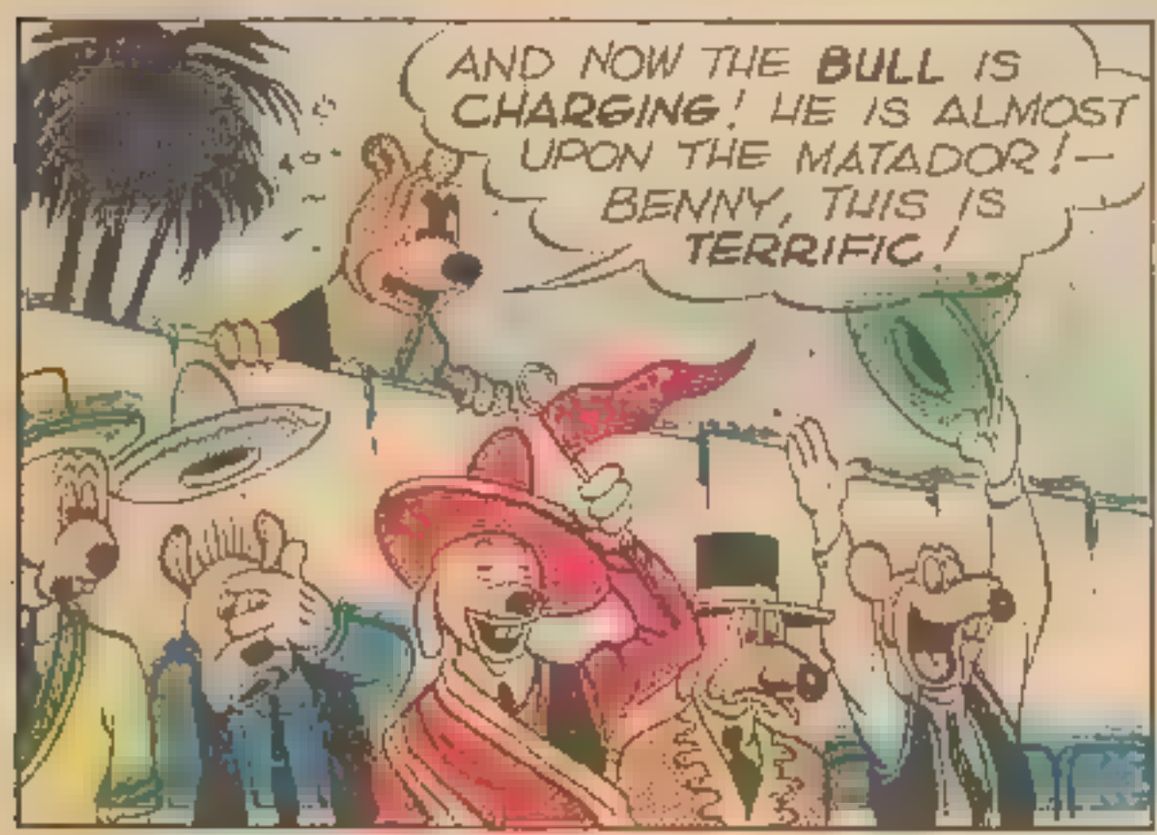
"Well," Missus said in a pleased voice. "I see you've made friends. But, Toodles, your beautiful bow's all dirty and untied. Let me fix it!"

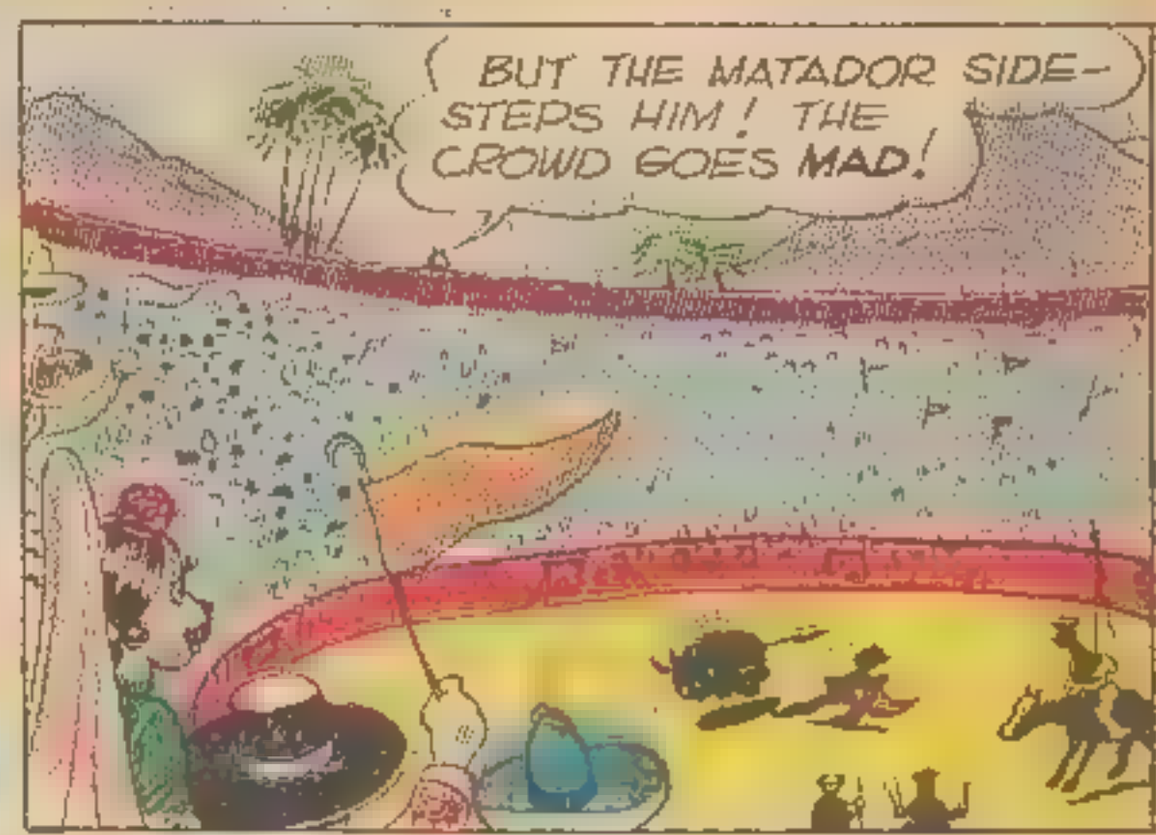
While Missus brushed and retied the blue satin ribbon around Toodles' neck, Tom and Toodles looked at each other. And they both winked!

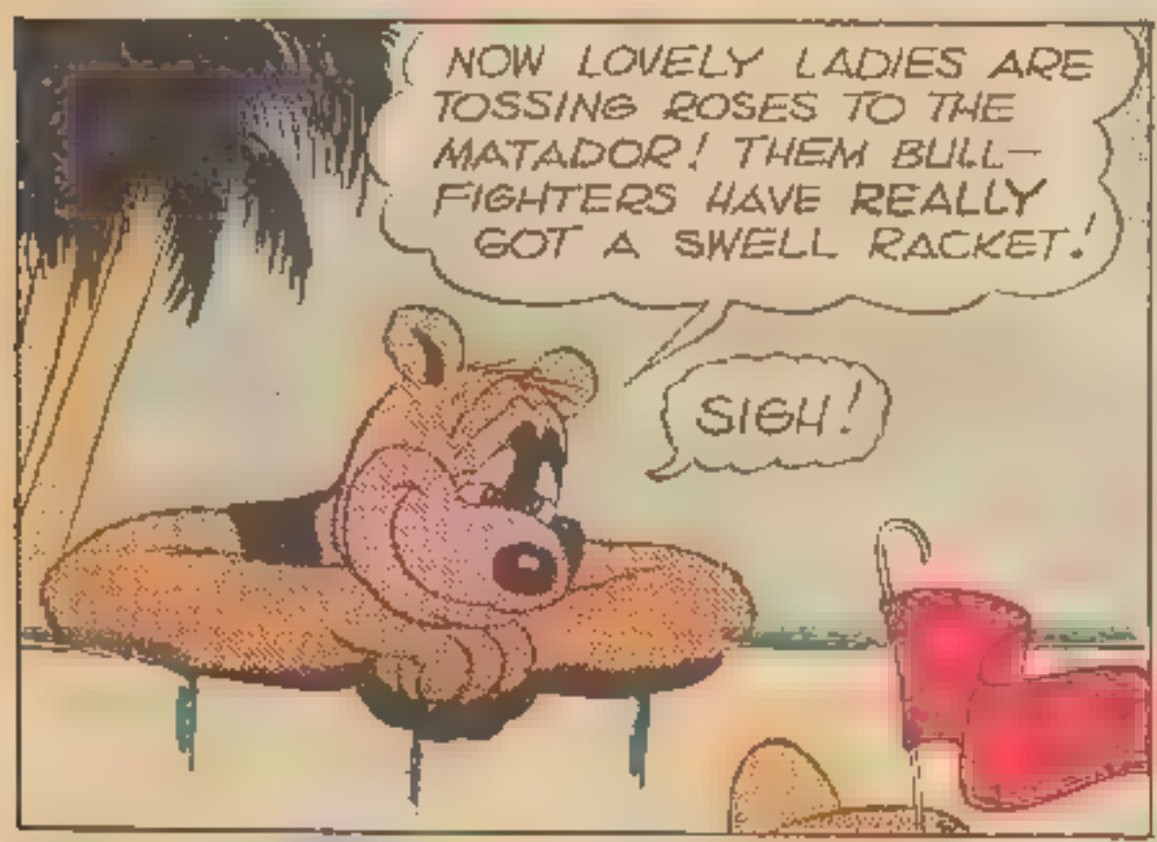


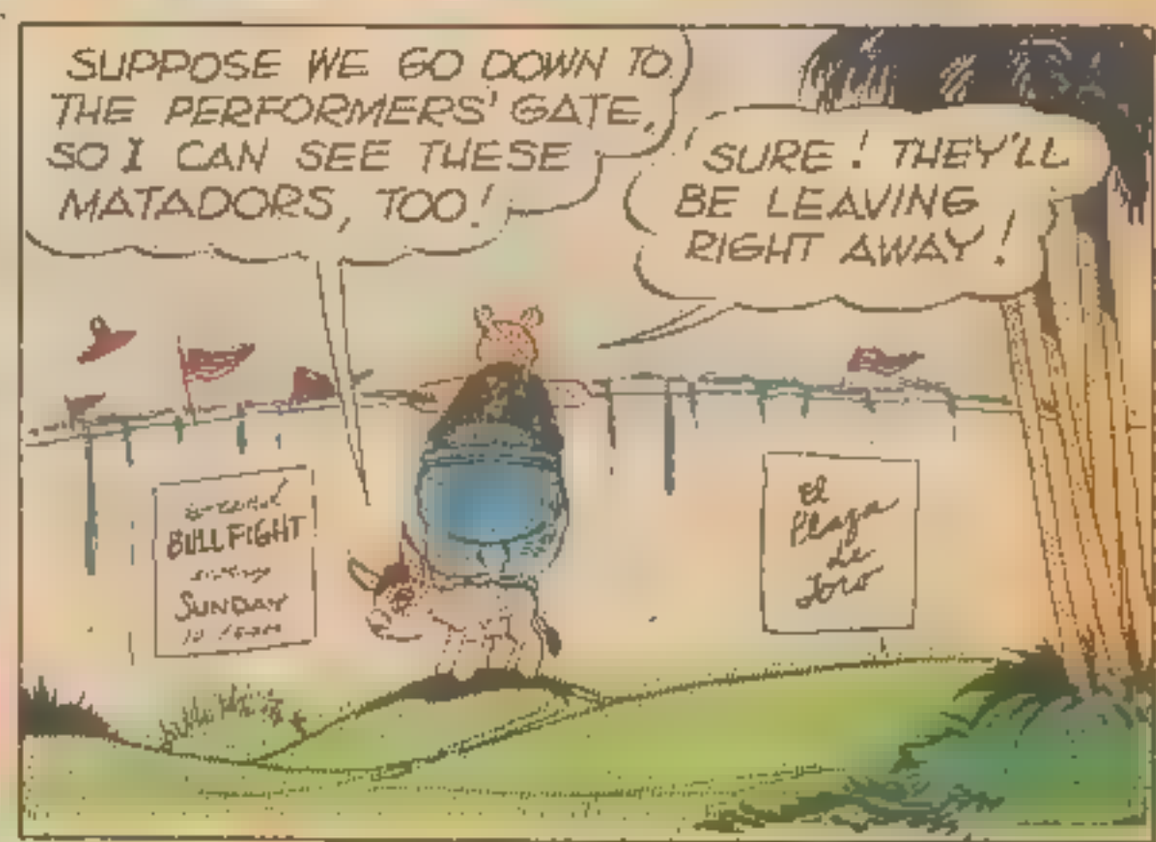
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

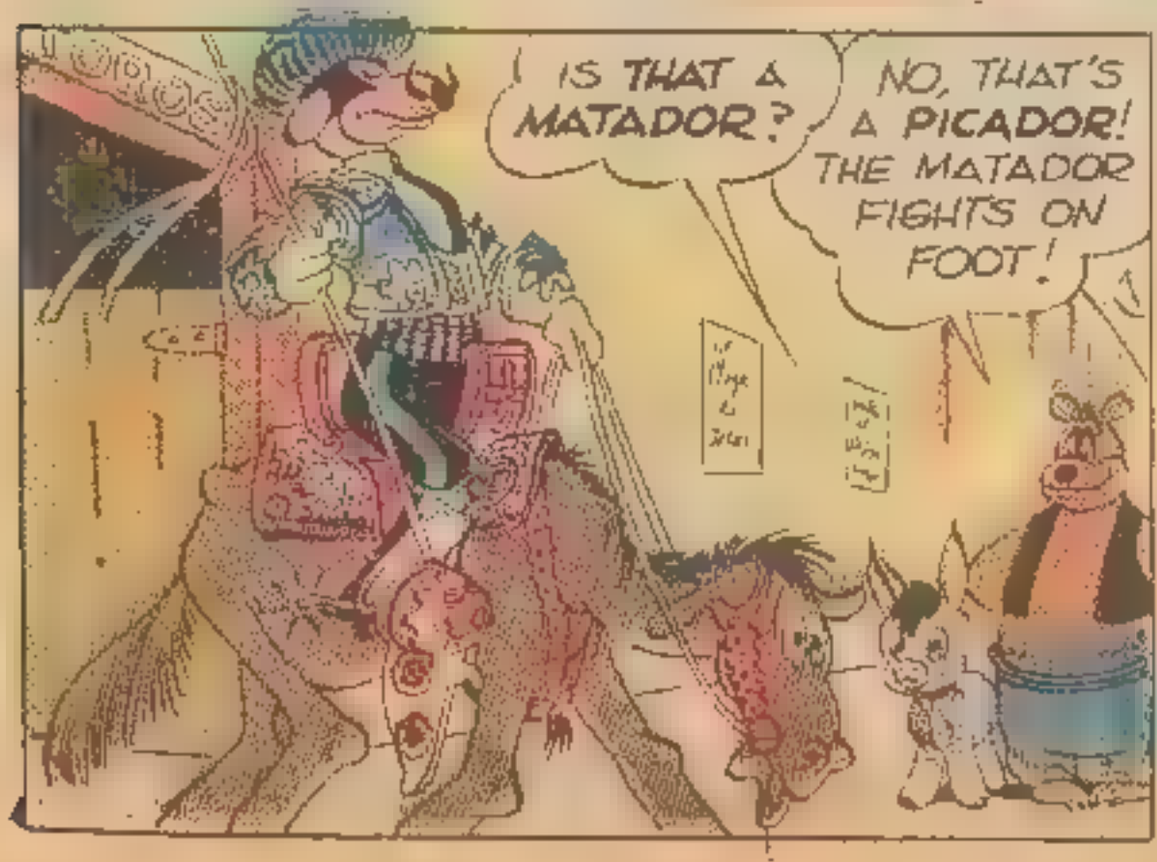
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

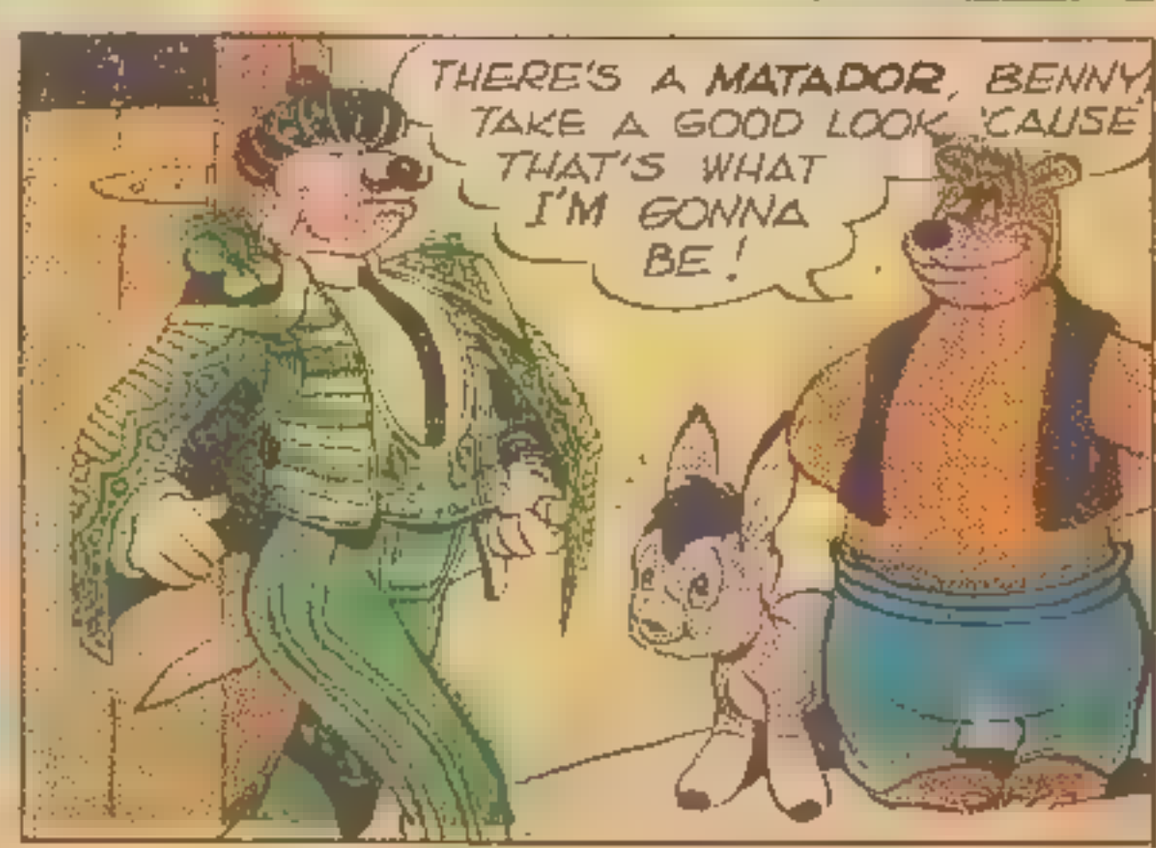


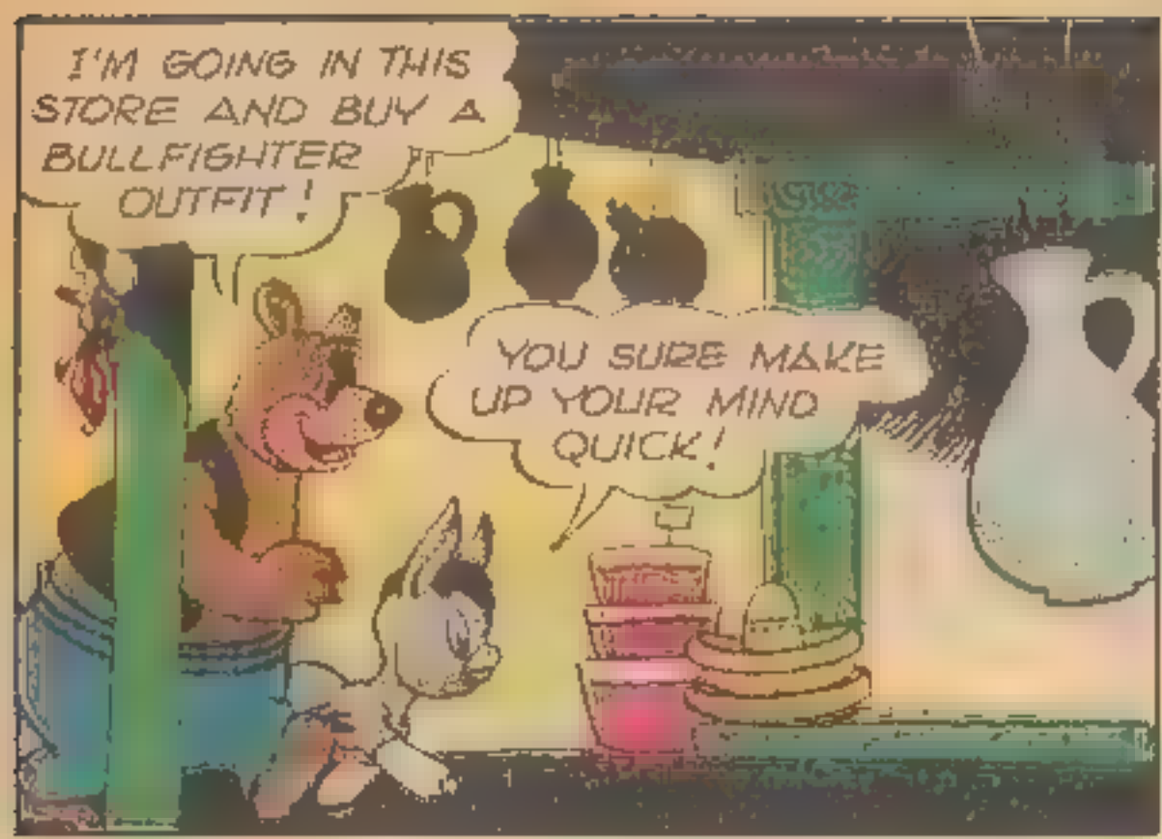


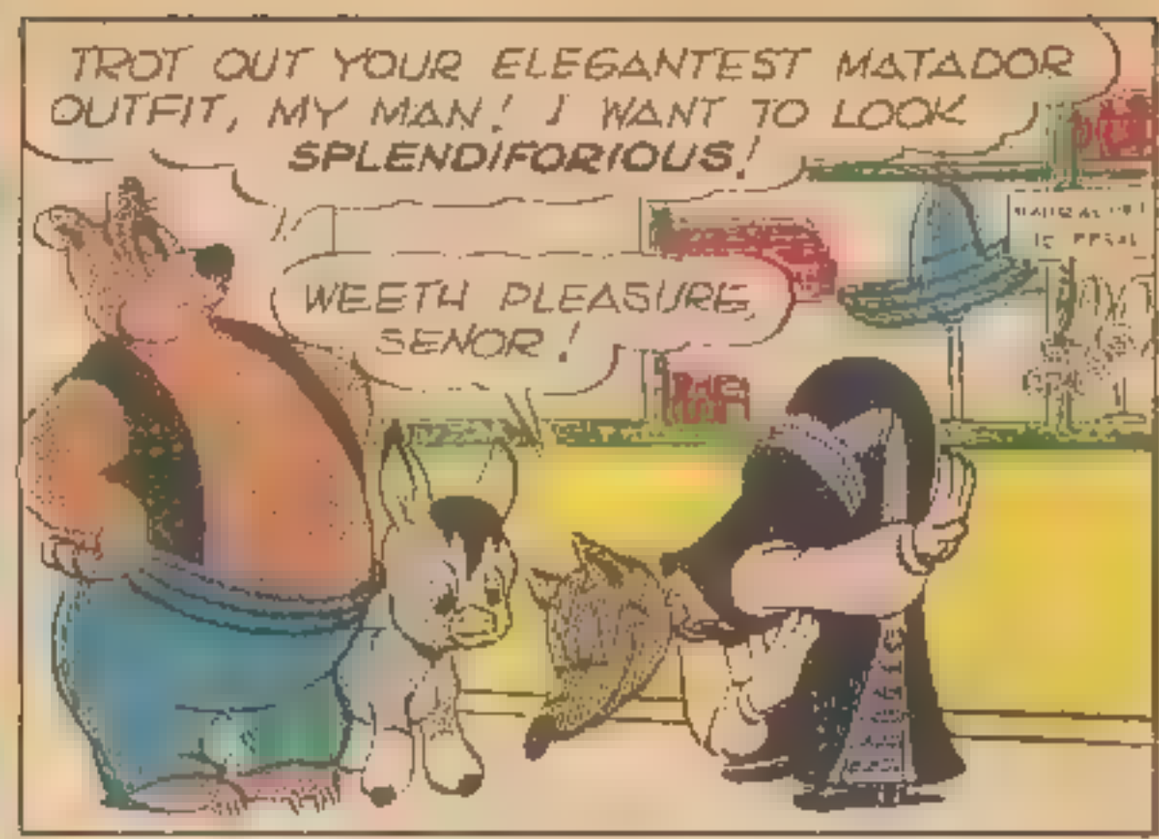


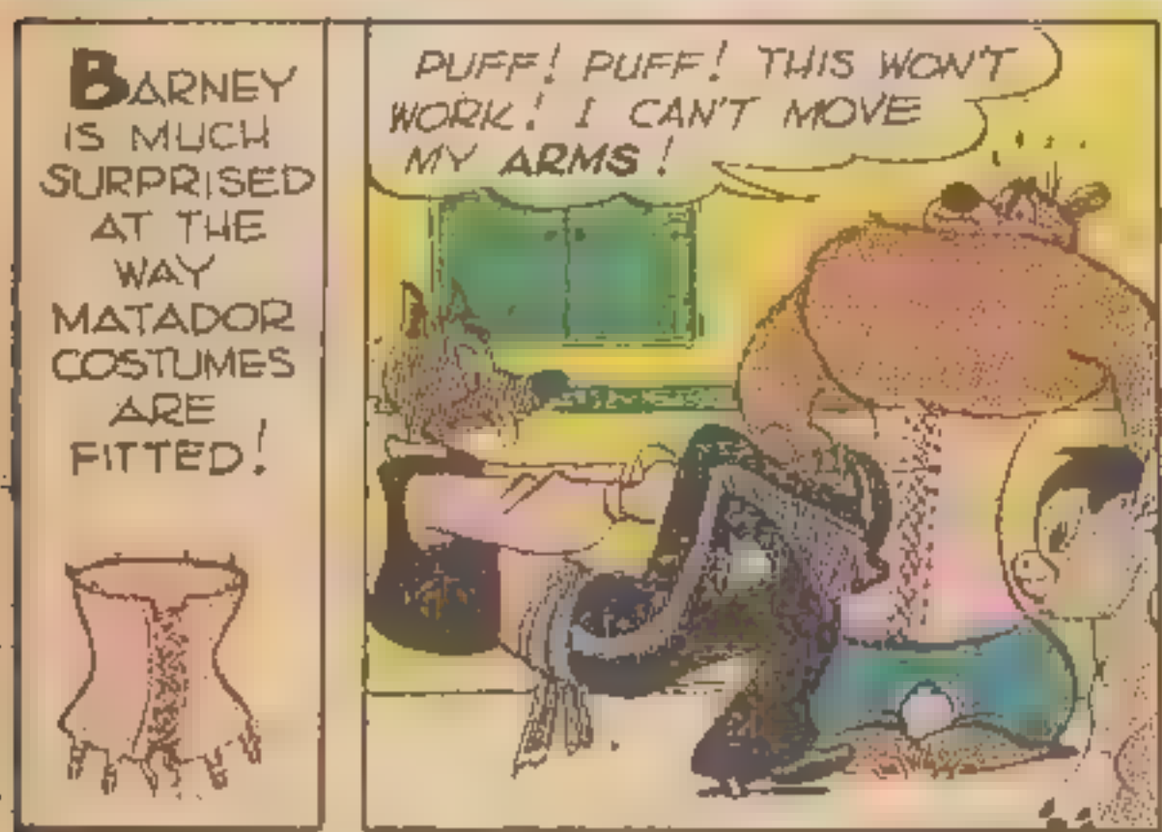


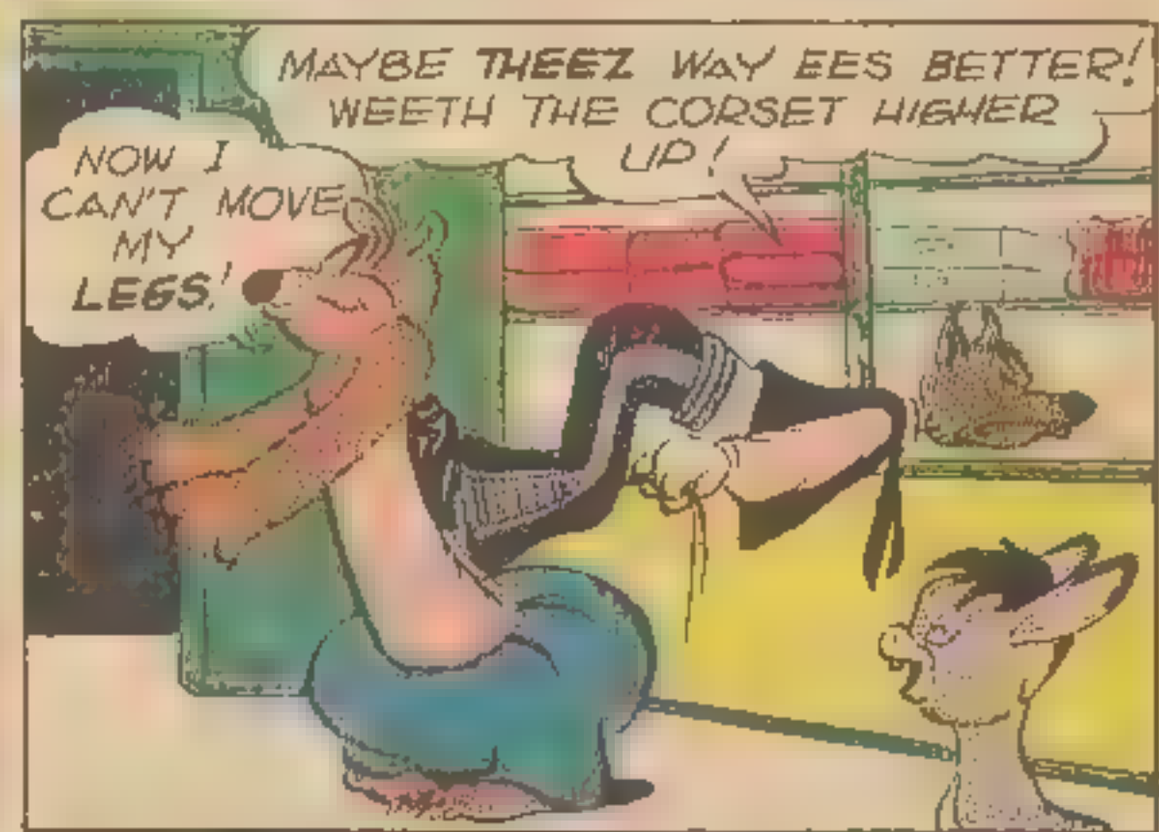


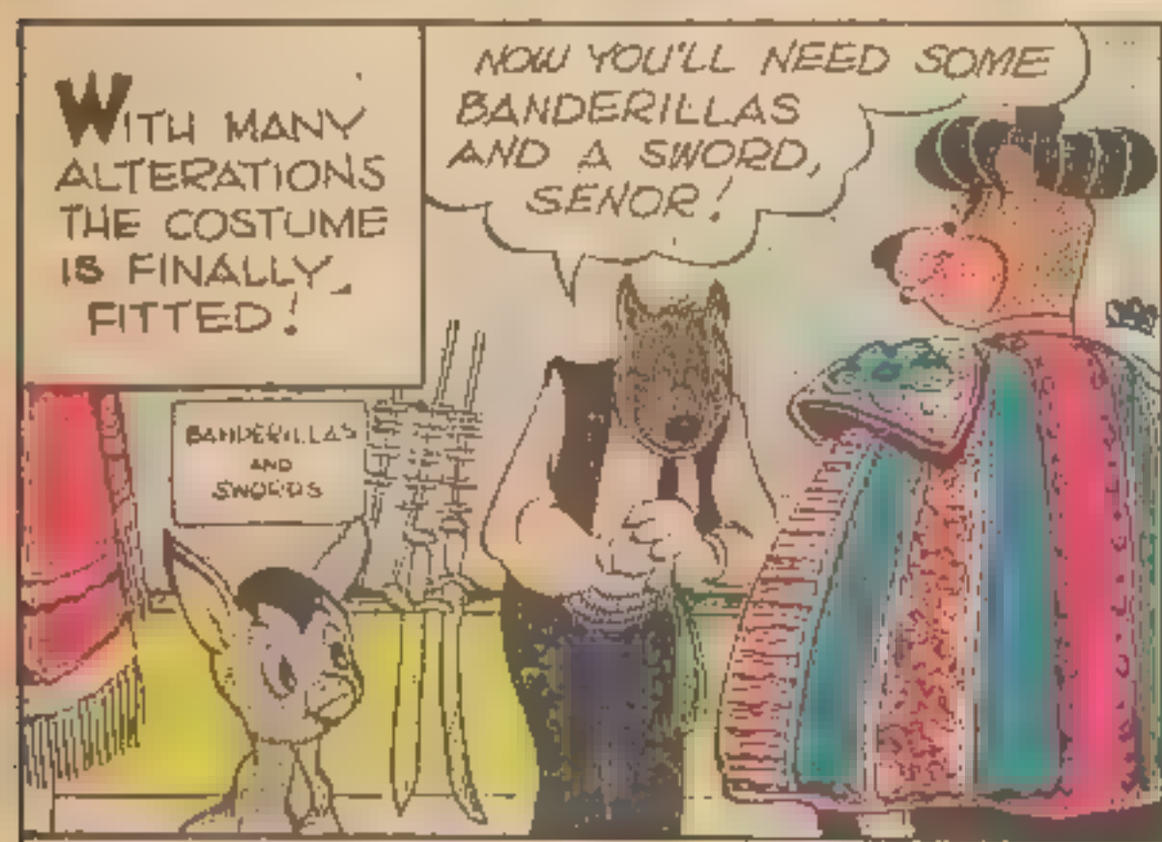


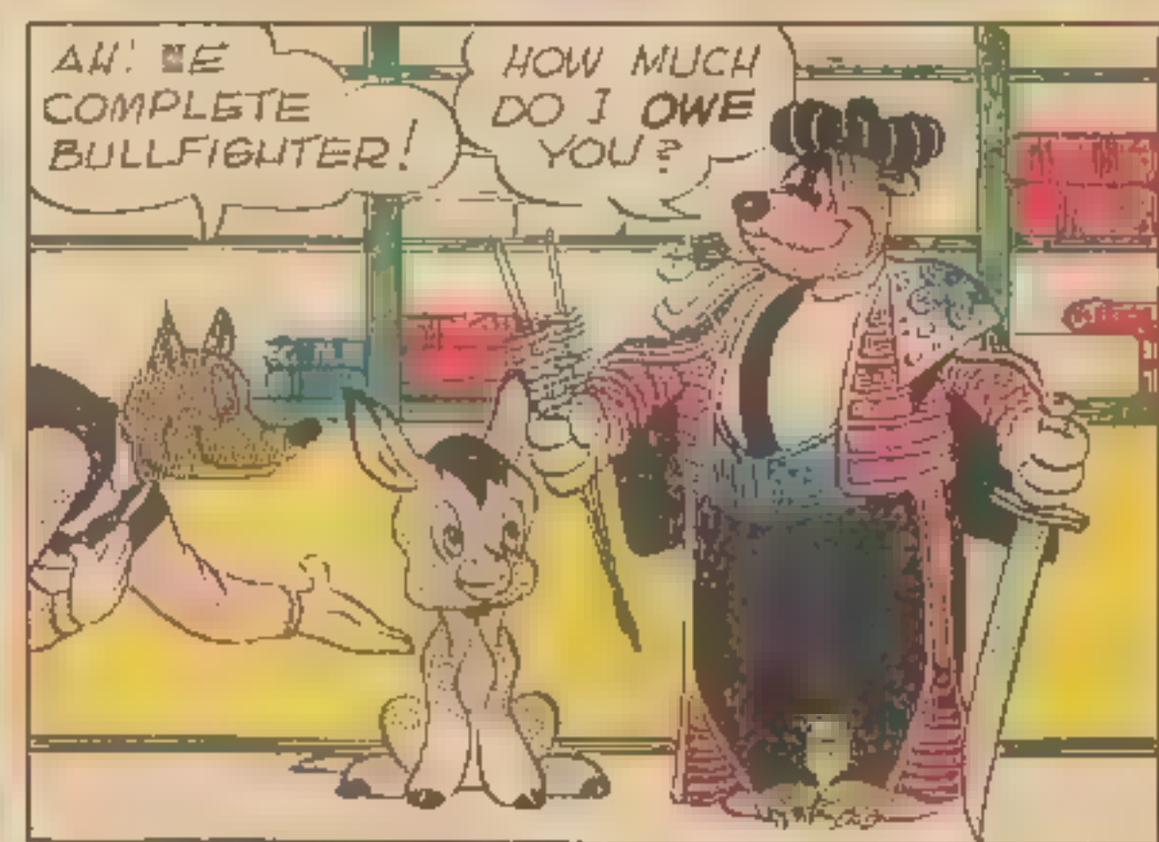

I'M GOING IN THIS STORE AND BUY A BULLFIGHTER OUTFIT!
YOU SURE MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICK!


TROT OUT YOUR ELEGANTEST MATADOR OUTFIT, MY MAN! I WANT TO LOOK SPLENDIFORIOUS!
WEETH PLEASURE, SENOR!

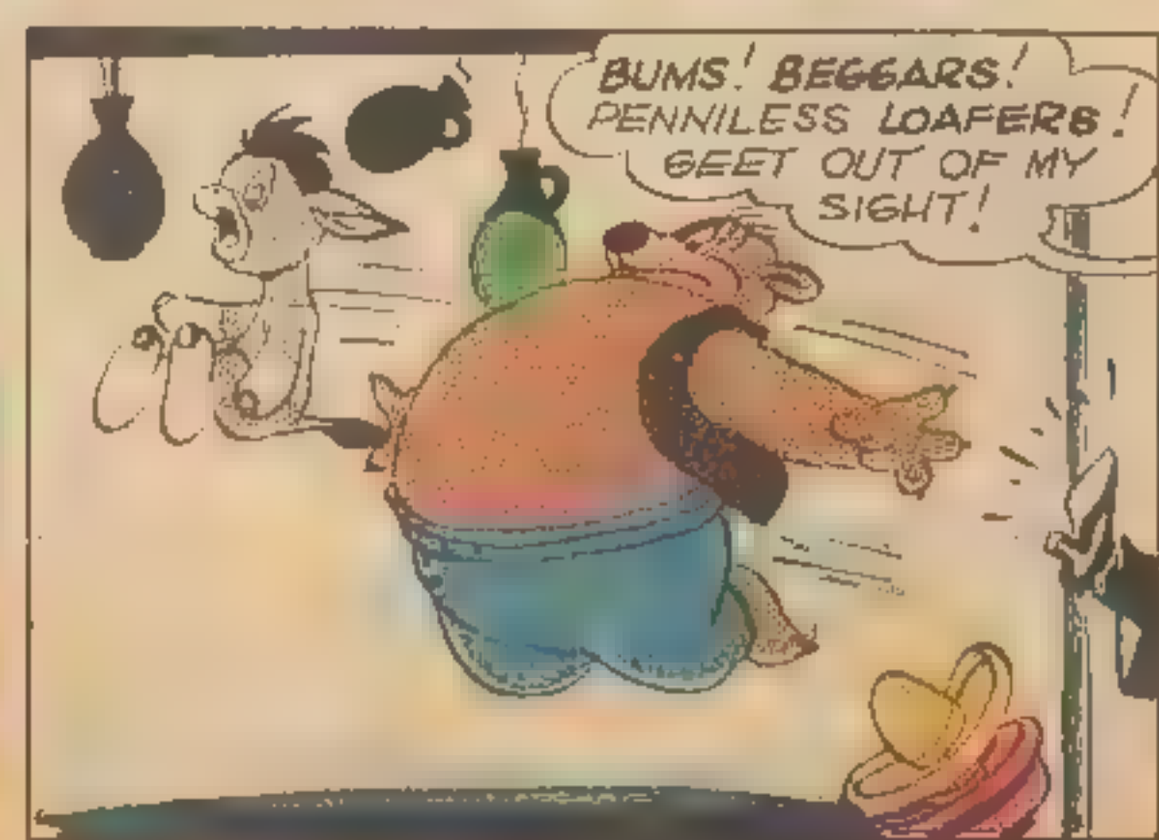

BARNEY IS MUCH SURPRISED AT THE WAY MATADOR COSTUMES ARE FITTED!
PUFF! PUFF! THIS WON'T WORK! I CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS!

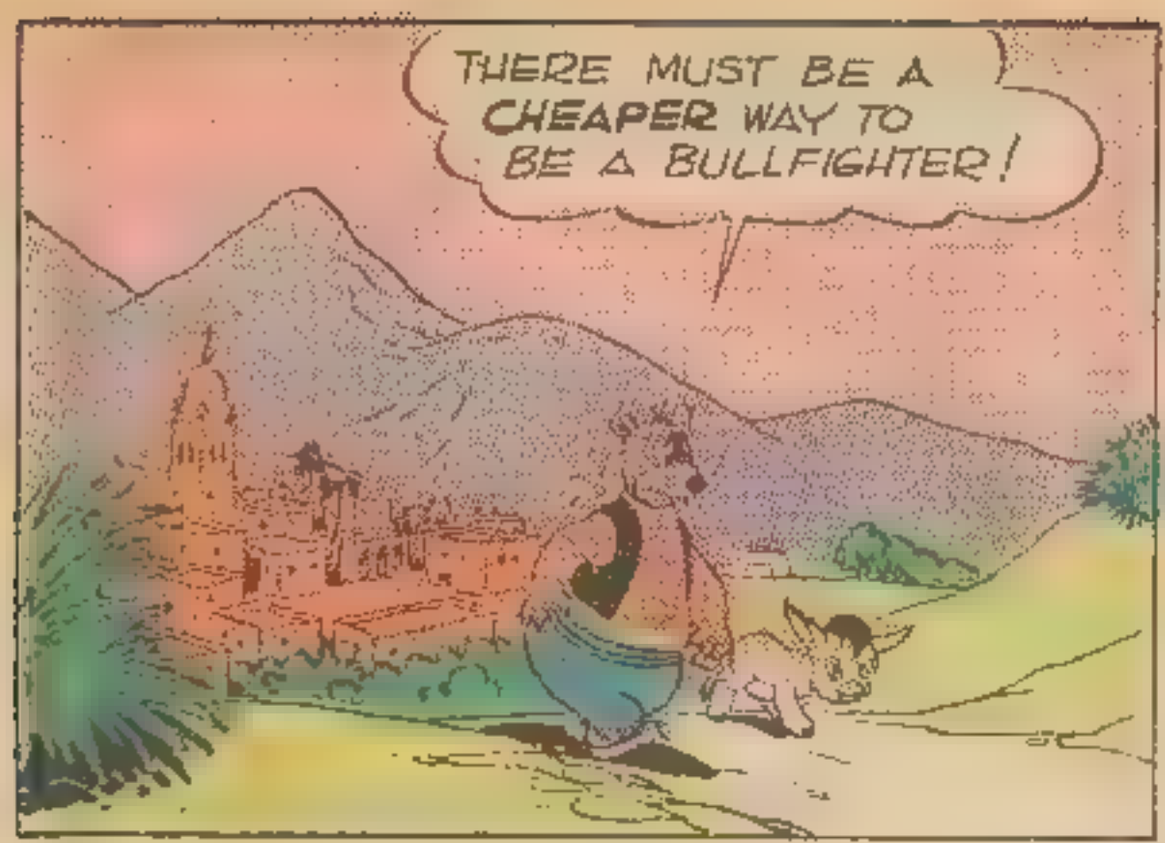

MAYBE THEEZ WAY EES BETTER! WEETH THE CORSET HIGHER UP!
NOW I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!

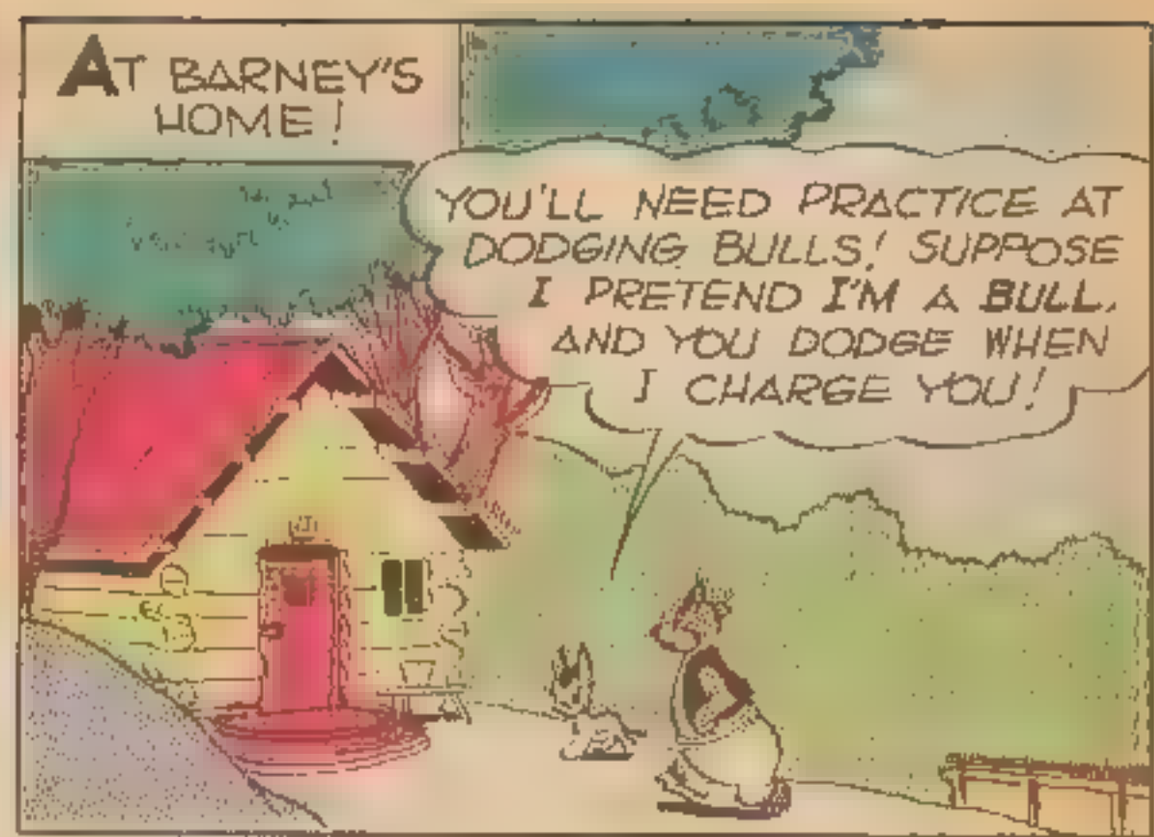

WITH MANY ALTERATIONS THE COSTUME IS FINALLY FITTED!
NOW YOU'LL NEED SOME BANDERILLAS AND A SWORD, SENOR!
BANDERILLAS AND SWORDS

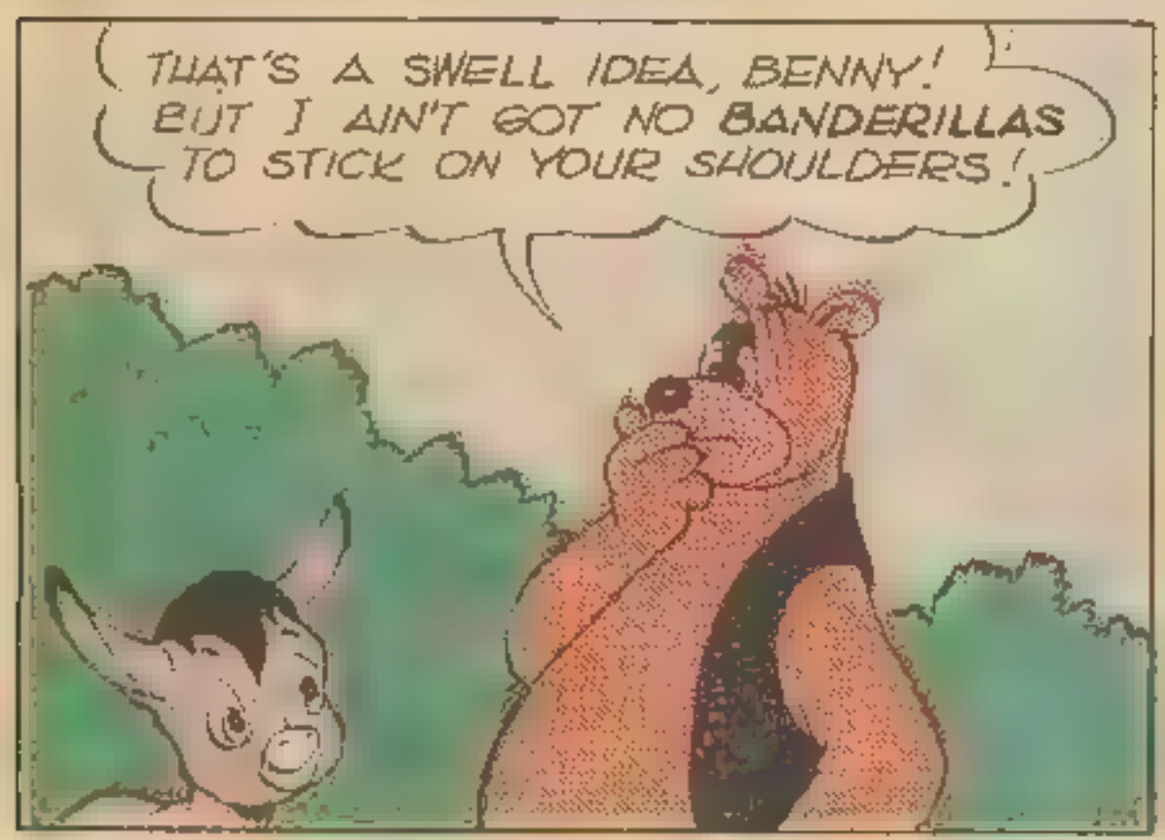

AH! ME COMPLETE BULLFIGHTER!
HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

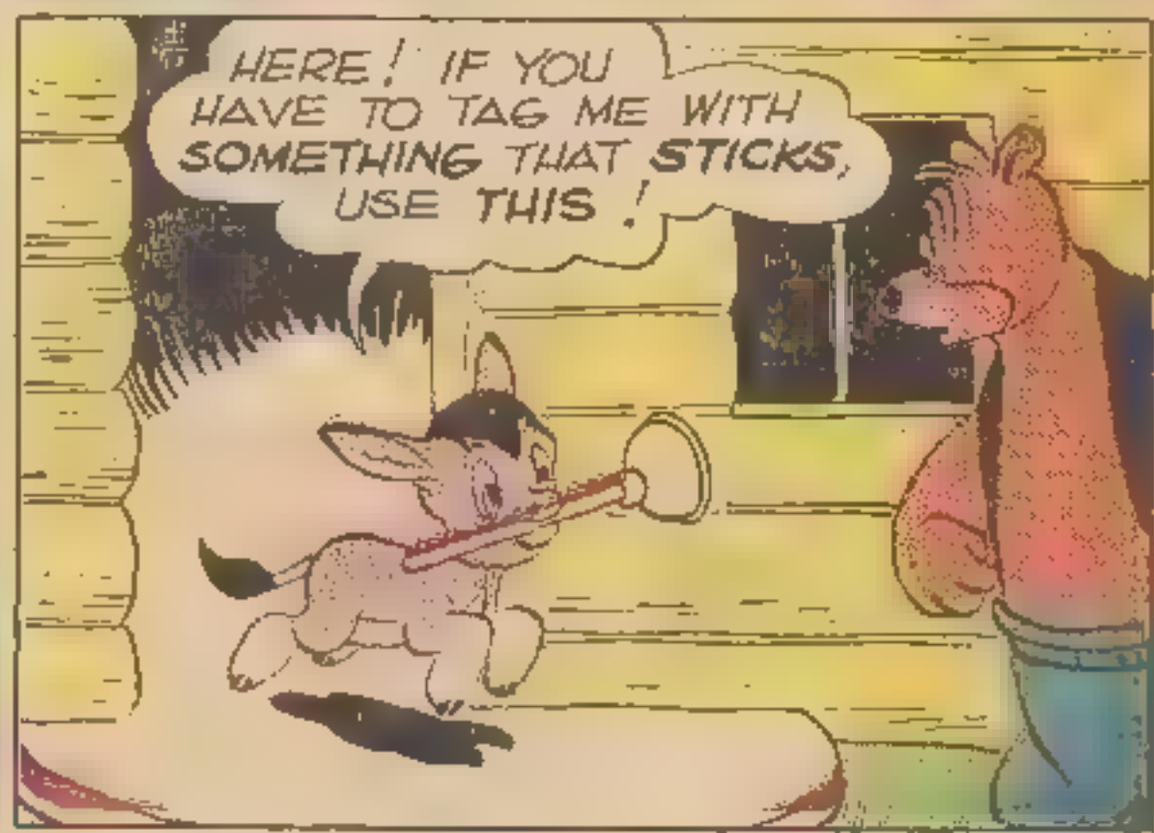
A TRIFLING SUM! A MERE TEN THOUSAND PESOS!

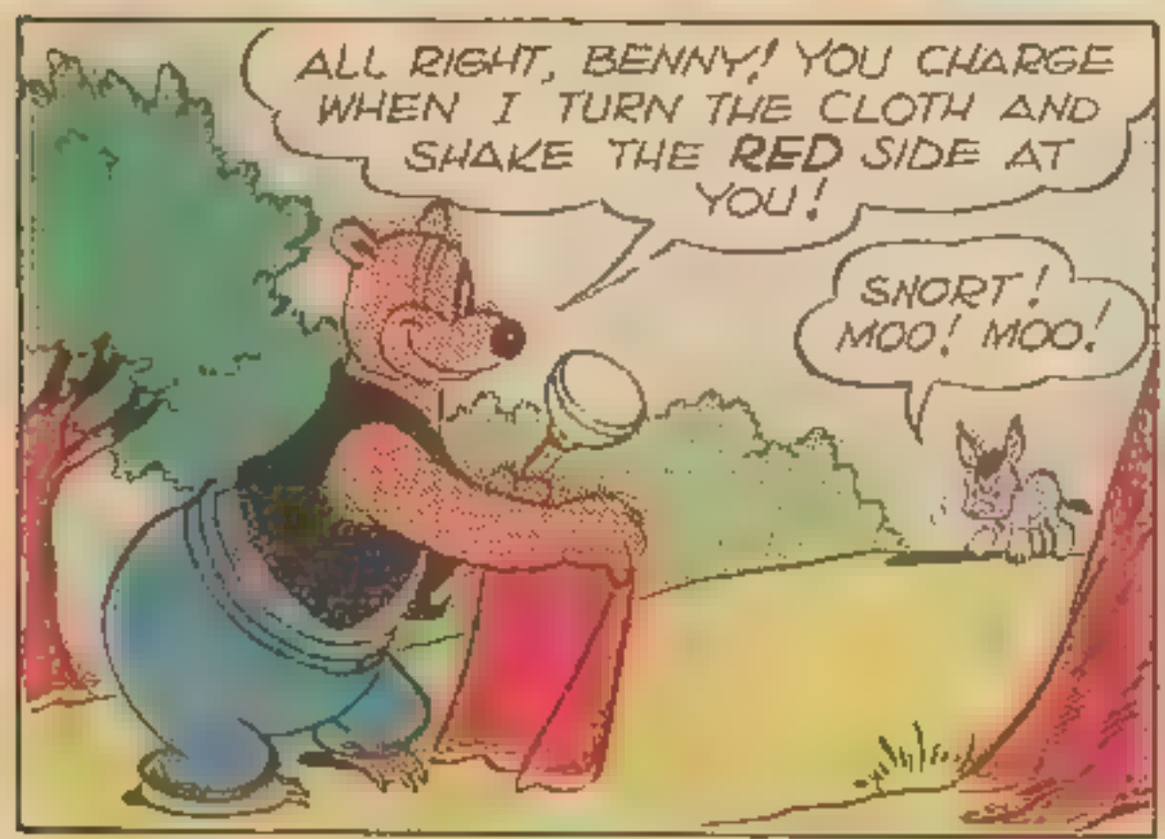

BUMS! BEGGARS! PENNILESS LOAFERS! GEET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

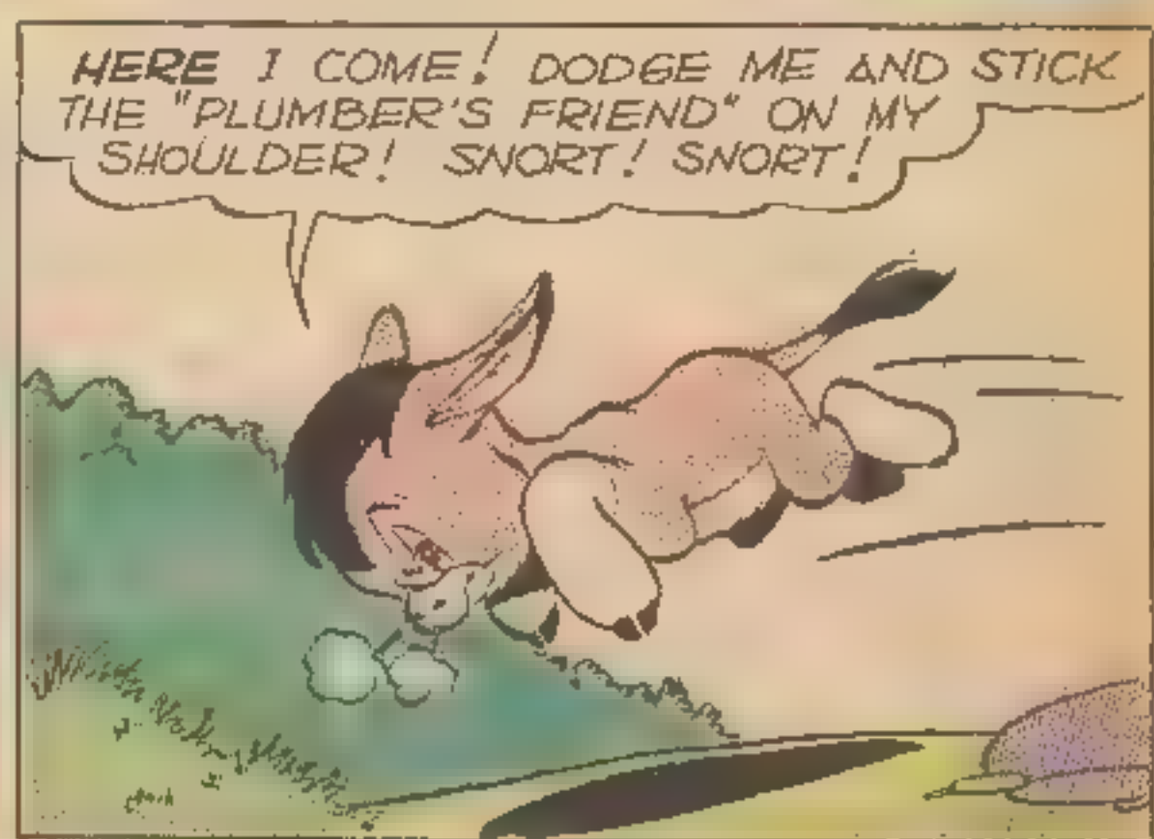

THERE MUST BE A CHEAPER WAY TO BE A BULLFIGHTER!

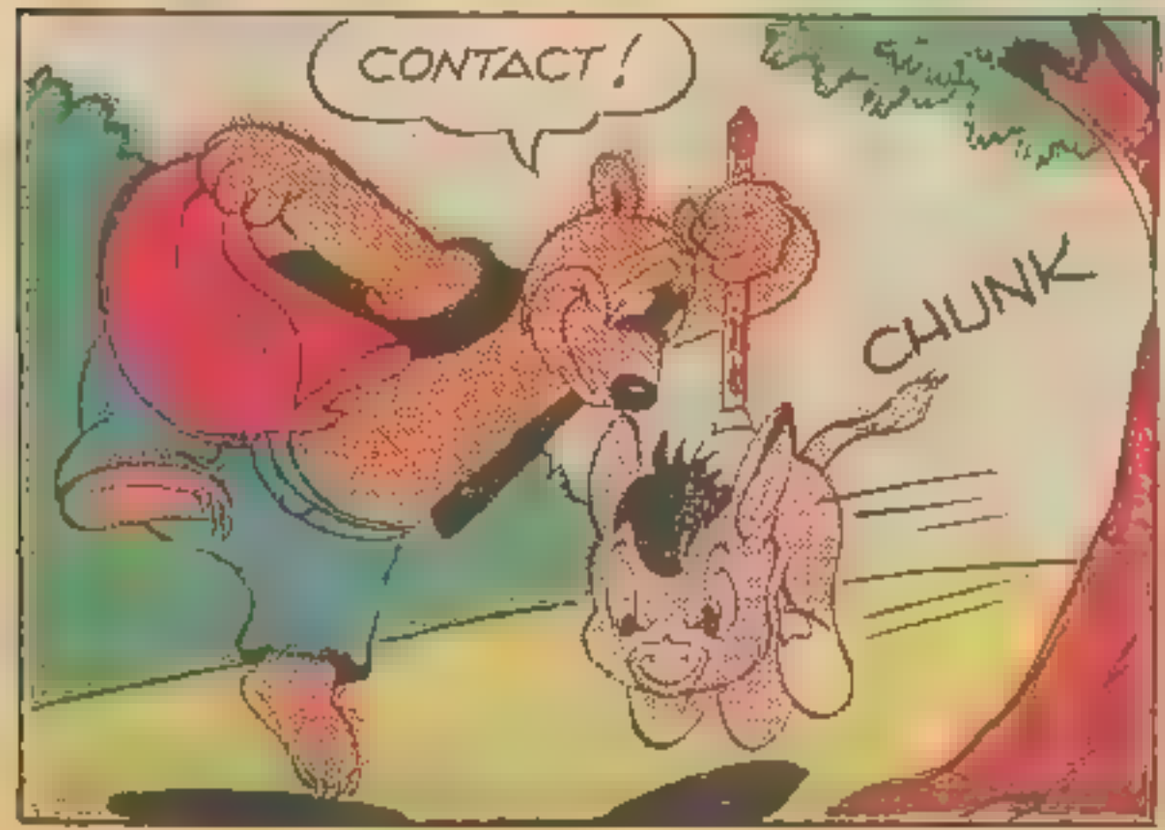

AT BARNEY'S HOME!
YOU'LL NEED PRACTICE AT DODGING BULLS! SUPPOSE I PRETEND I'M A BULL, AND YOU DODGE WHEN I CHARGE YOU!


THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, BENNY! BUT I AIN'T GOT NO BANDERILLAS TO STICK ON YOUR SHOULDERS!

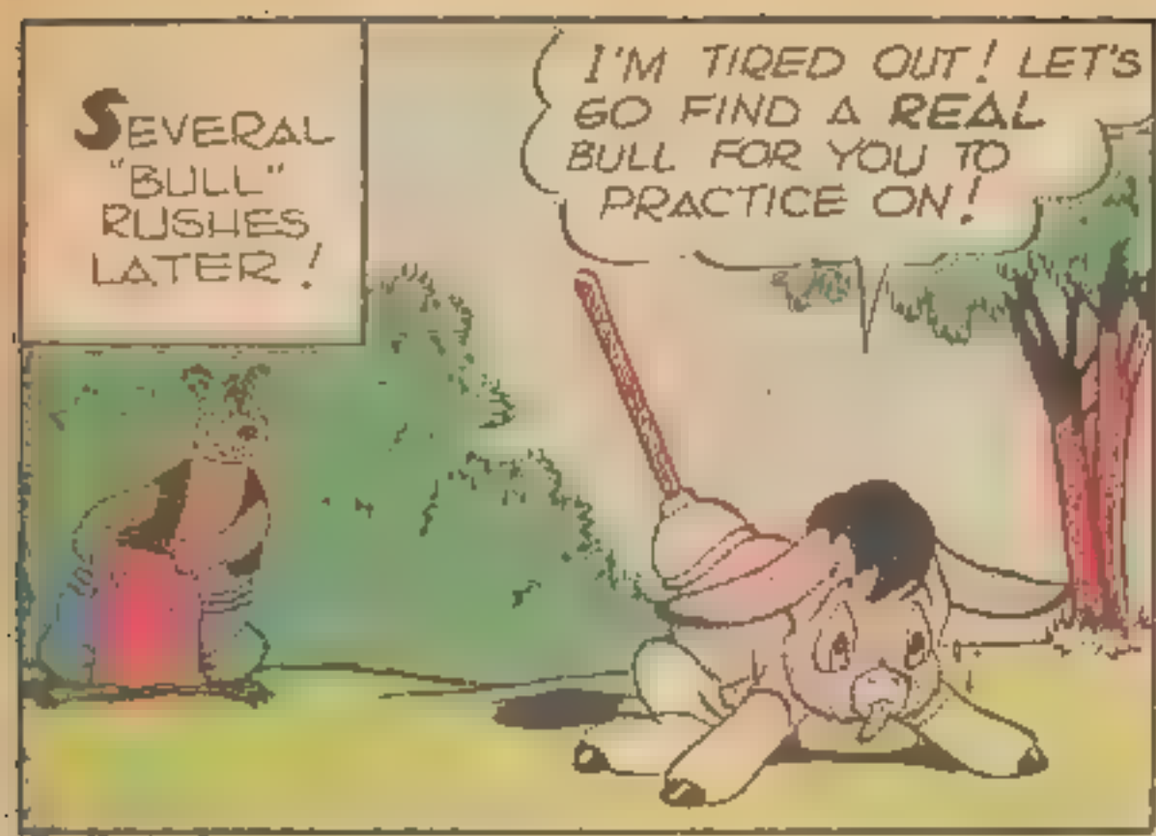

HERE! IF YOU HAVE TO TAG ME WITH SOMETHING THAT STICKS, USE THIS!

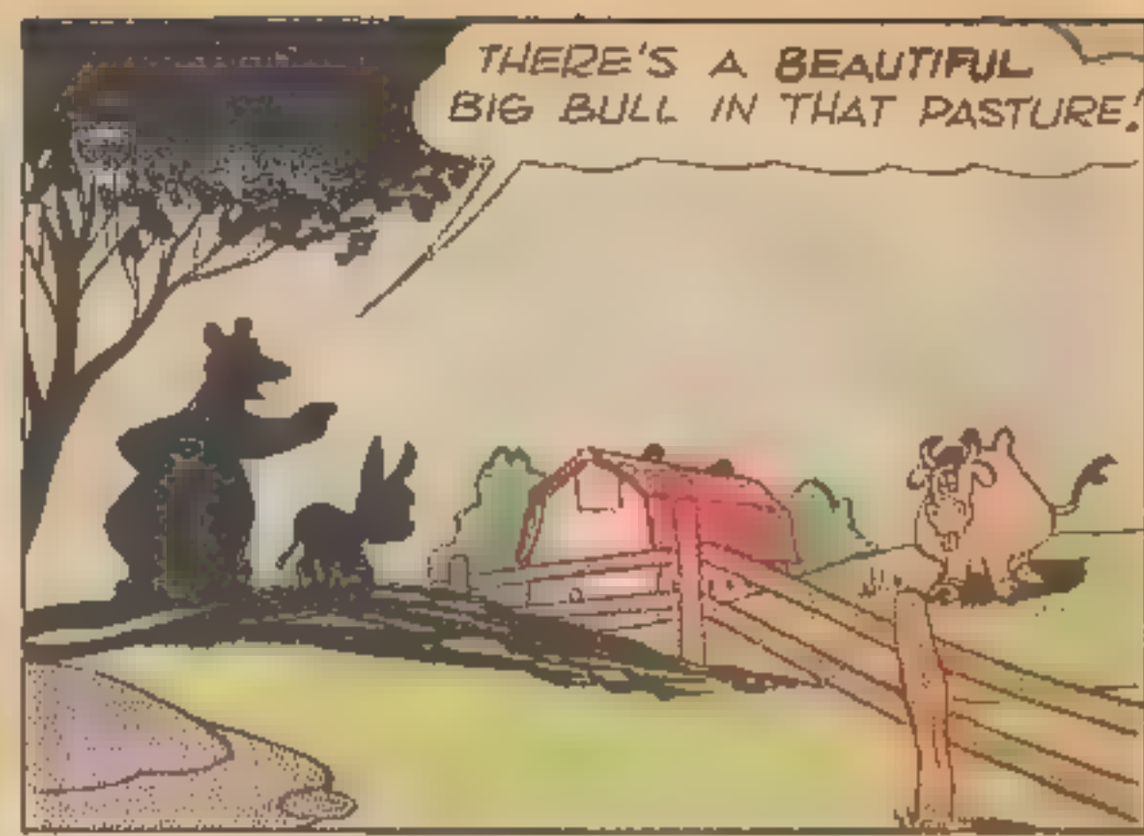

ALL RIGHT, BENNY! YOU CHARGE WHEN I TURN THE CLOTH AND SHAKE THE RED SIDE AT YOU!
SNORT! MOO! MOO!

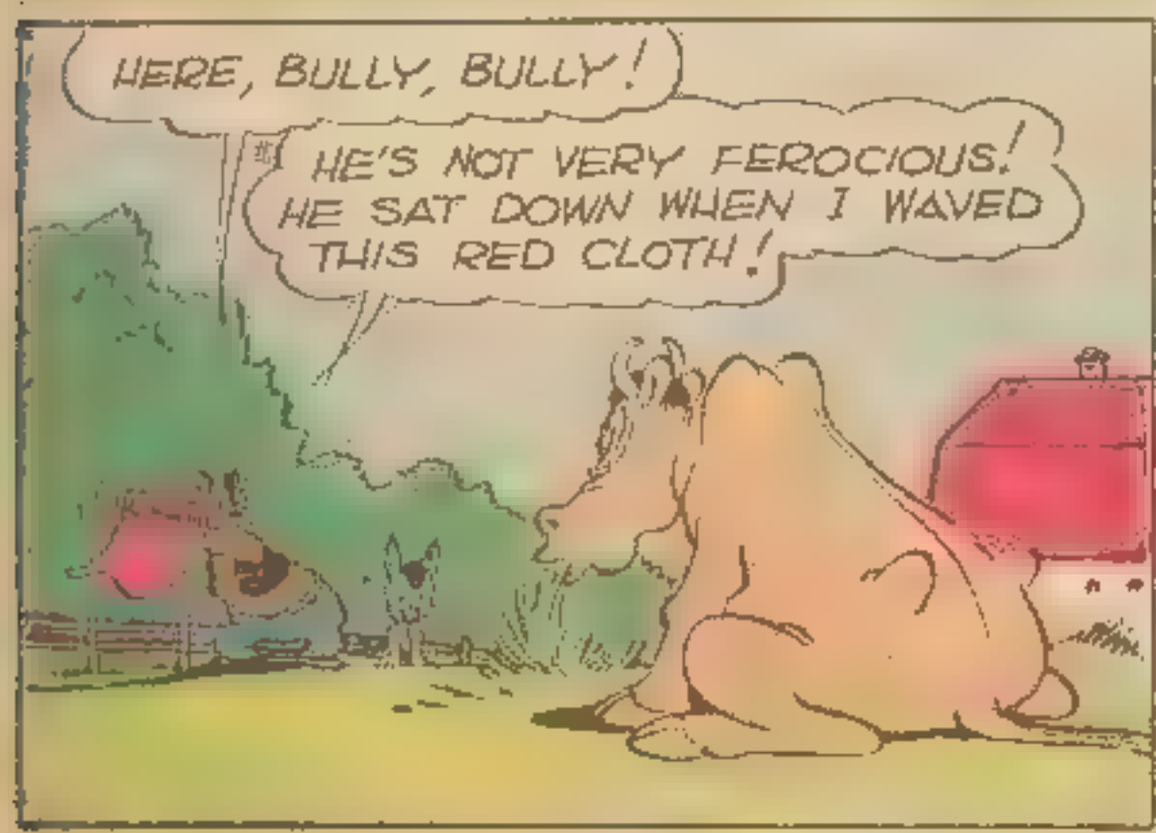

HERE I COME! DODGE ME AND STICK THE "PLUMBER'S FRIEND" ON MY SHOULDER! SNORT! SNORT!

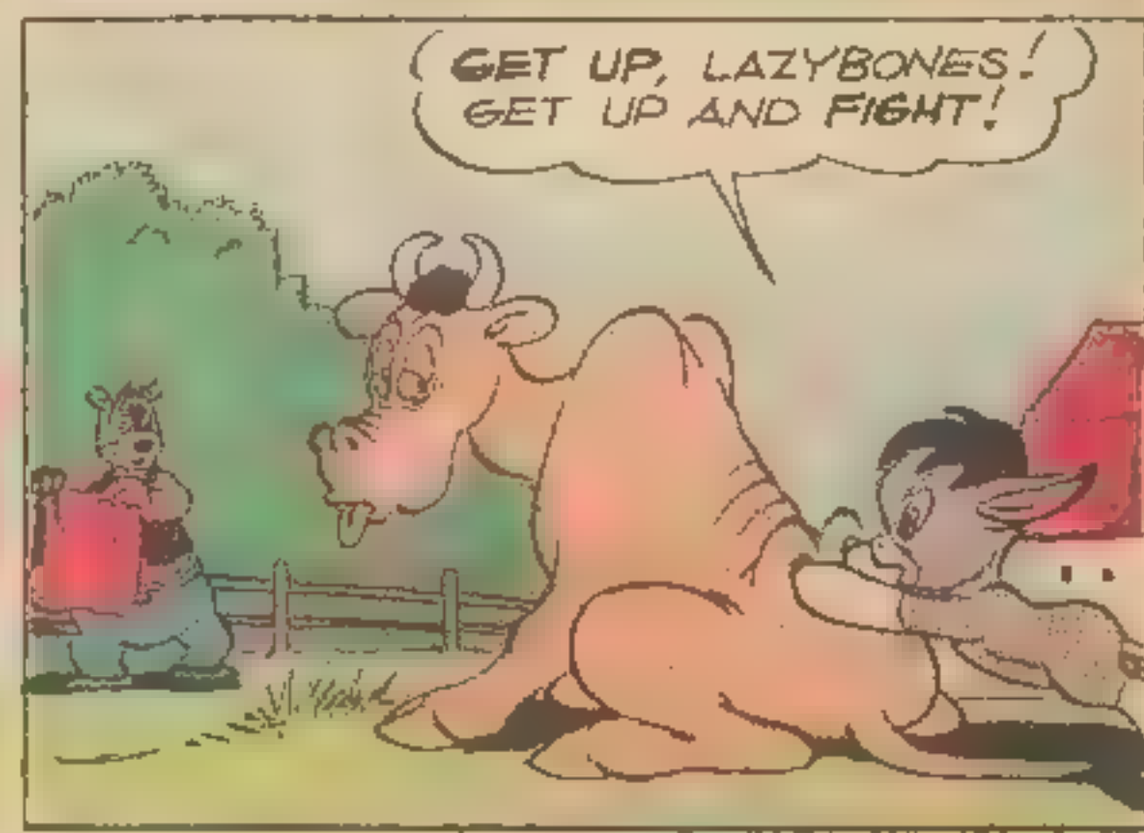

CONTACT!
CHUNK

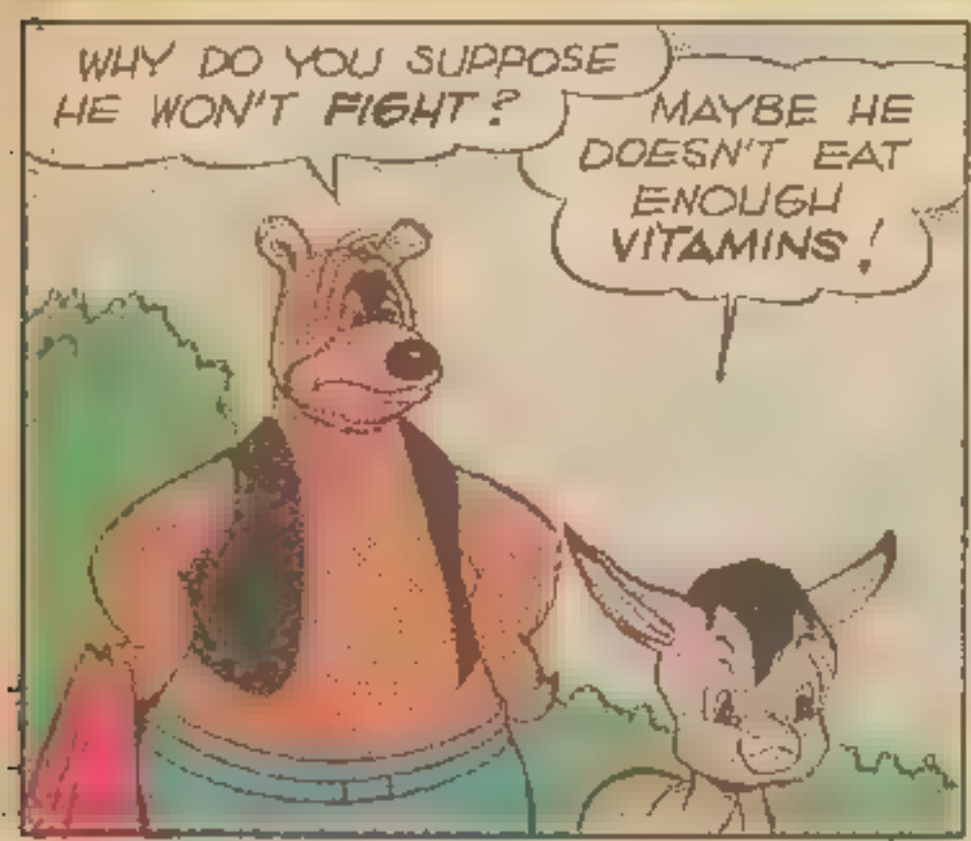
THINK IT OVER, BARNEY! AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO LET GO OF THE HANDLE?

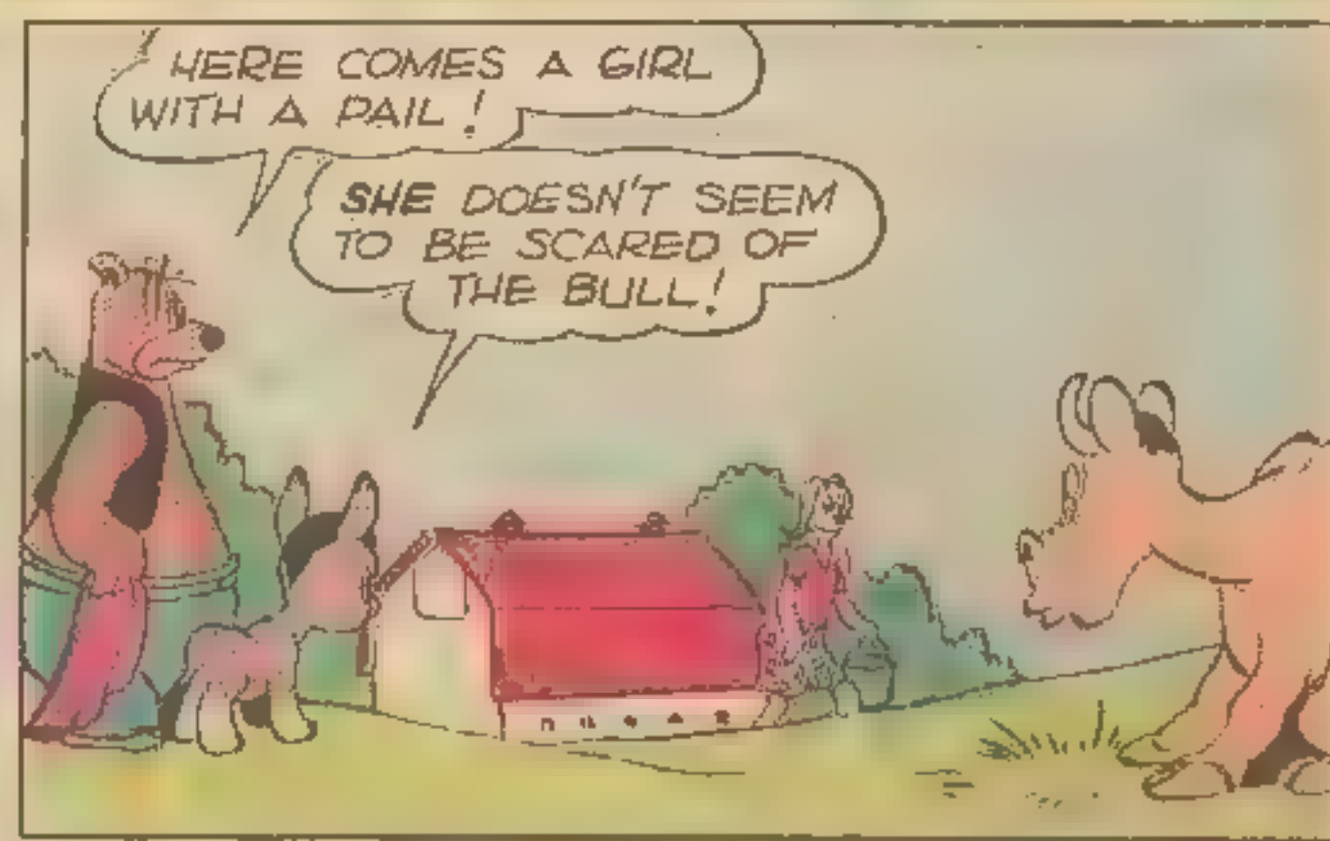

SEVERAL "BULL" RUSHES LATER!
I'M TIRED OUT! LET'S GO FIND A REAL BULL FOR YOU TO PRACTICE ON!

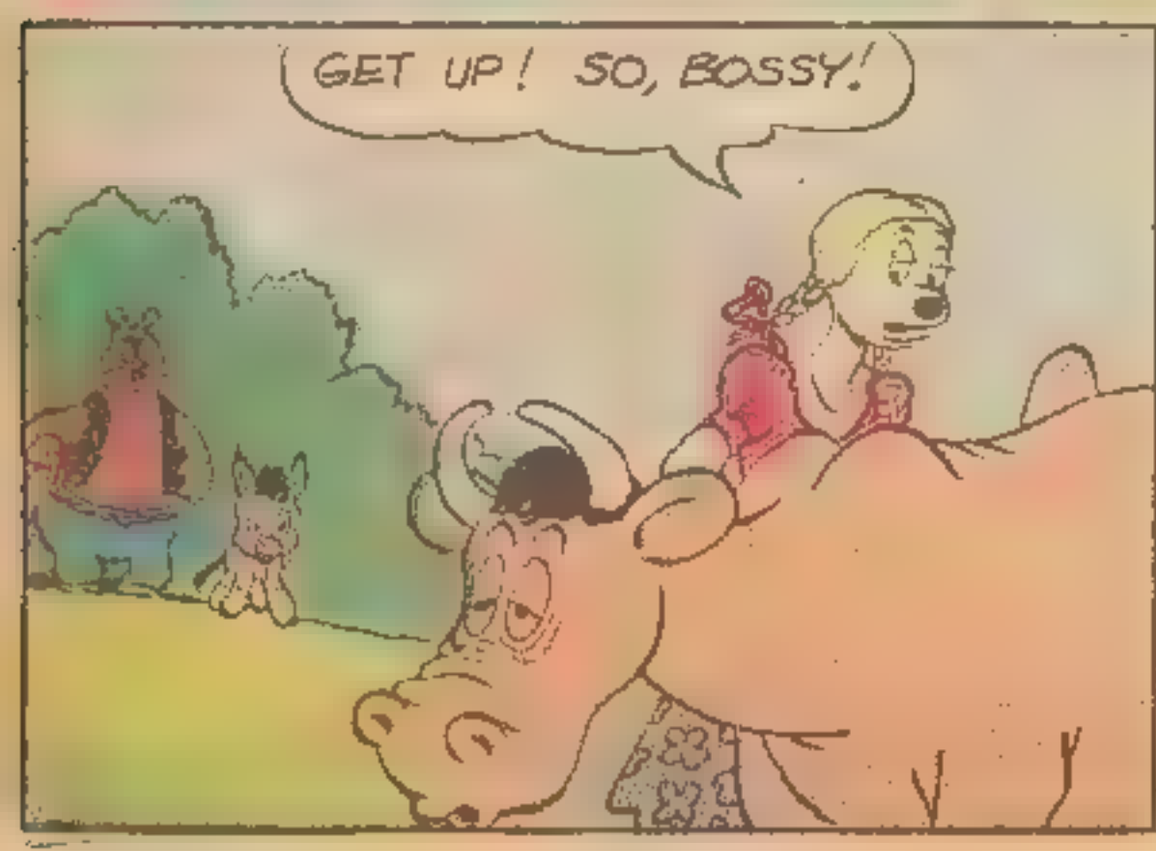

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL BIG BULL IN THAT PASTURE!

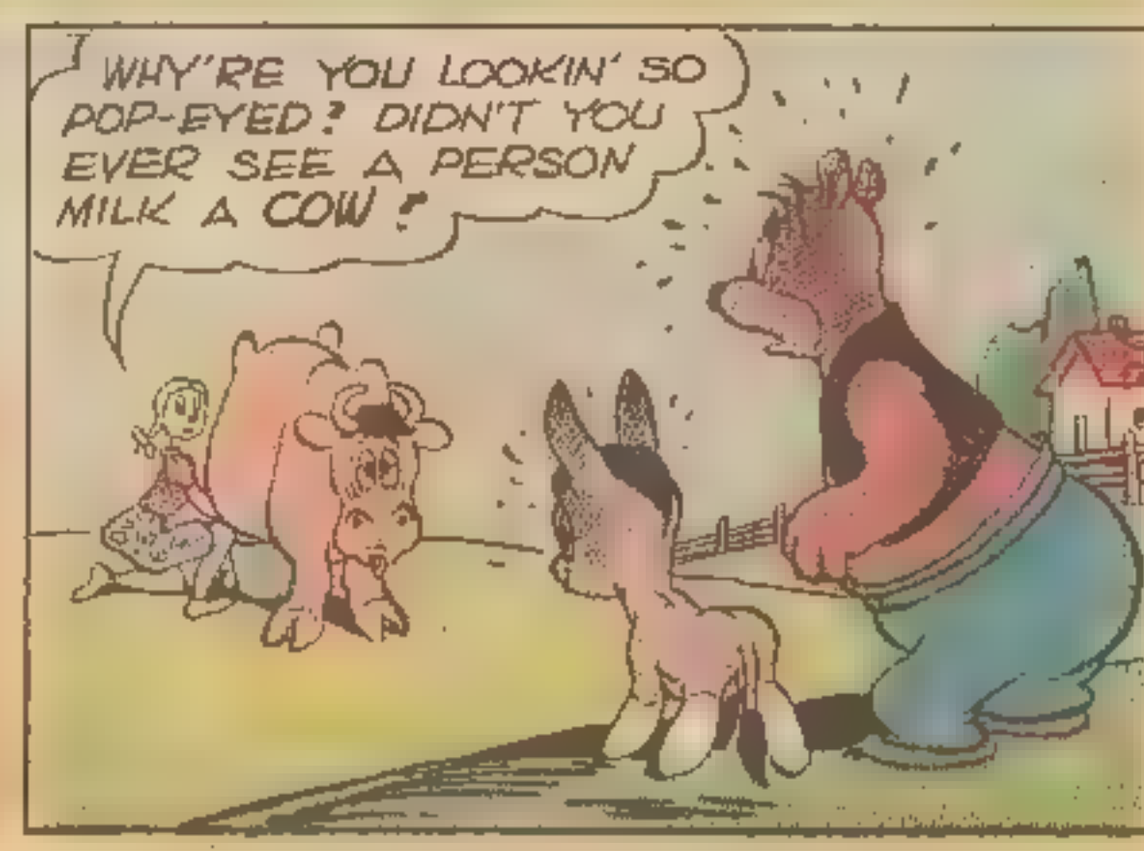

HERE, BULLY, BULLY!
HE'S NOT VERY FEROCIOUS! HE SAT DOWN WHEN I WAVED THIS RED CLOTH!

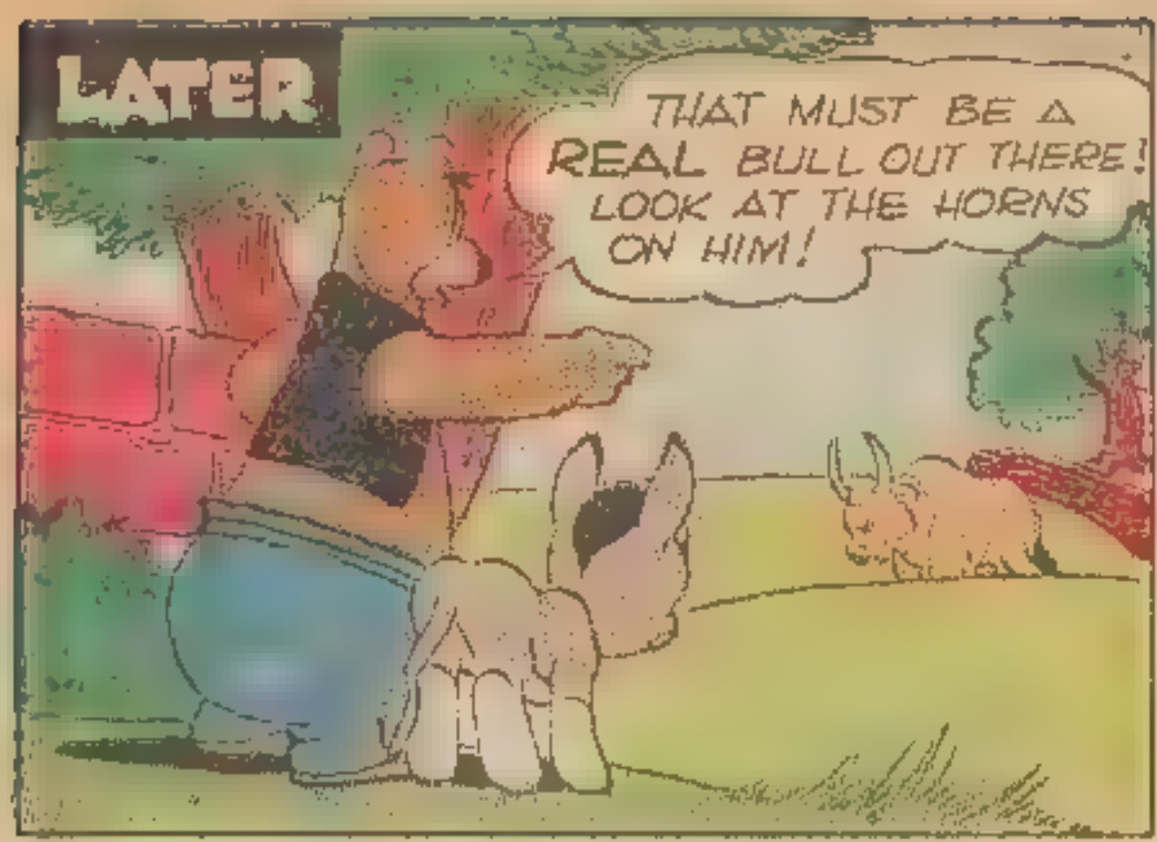

GET UP, LAZYBONES! GET UP AND FIGHT!

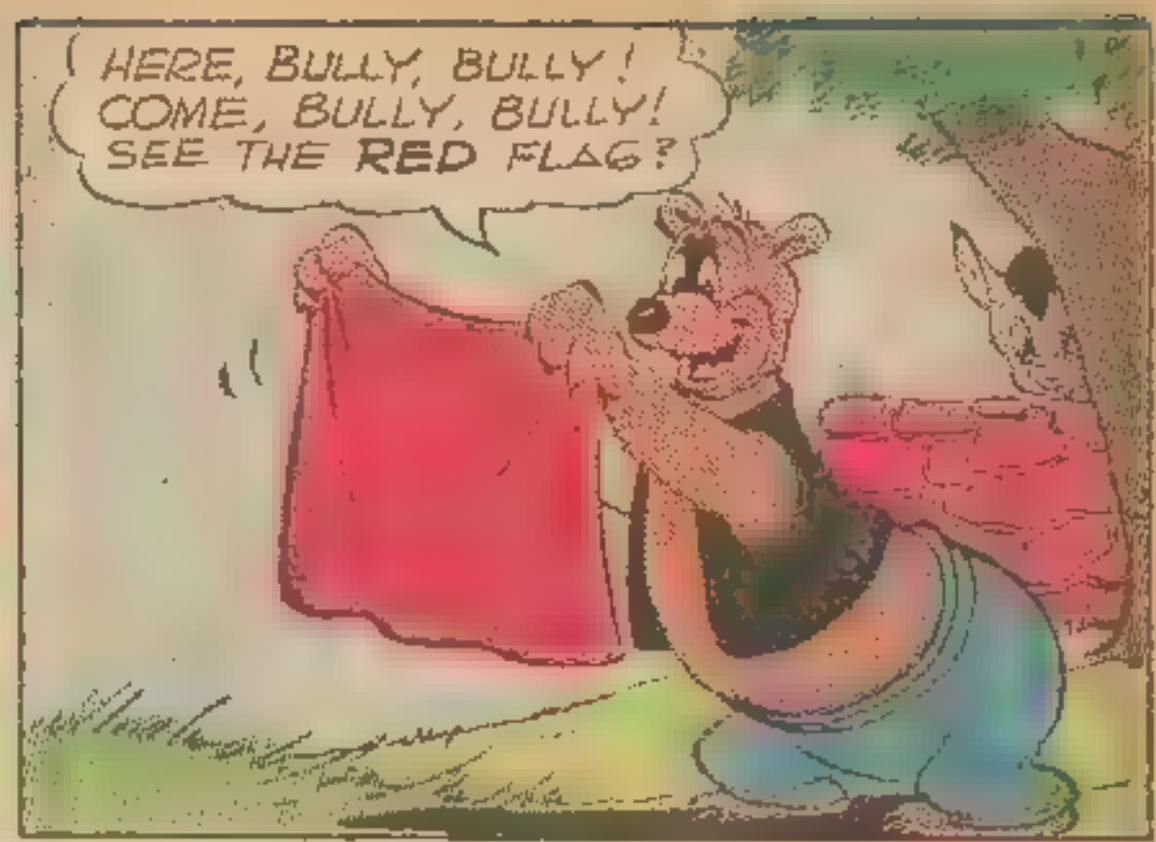

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WON'T FIGHT?
MAYBE HE DOESN'T EAT ENOUGH VITAMINS!

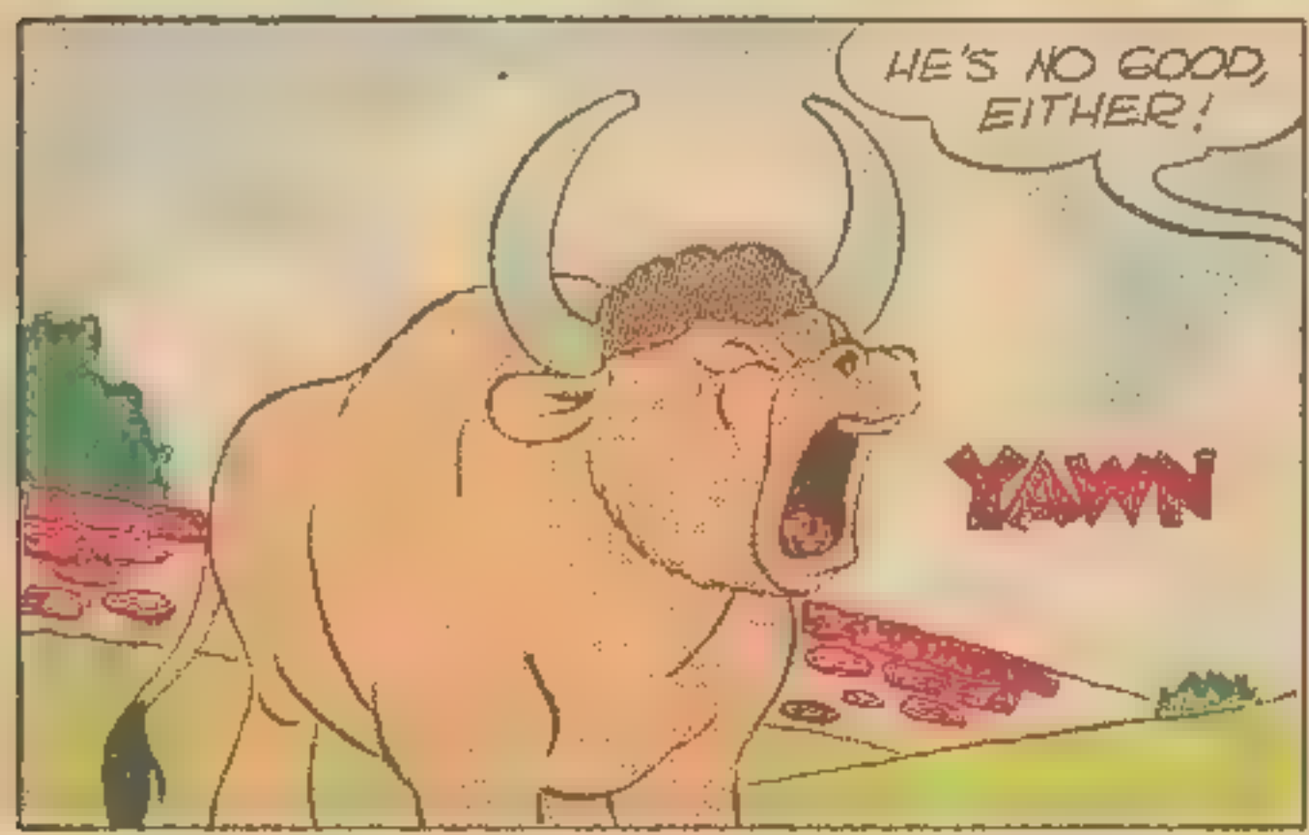

HERE COMES A GIRL WITH A PAIL!
SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE SCARED OF THE BULL!

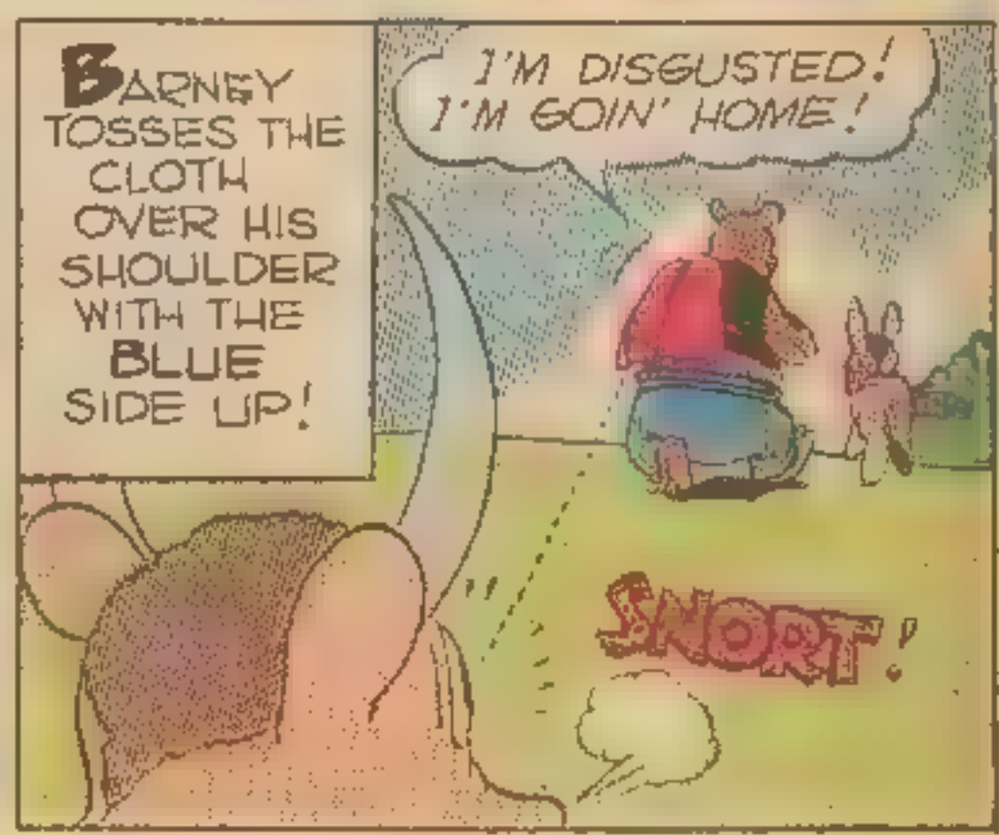

GET UP! SO, BOSSY!

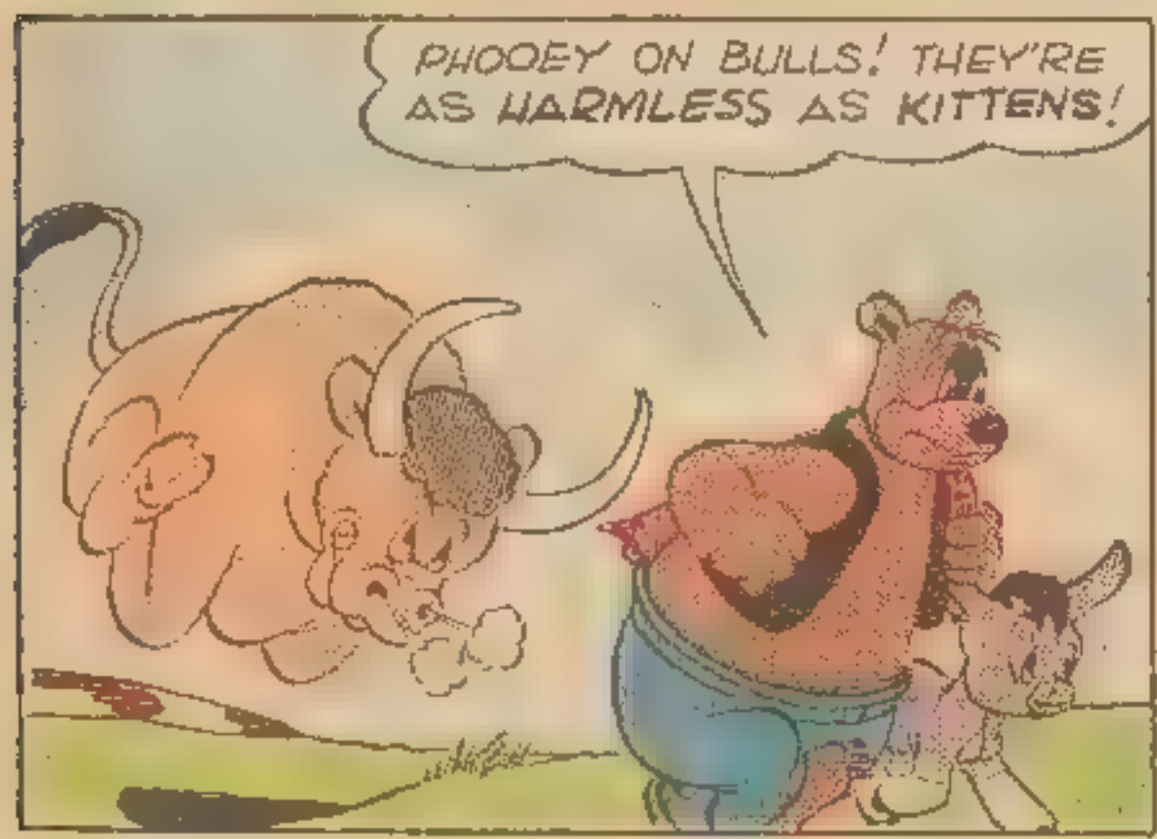

WHY'RE YOU LOOKIN' SO POP-EYED? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A PERSON MILK A COW?

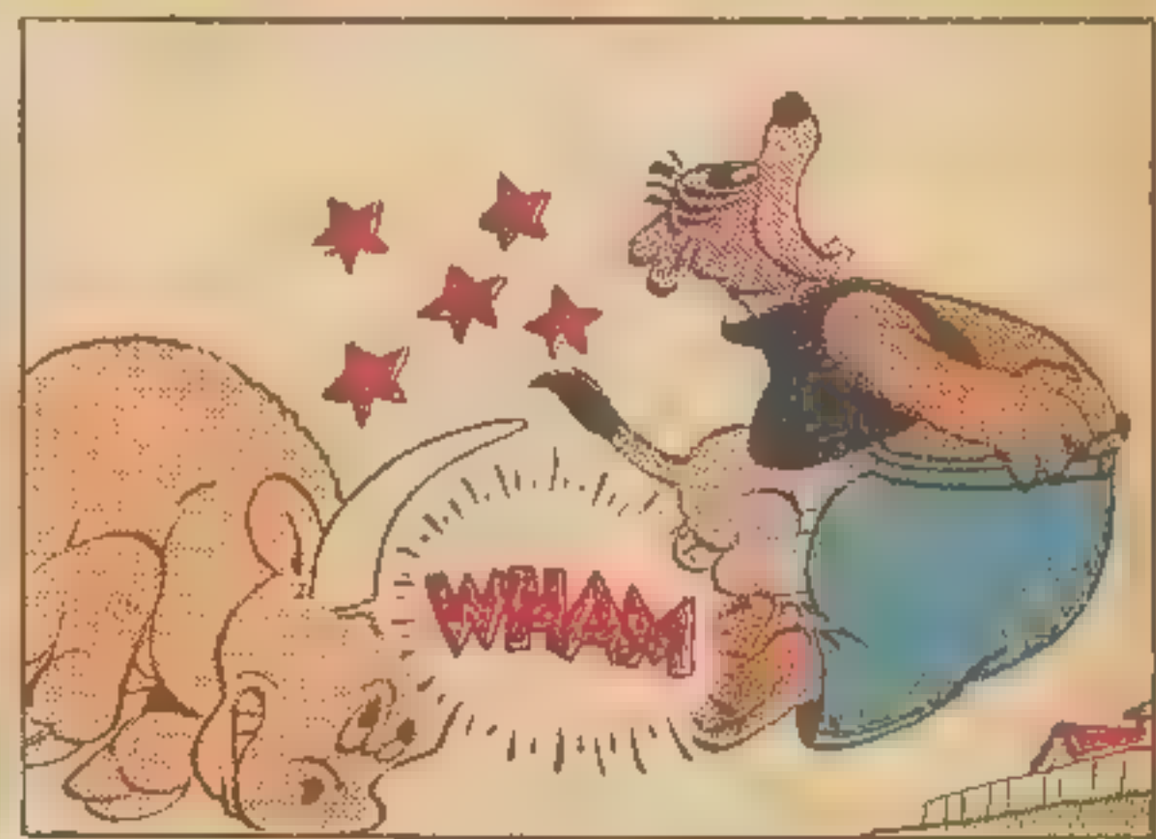

LATER
THAT MUST BE A REAL BULL OUT THERE! LOOK AT THE HORNS ON HIM!

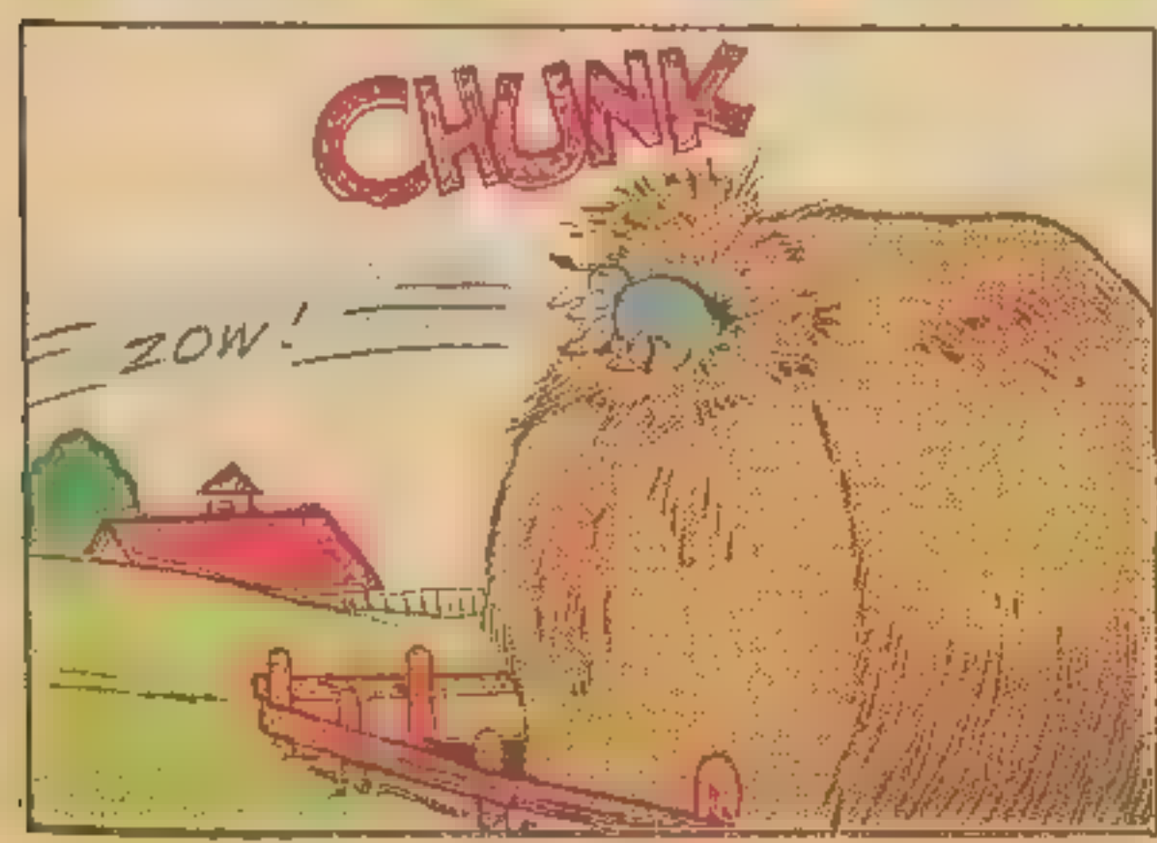

HERE, BULLY, BULLY! COME, BULLY, BULLY! SEE THE RED FLAG?

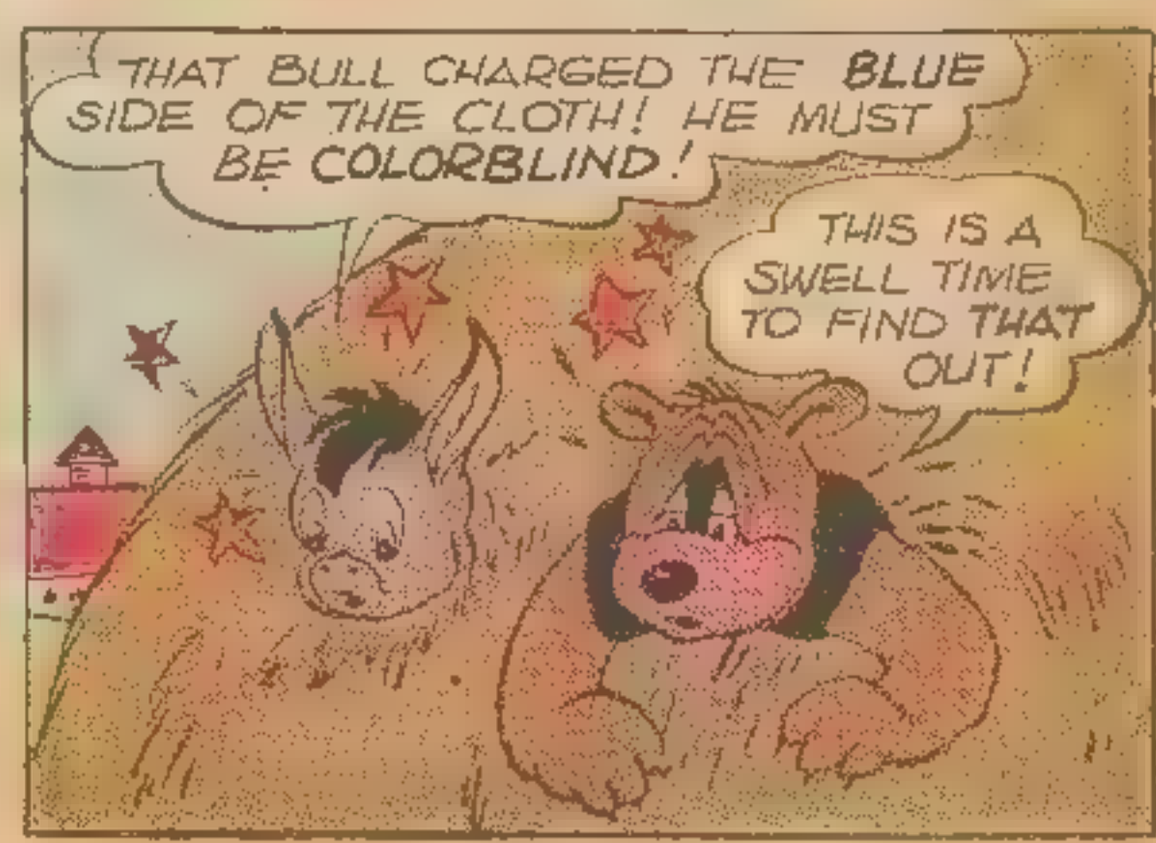

HE'S NO GOOD, EITHER!
YAWN

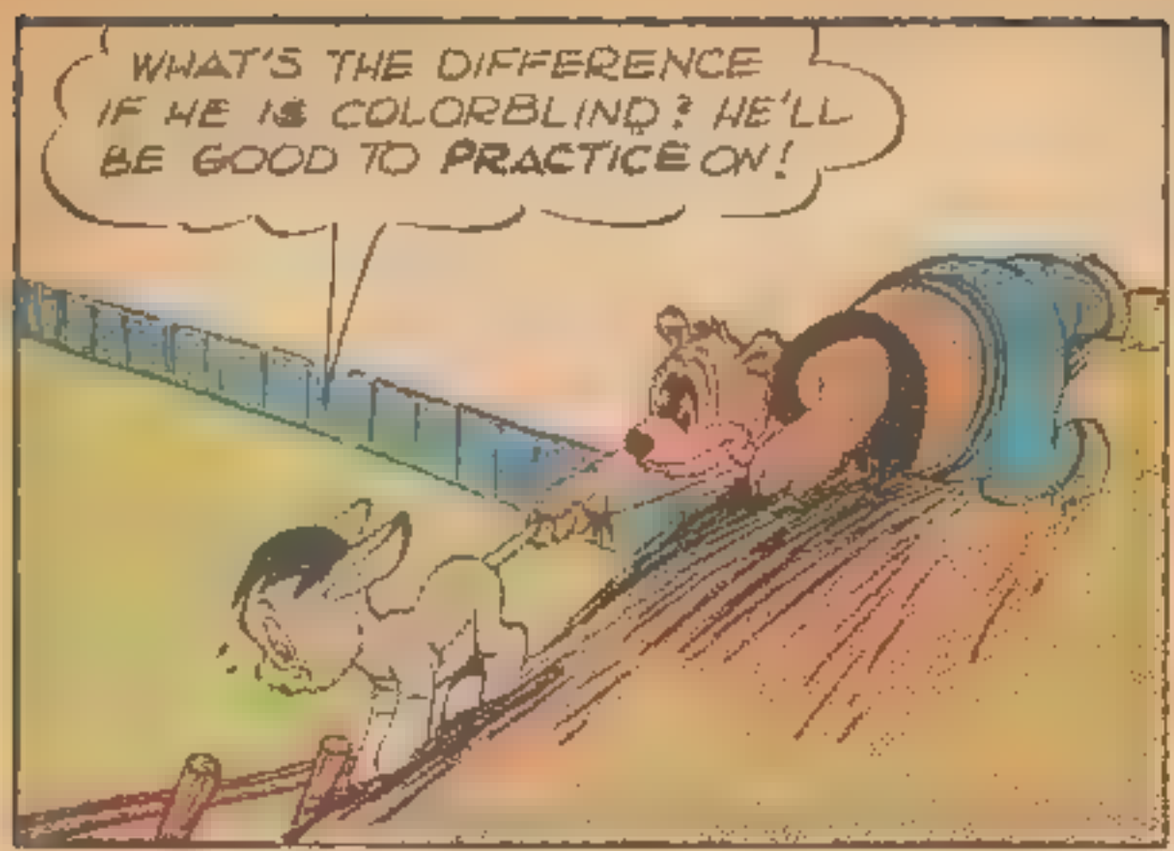

BARNEY TOSSES THE CLOTH OVER HIS SHOULDER WITH THE BLUE SIDE UP!
I'M DISGUSTED! I'M GOIN' HOME!
SNORT!

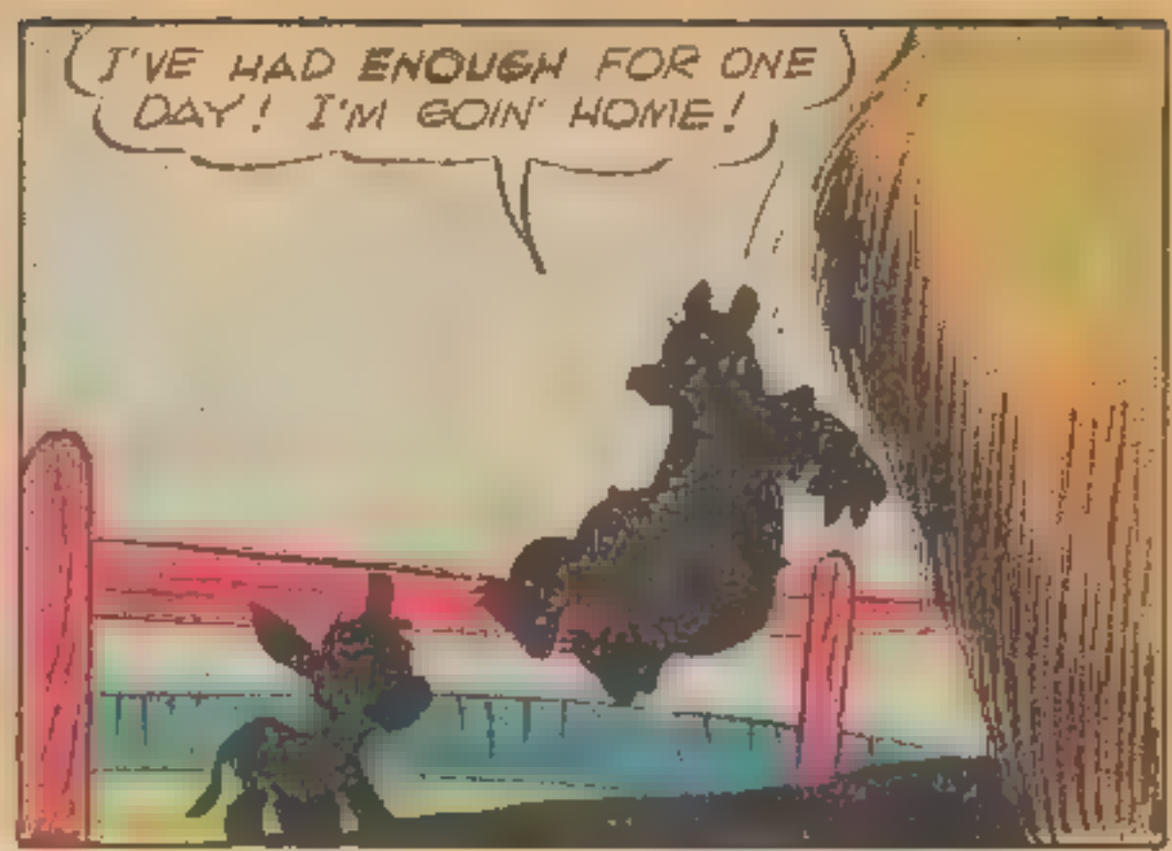

PHOOEY ON BULLS! THEY'RE AS HARMLESS AS KITTENS!

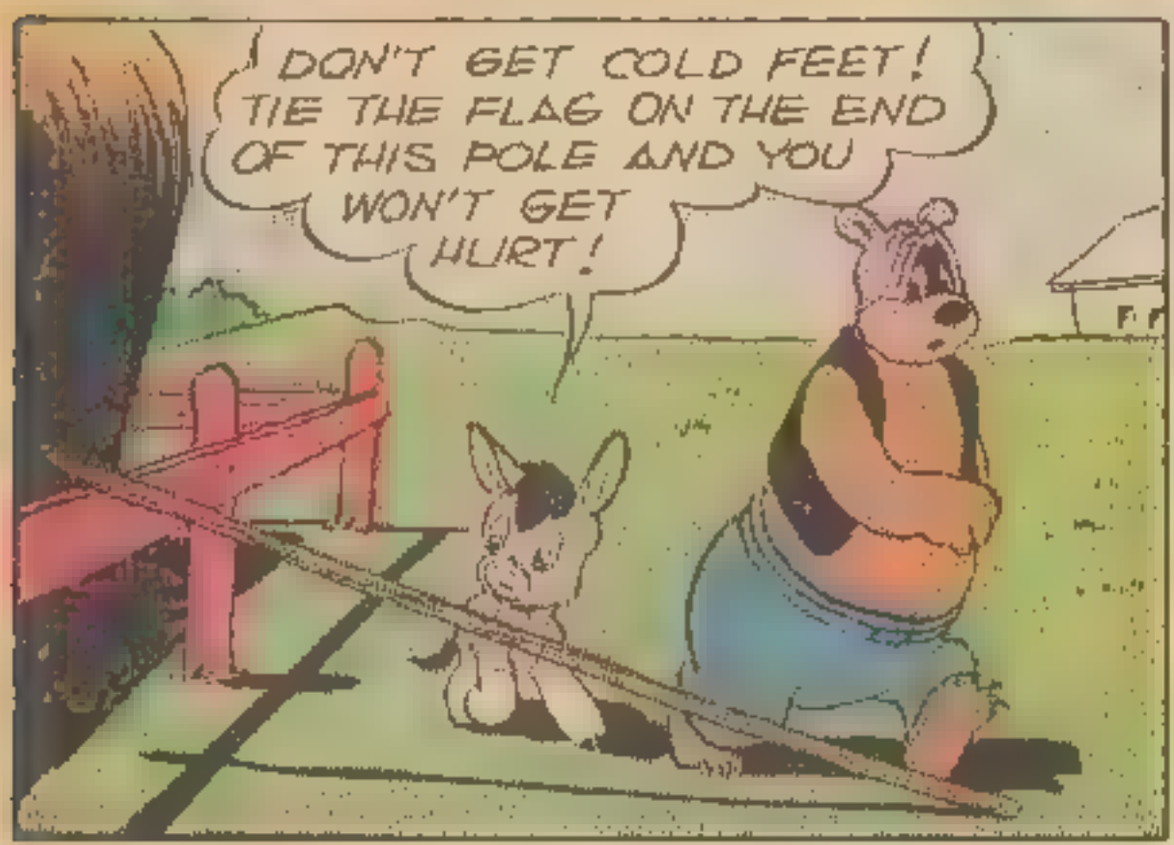

WHAM

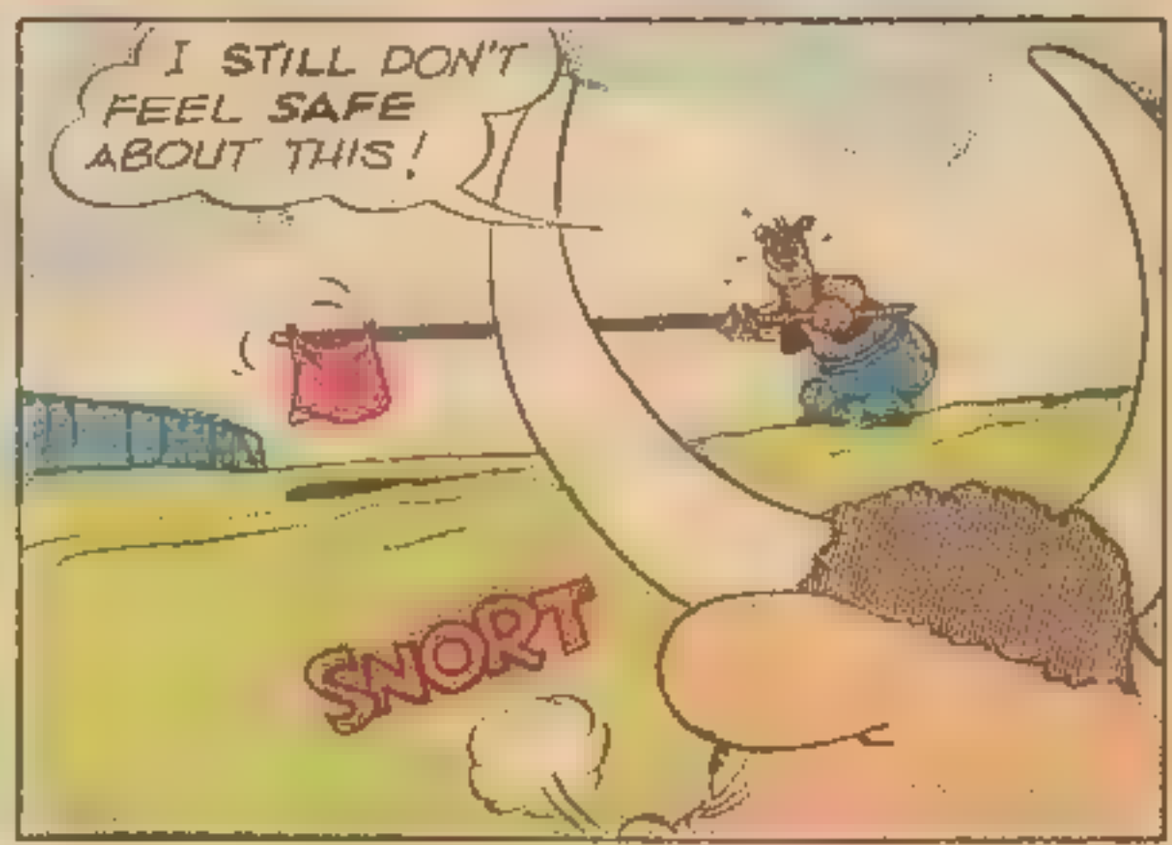

CHUNK
ZOW!

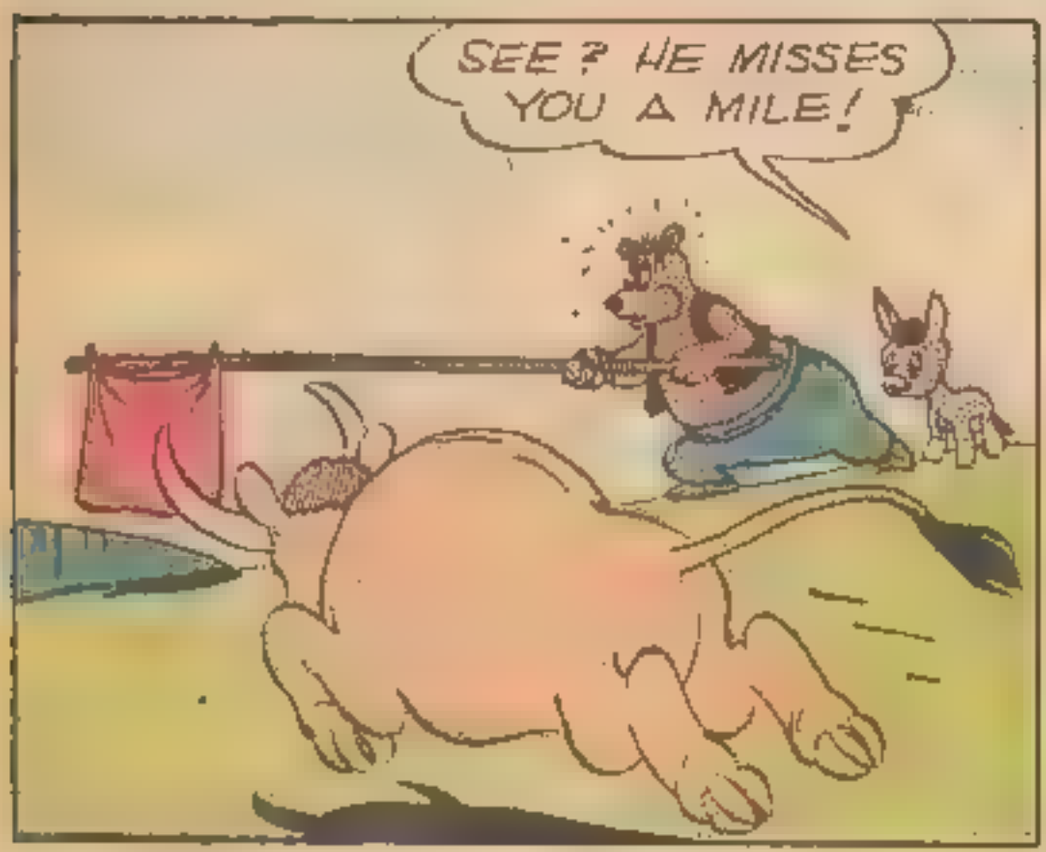

THAT BULL CHARGED THE BLUE SIDE OF THE CLOTH! HE MUST BE COLORBLIND!
THIS IS A SWELL TIME TO FIND THAT OUT!

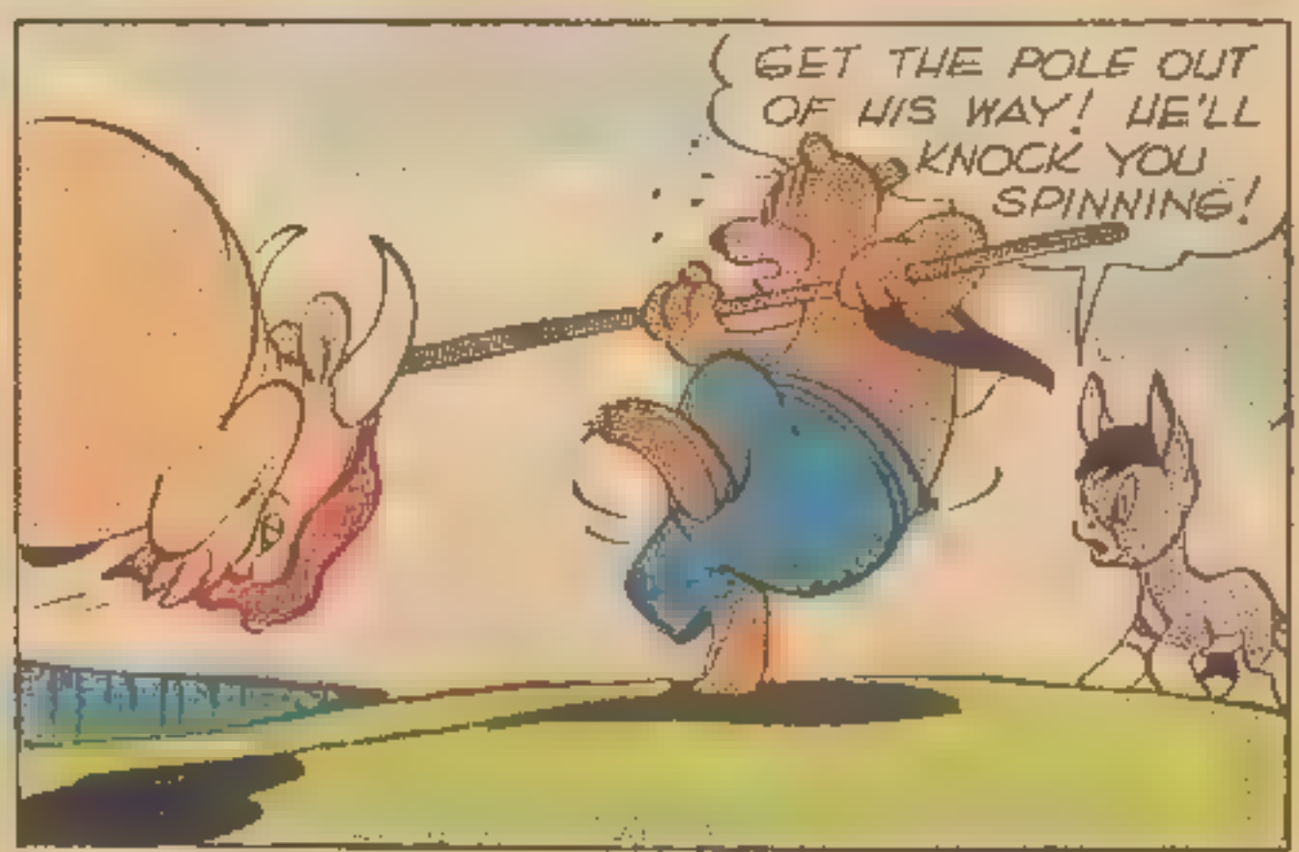

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE IF HE IS COLORBLIND? HE'LL BE GOOD TO PRACTICE ON!

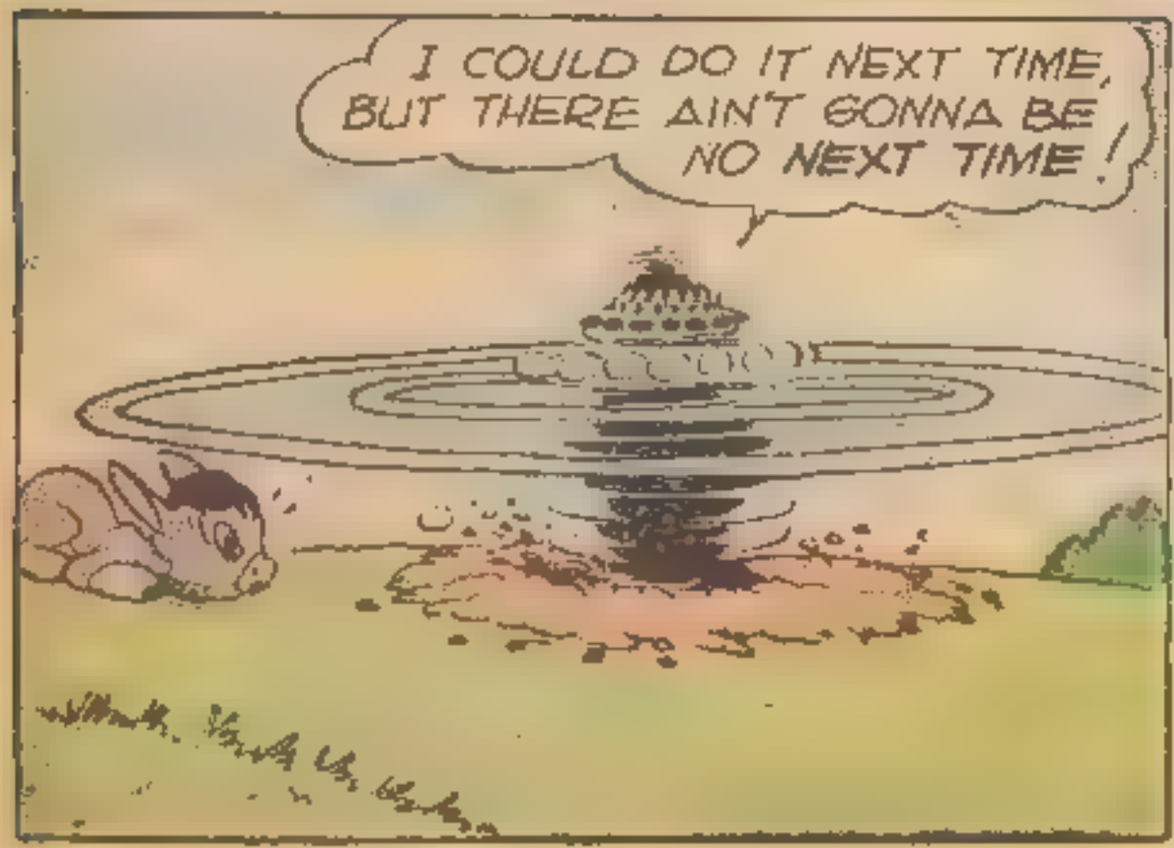

I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY! I'M GOIN' HOME!

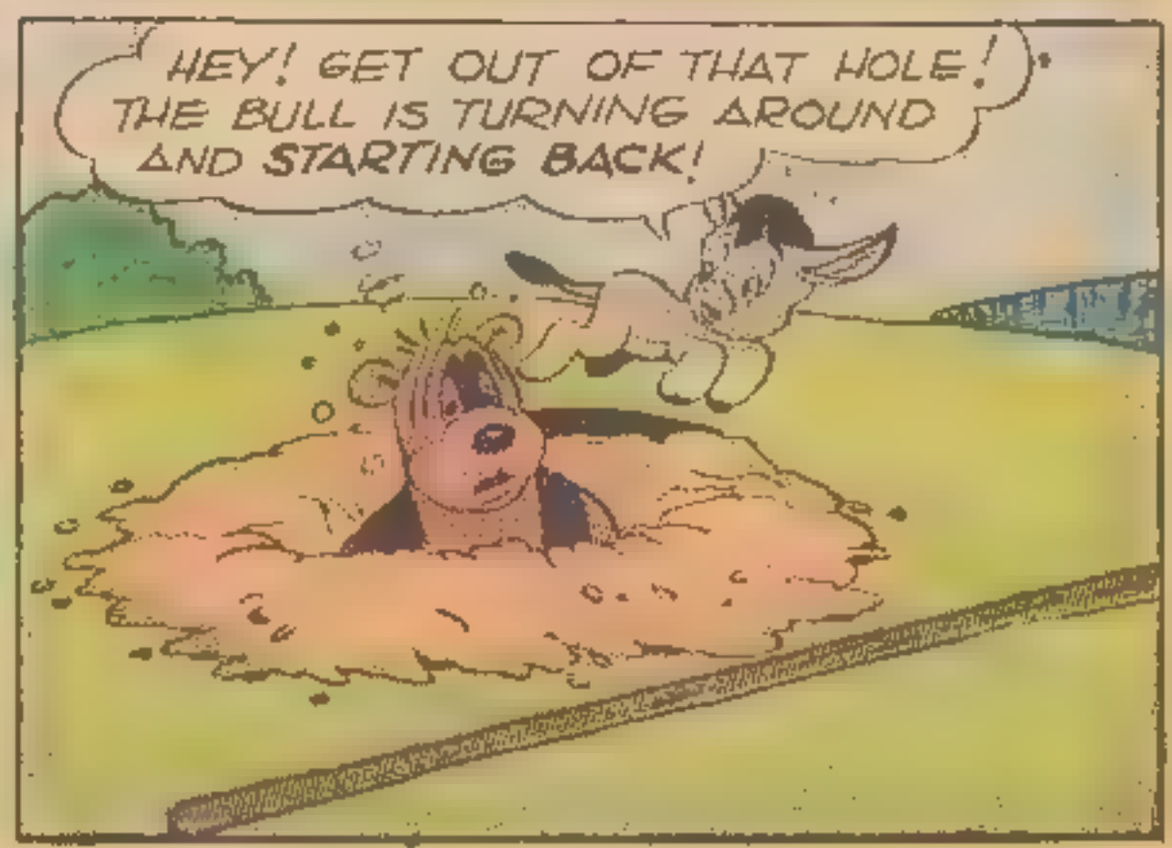

DON'T GET COLD FEET! TIE THE FLAG ON THE END OF THIS POLE AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

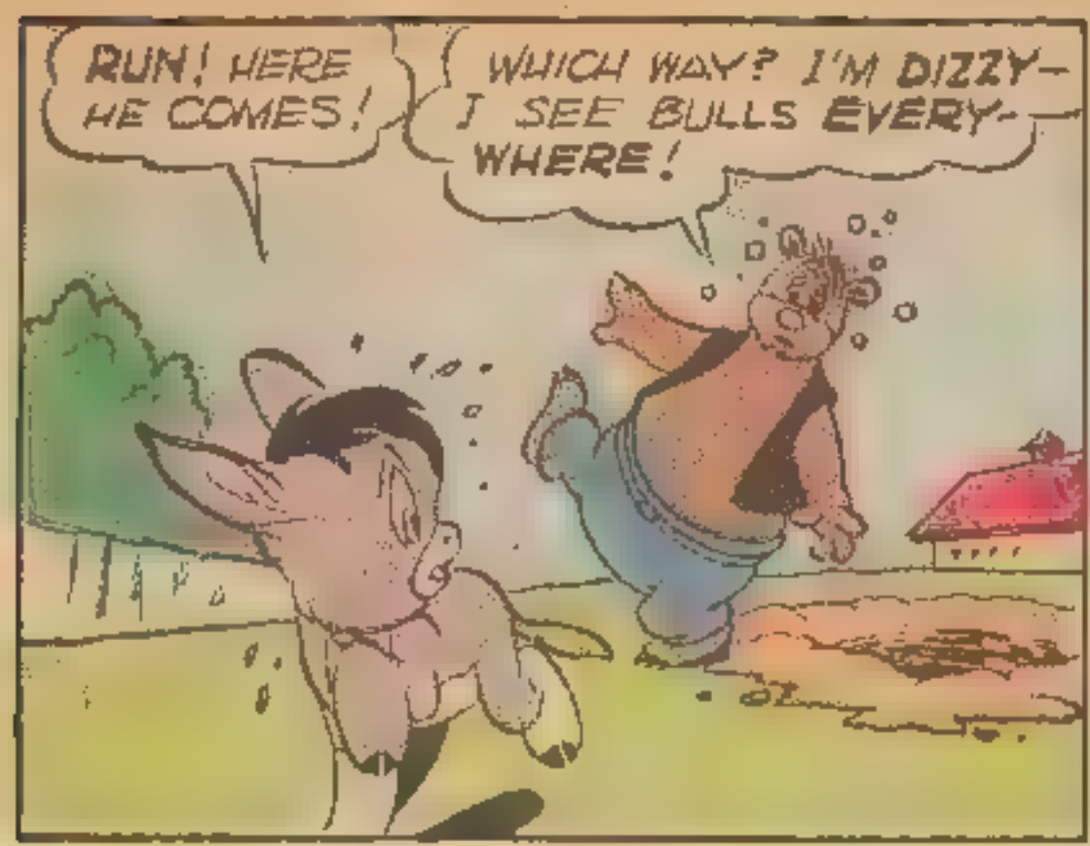

I STILL DON'T FEEL SAFE ABOUT THIS!
SNORT


SEE? HE MISSES YOU A MILE!

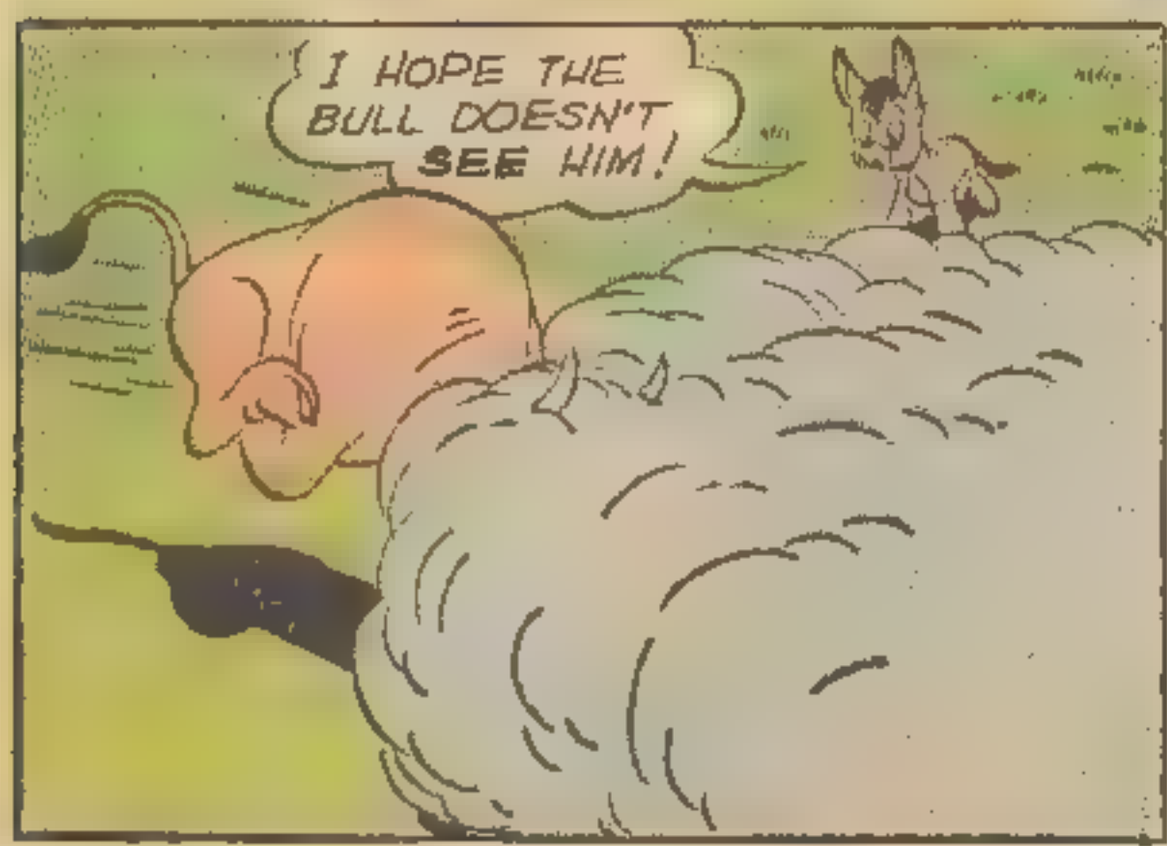

GET THE POLE OUT OF HIS WAY! HE'LL KNOCK YOU SPINNING!

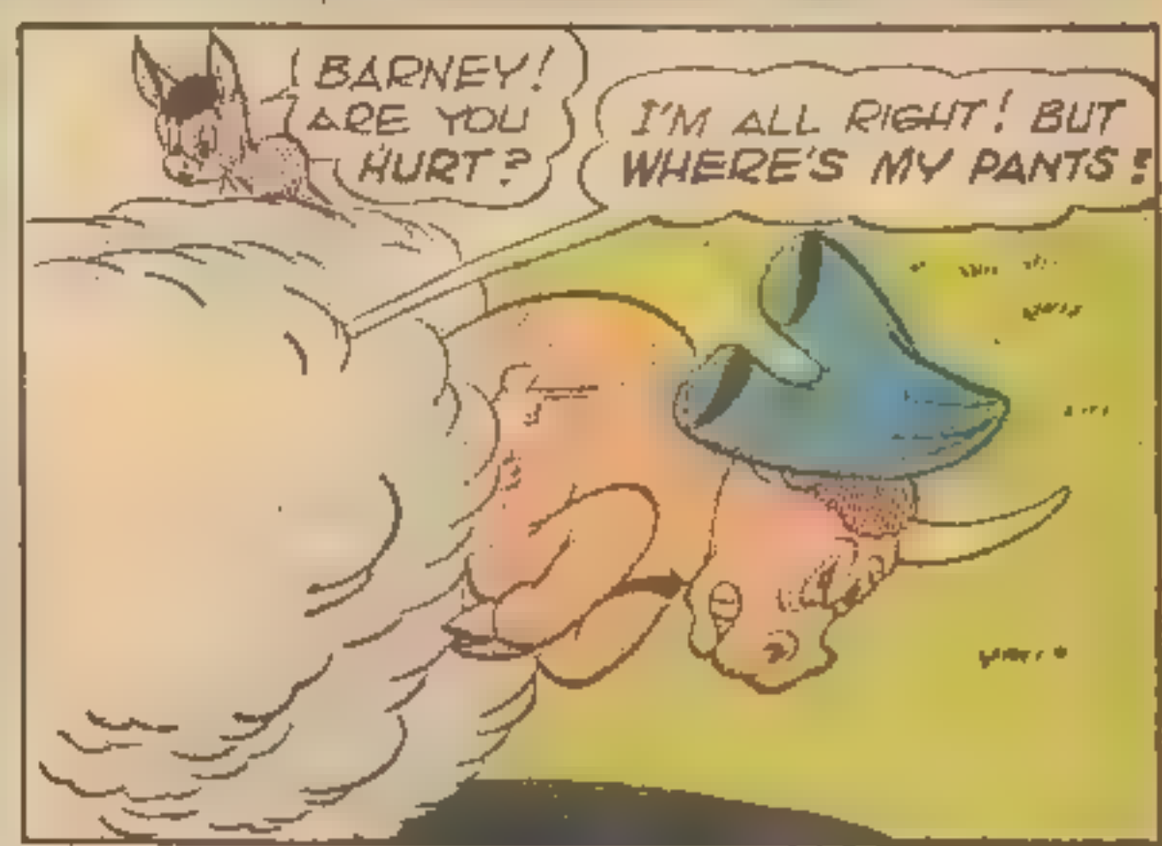

I COULD DO IT NEXT TIME, BUT THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO NEXT TIME!

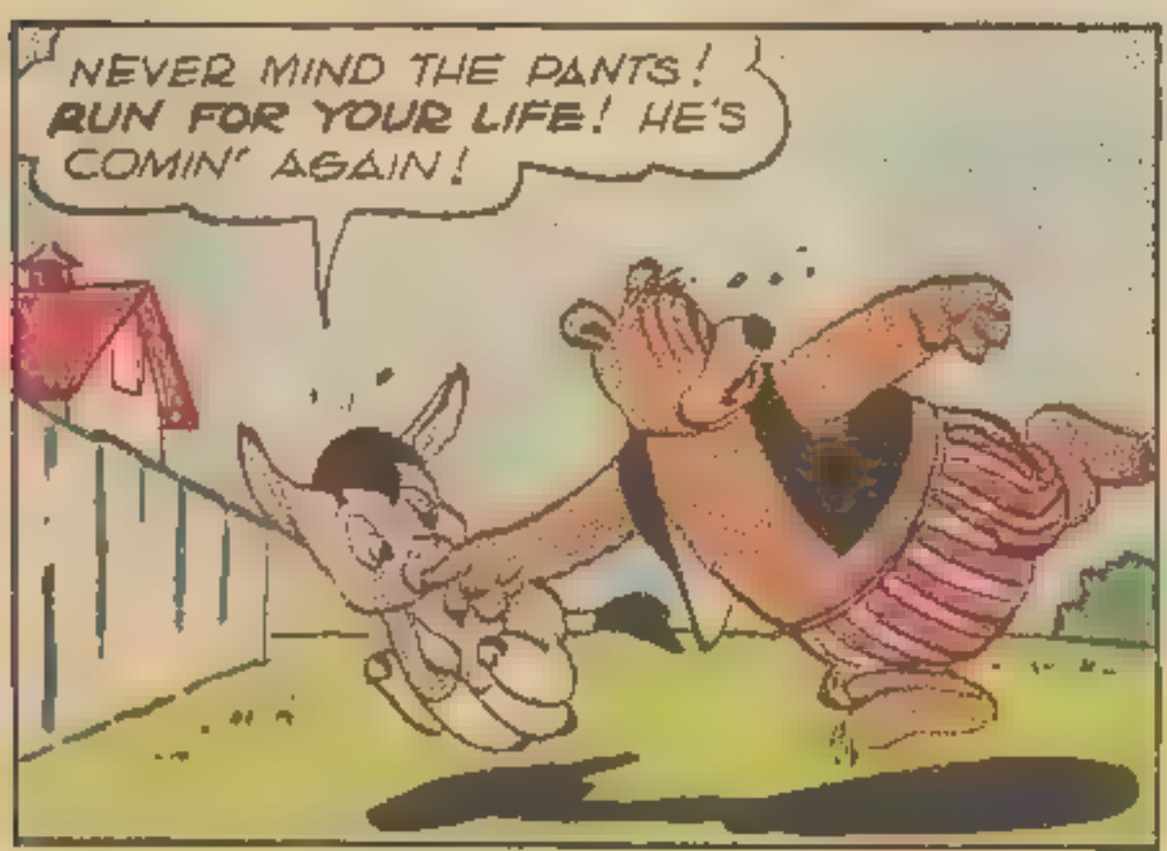

HEY! GET OUT OF THAT HOLE! THE BULL IS TURNING AROUND AND STARTING BACK!

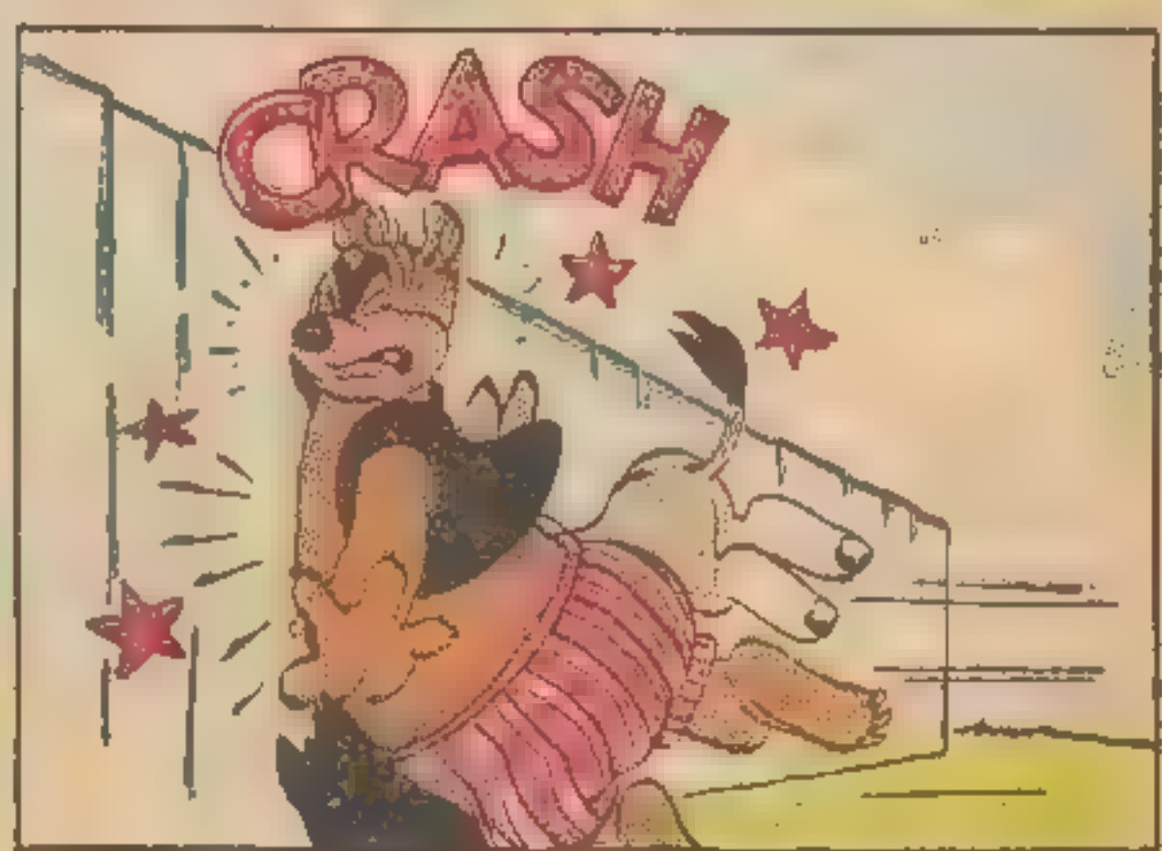

RUN! HERE HE COMES!
WHICH WAY? I'M DIZZY— I SEE BULLS EVERY-WHERE!

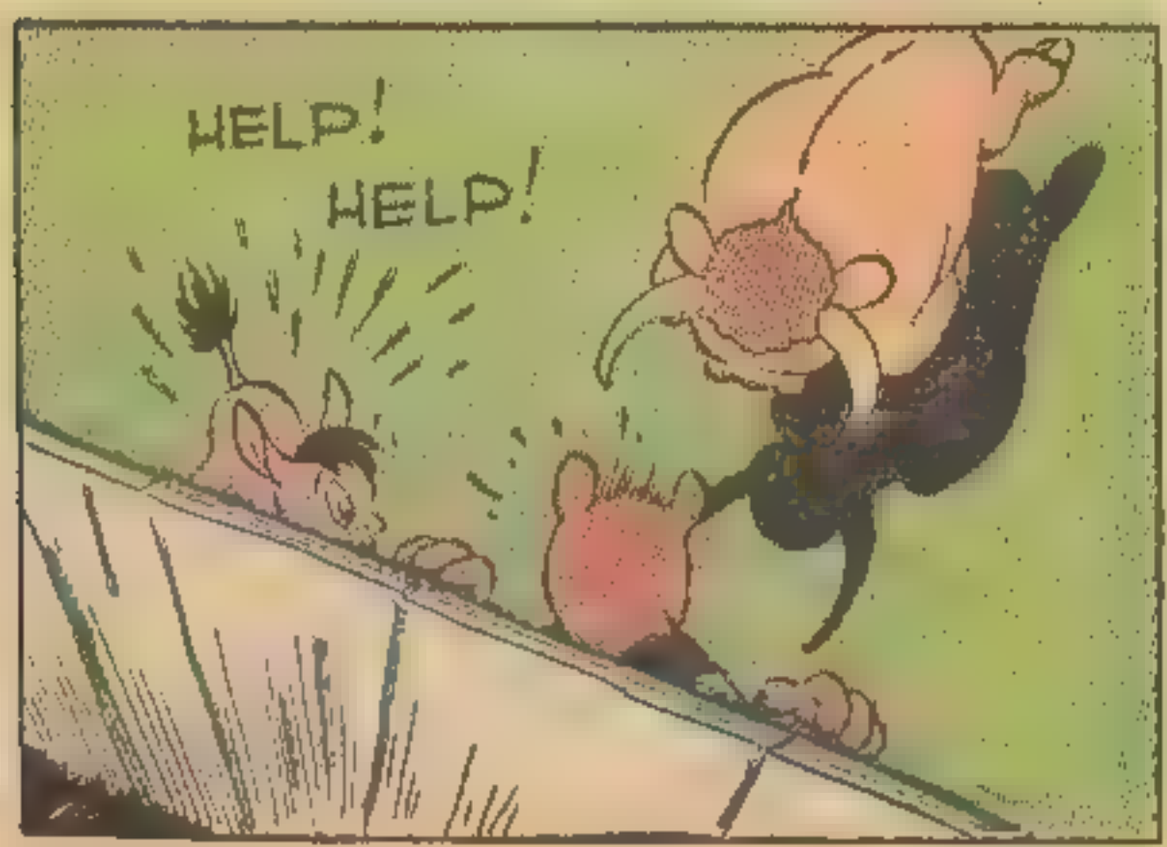
I'LL HAVE TO HIDE BARNEY WITH A "SMOKE SCREEN"!

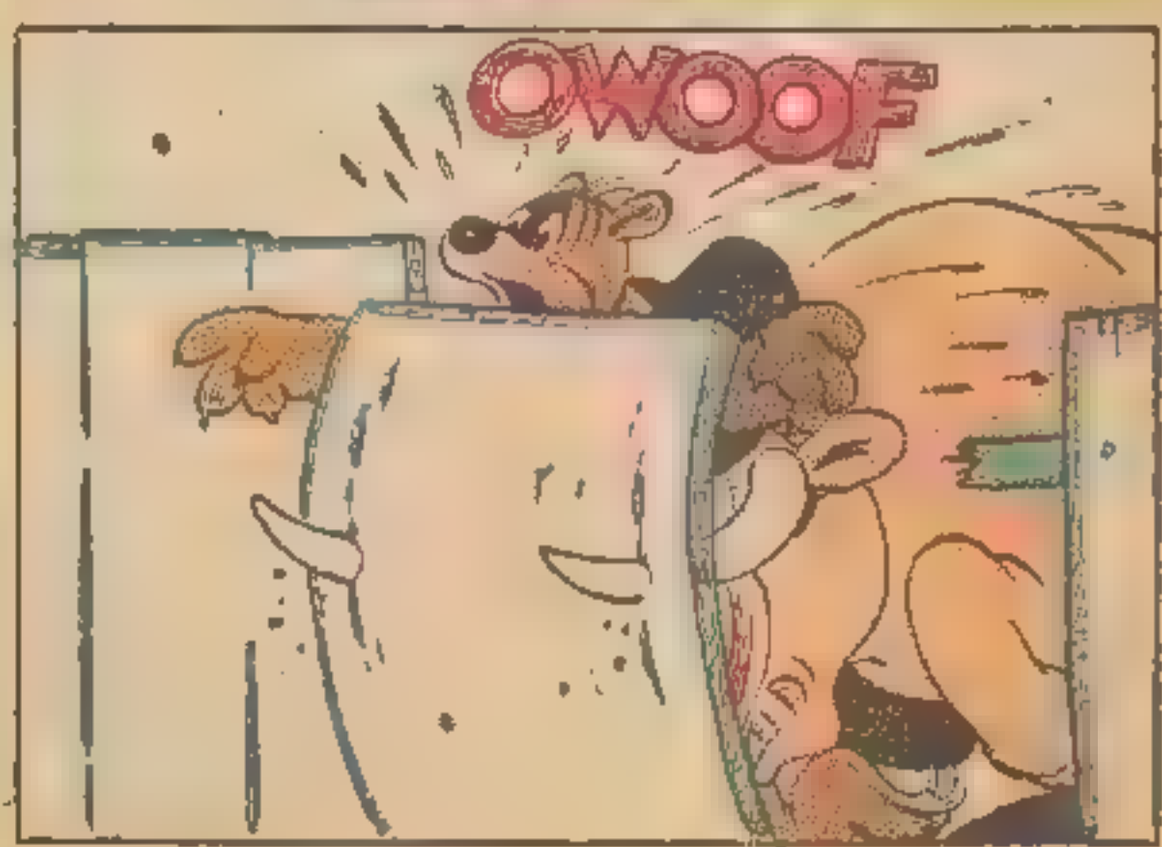

I HOPE THE BULL DOESN'T SEE HIM!

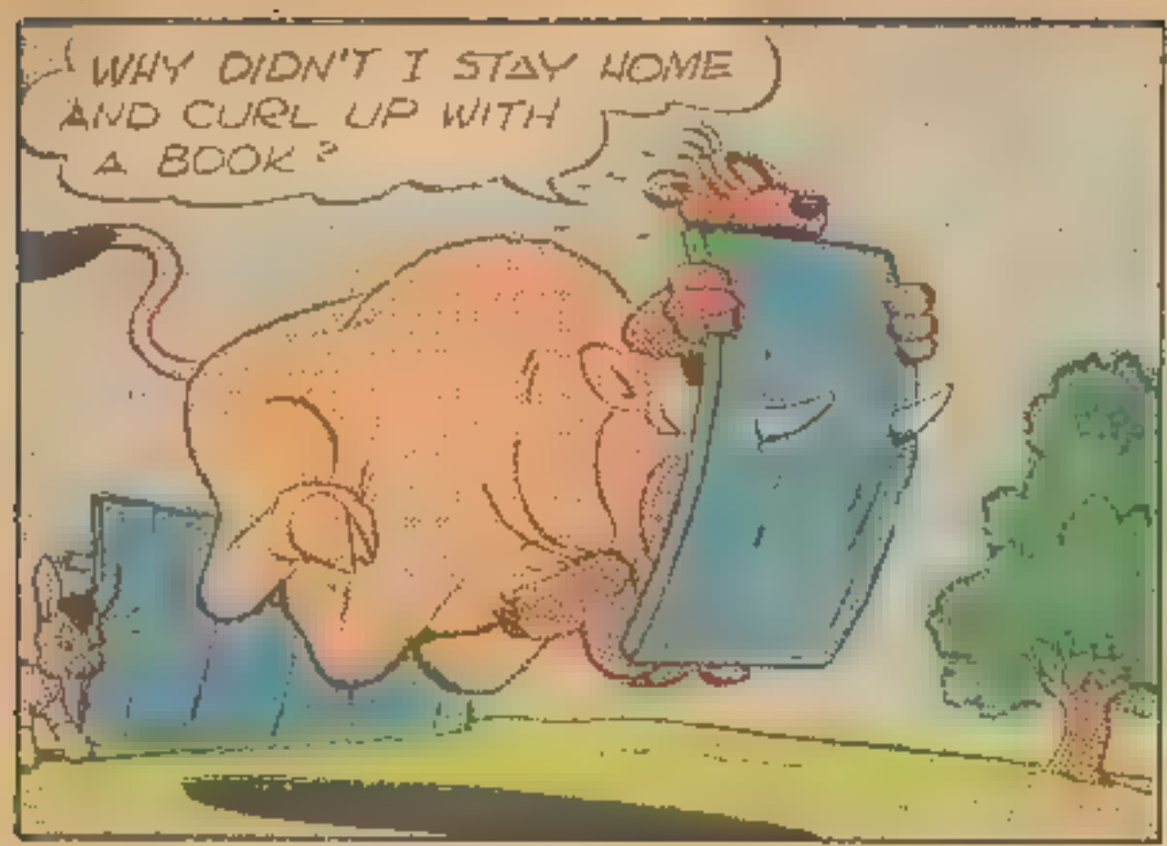

BARNEY! ARE YOU HURT?
I'M ALL RIGHT! BUT WHERE'S MY PANTS!

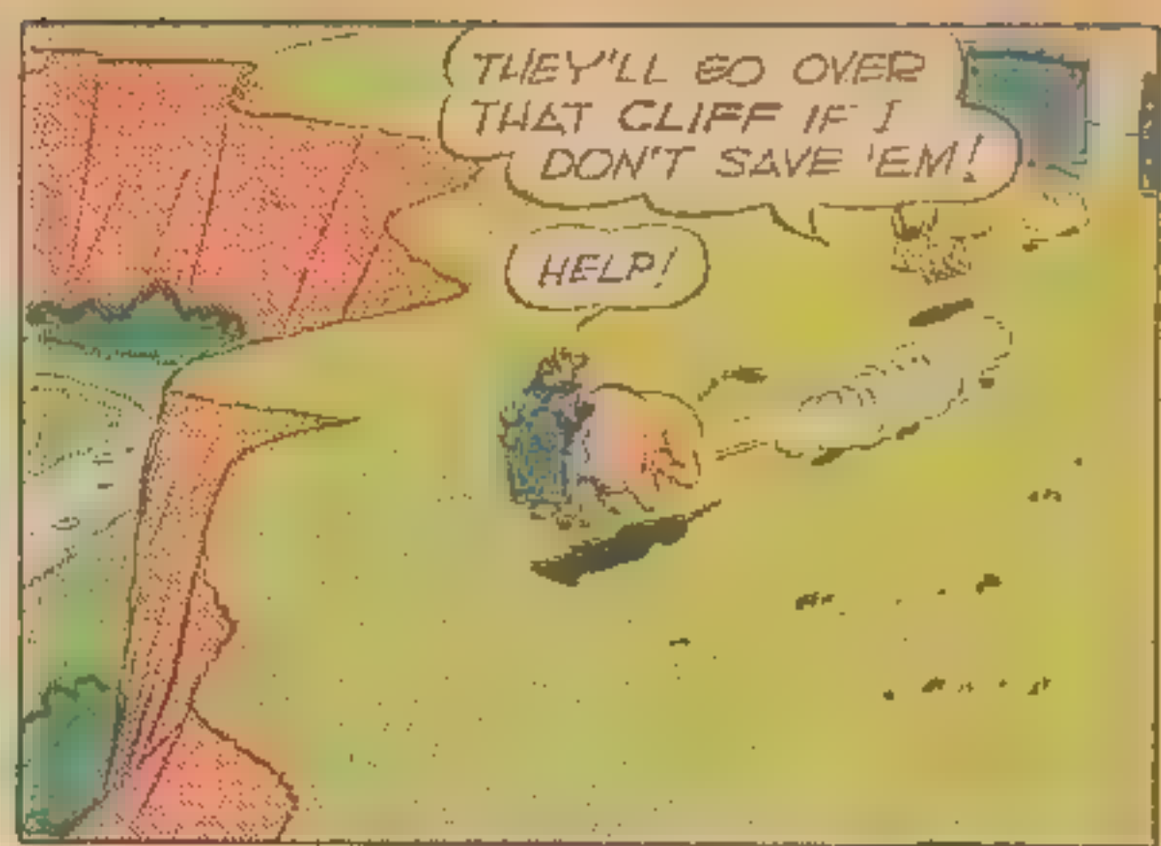

NEVER MIND THE PANTS! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! HE'S COMIN' AGAIN!

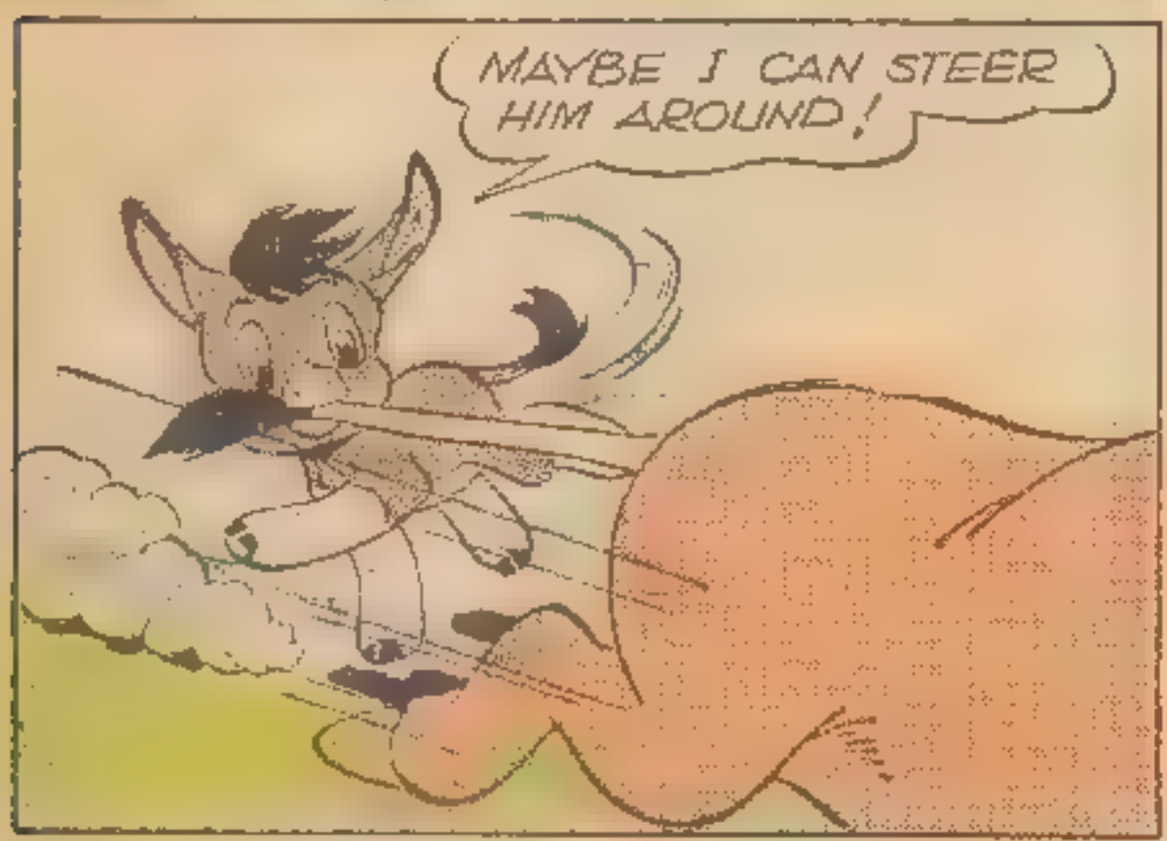

CRASH

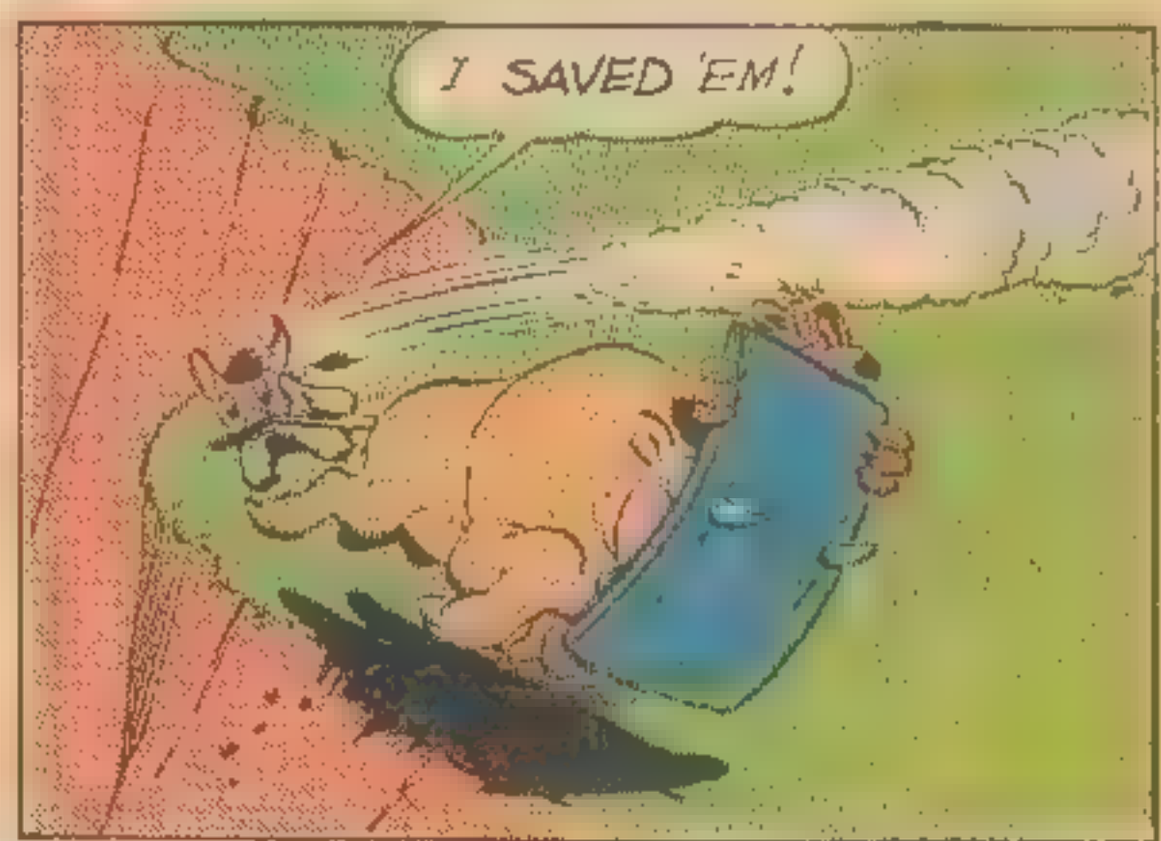

HELP!
HELP!

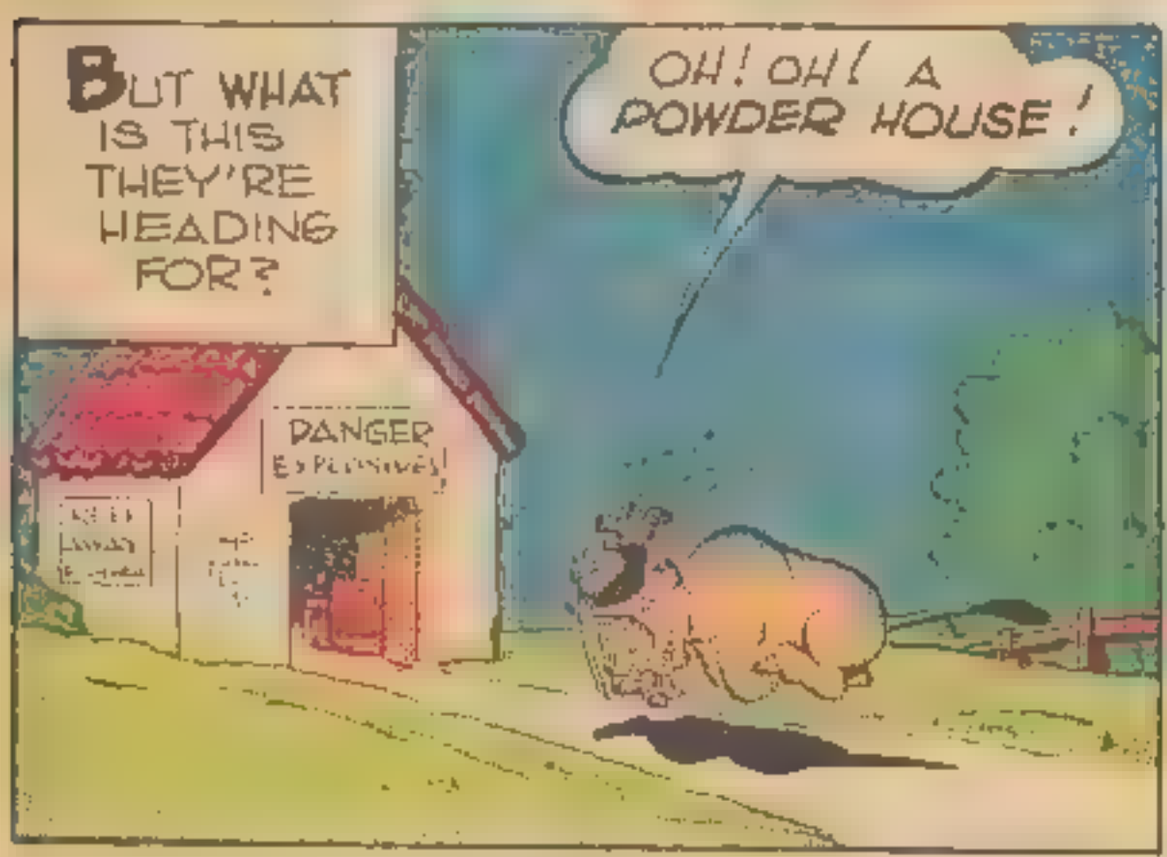

OWOOF

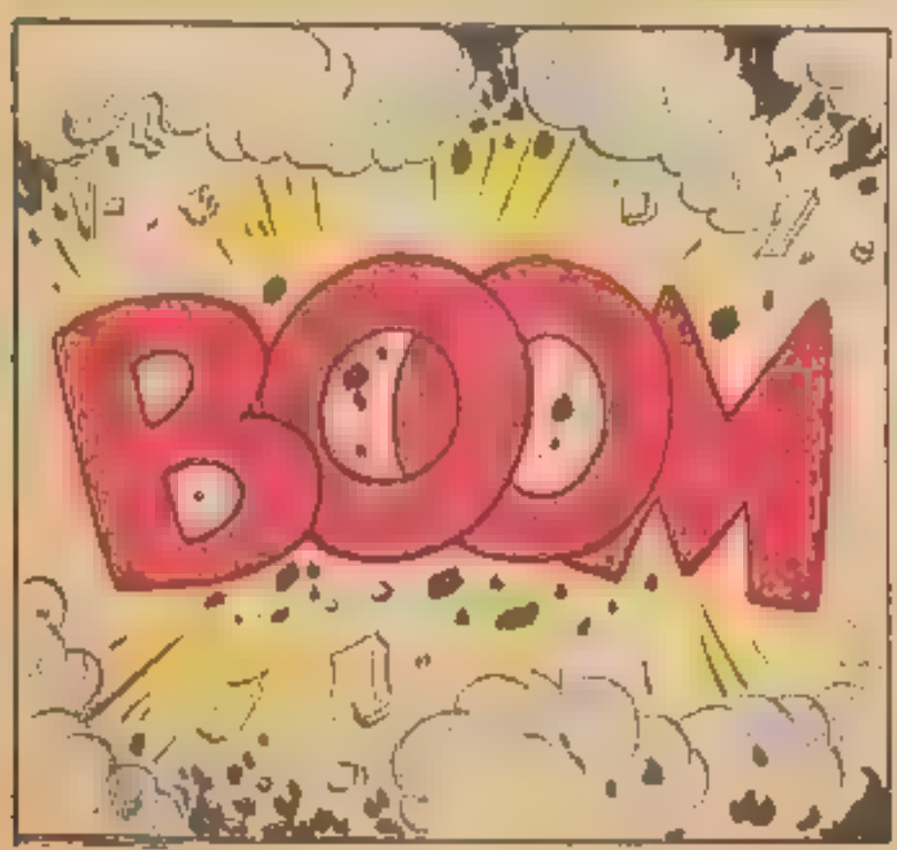


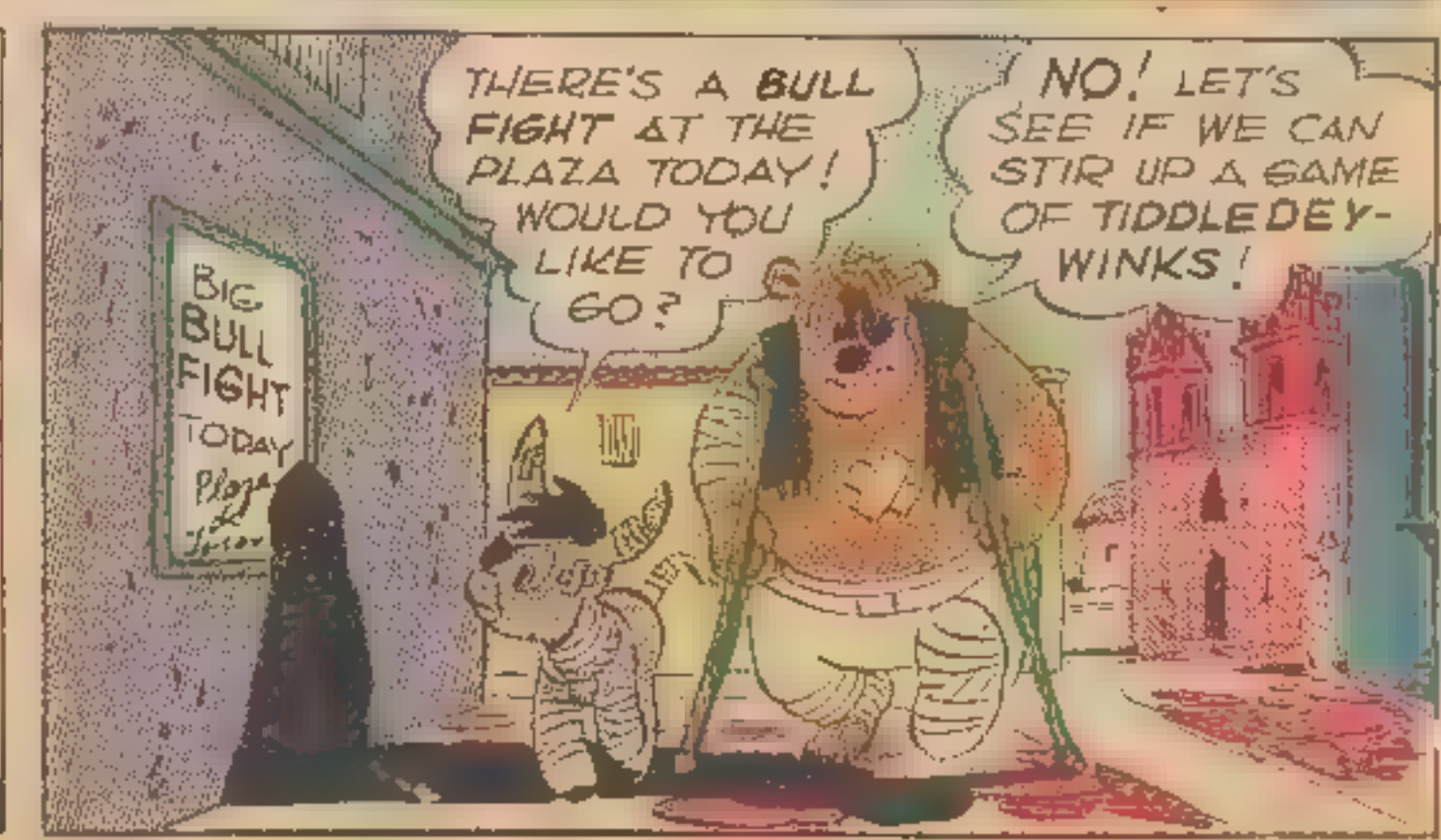




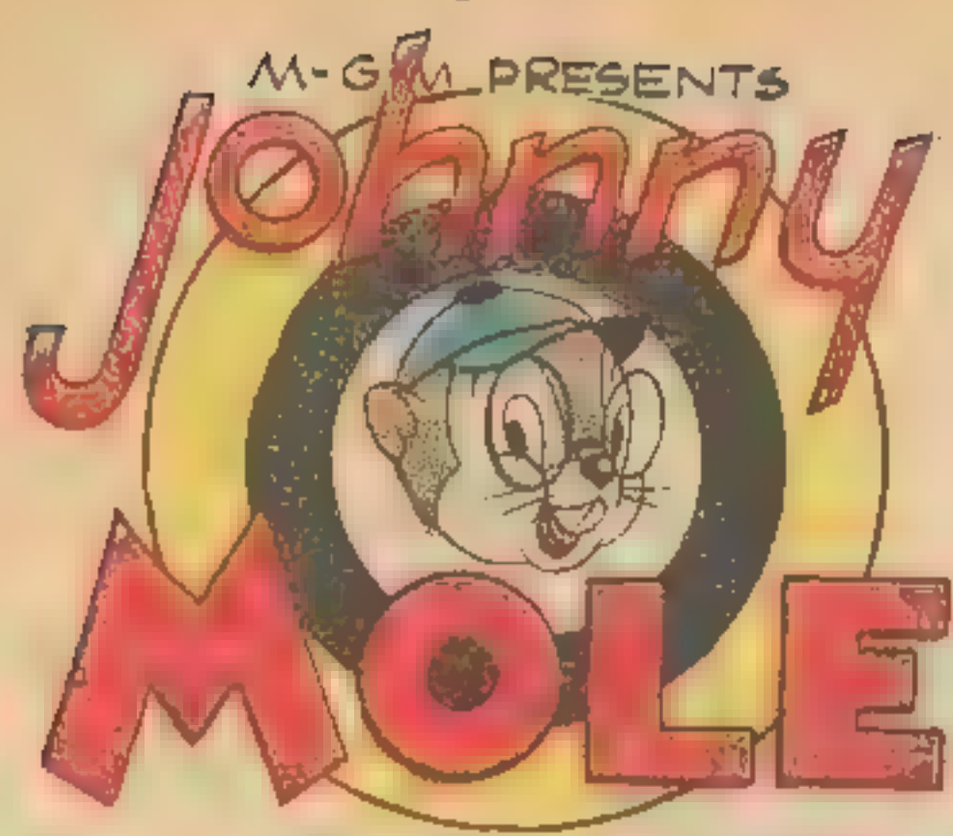


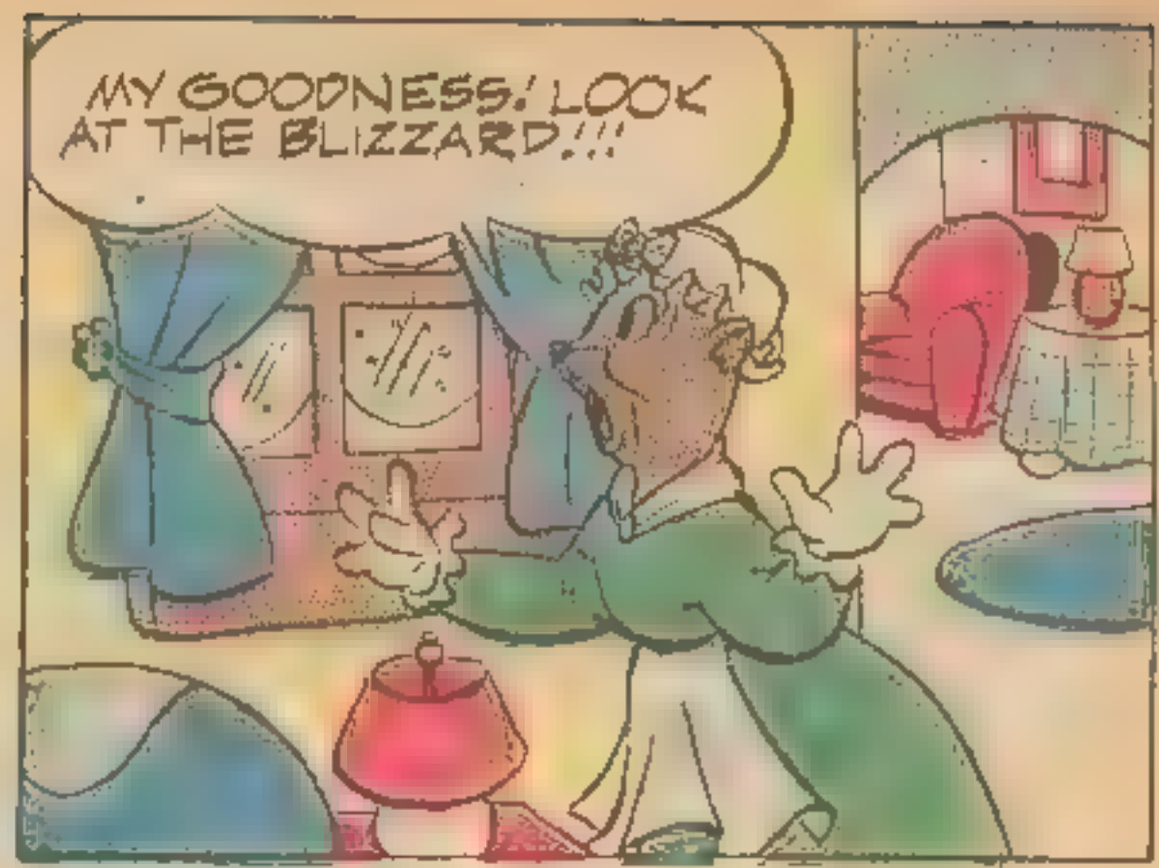


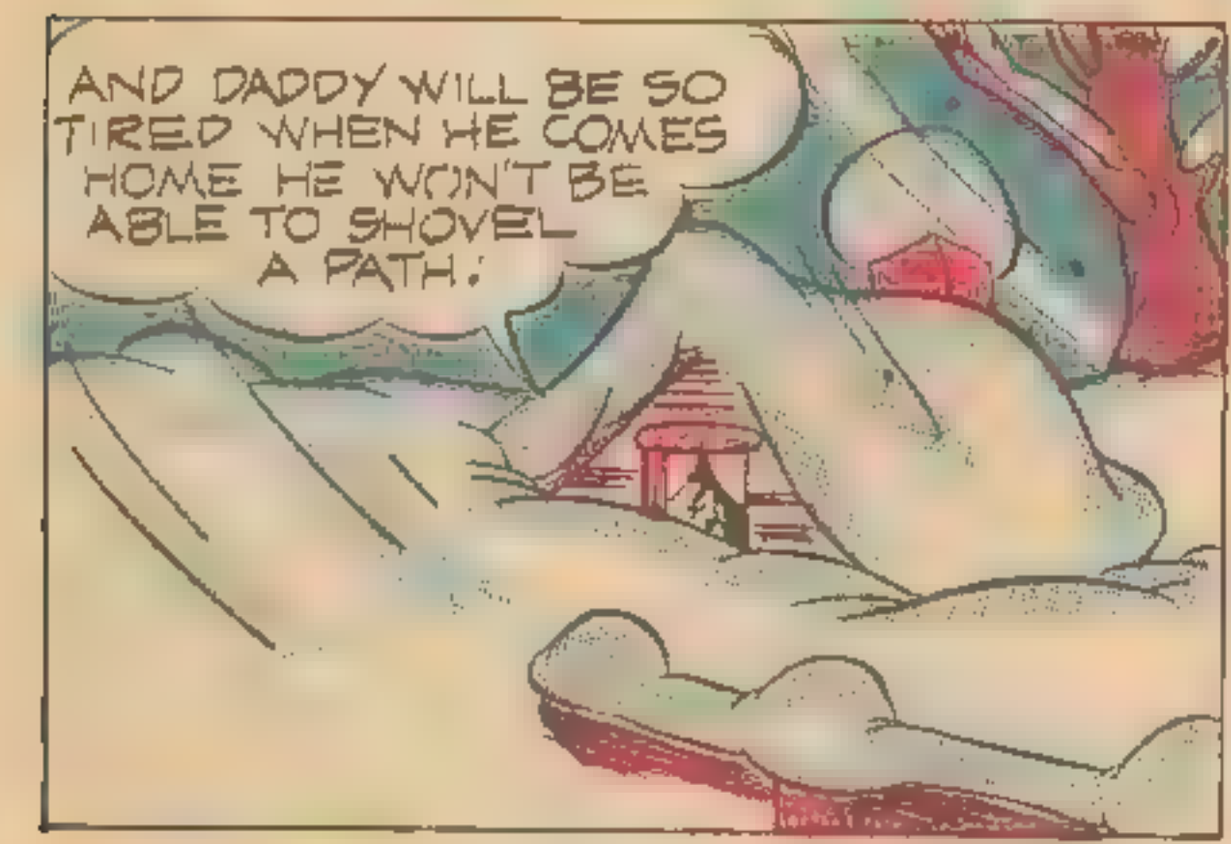


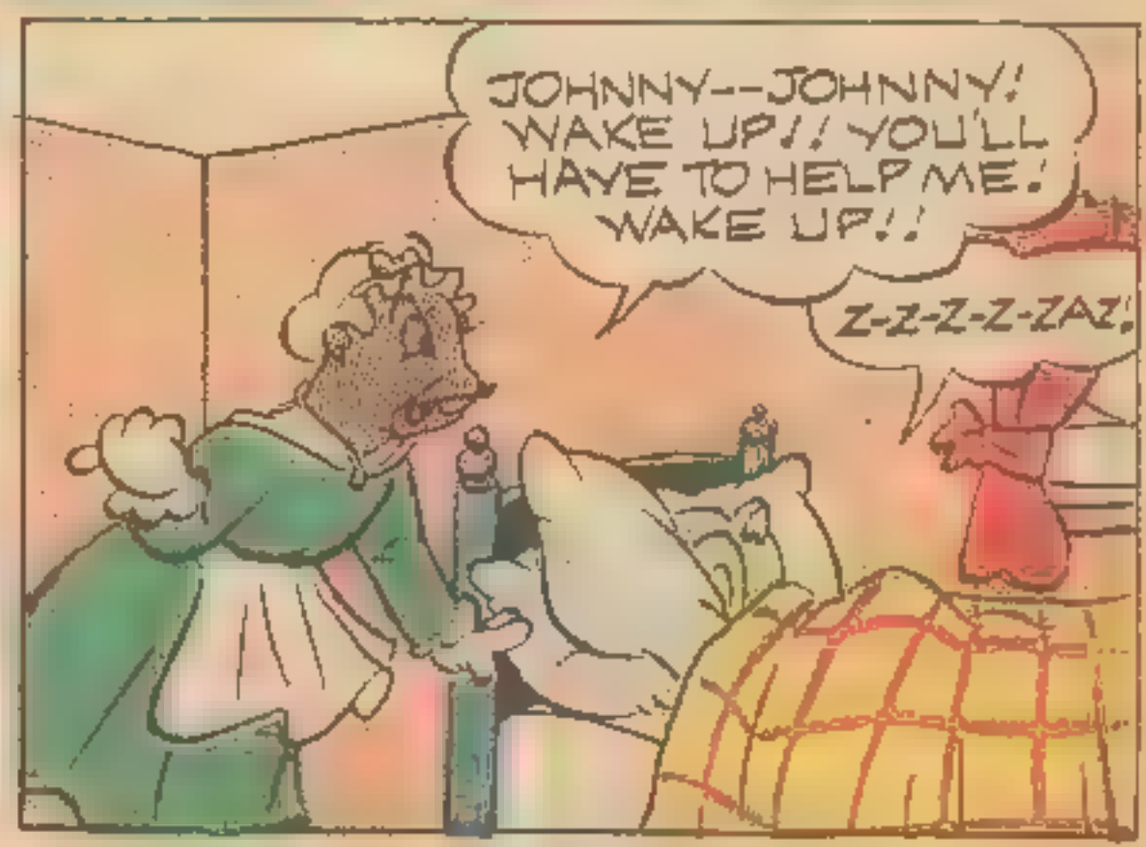


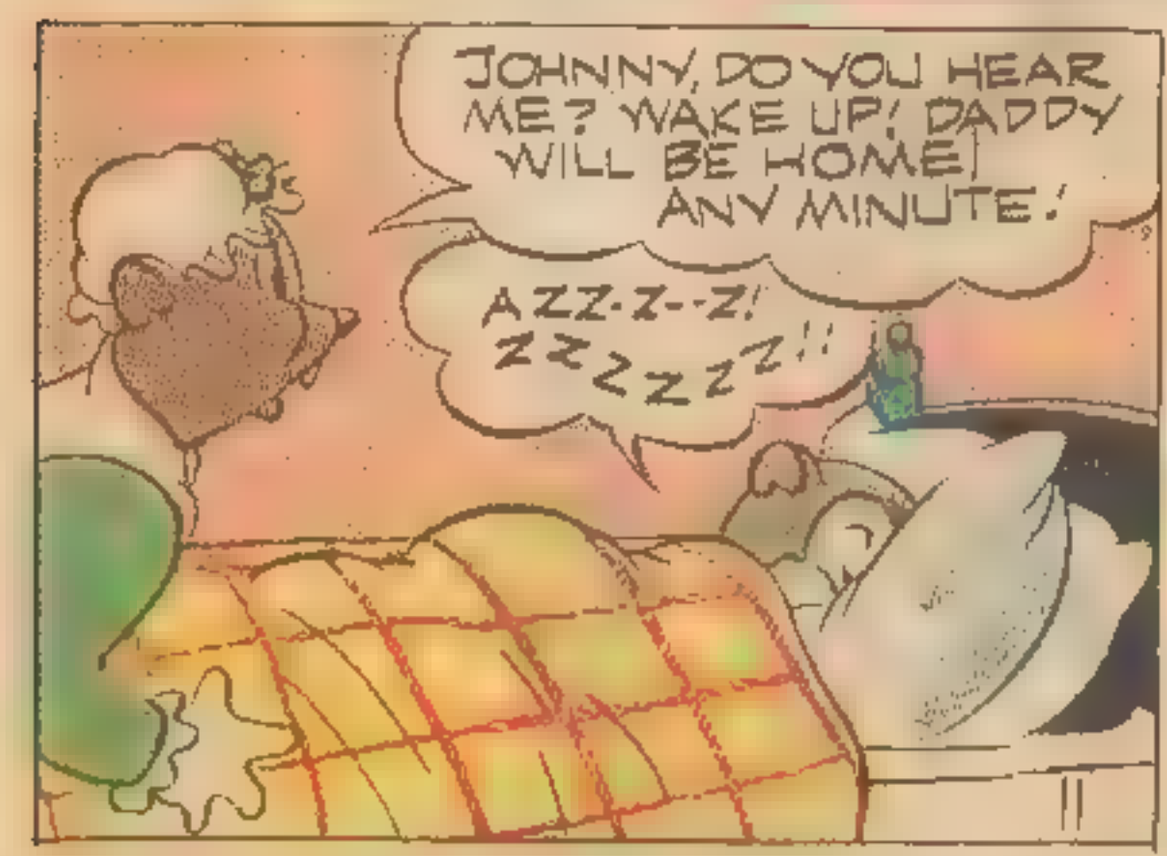
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M·G·M pictures

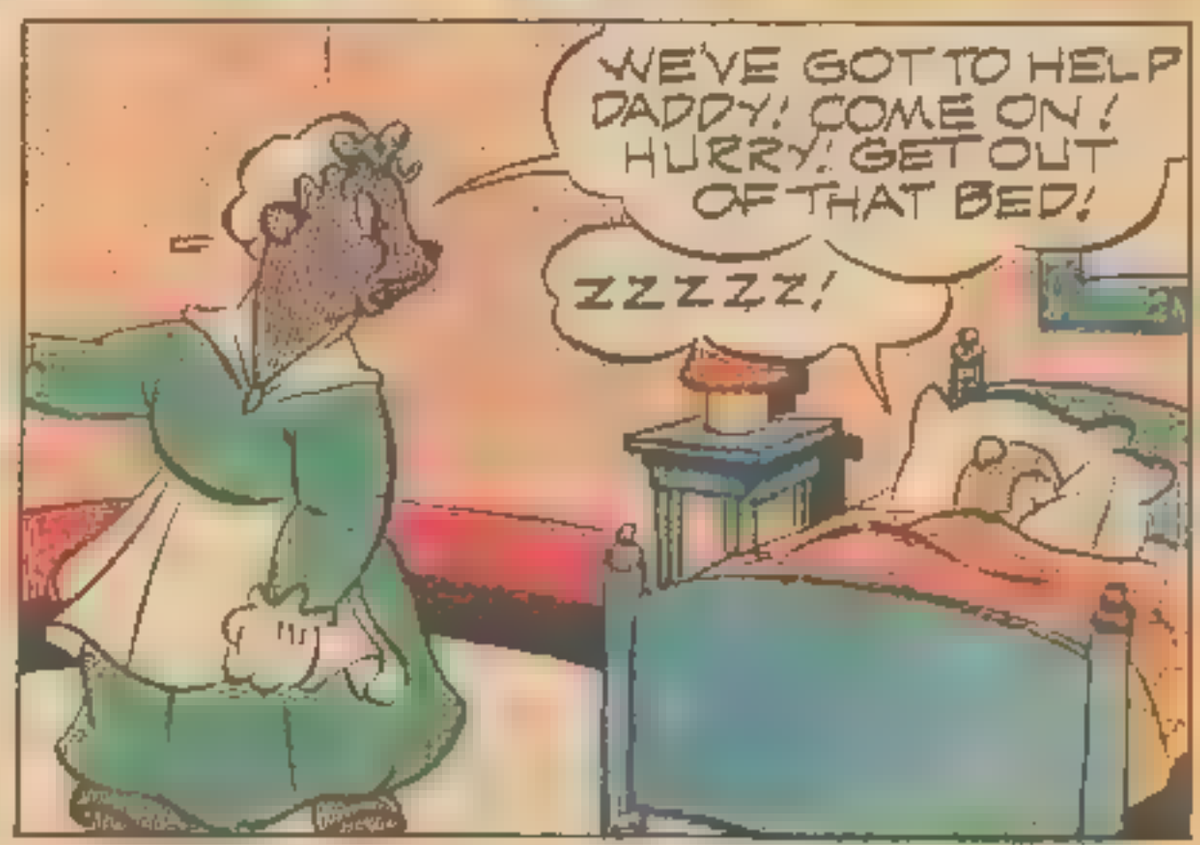

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

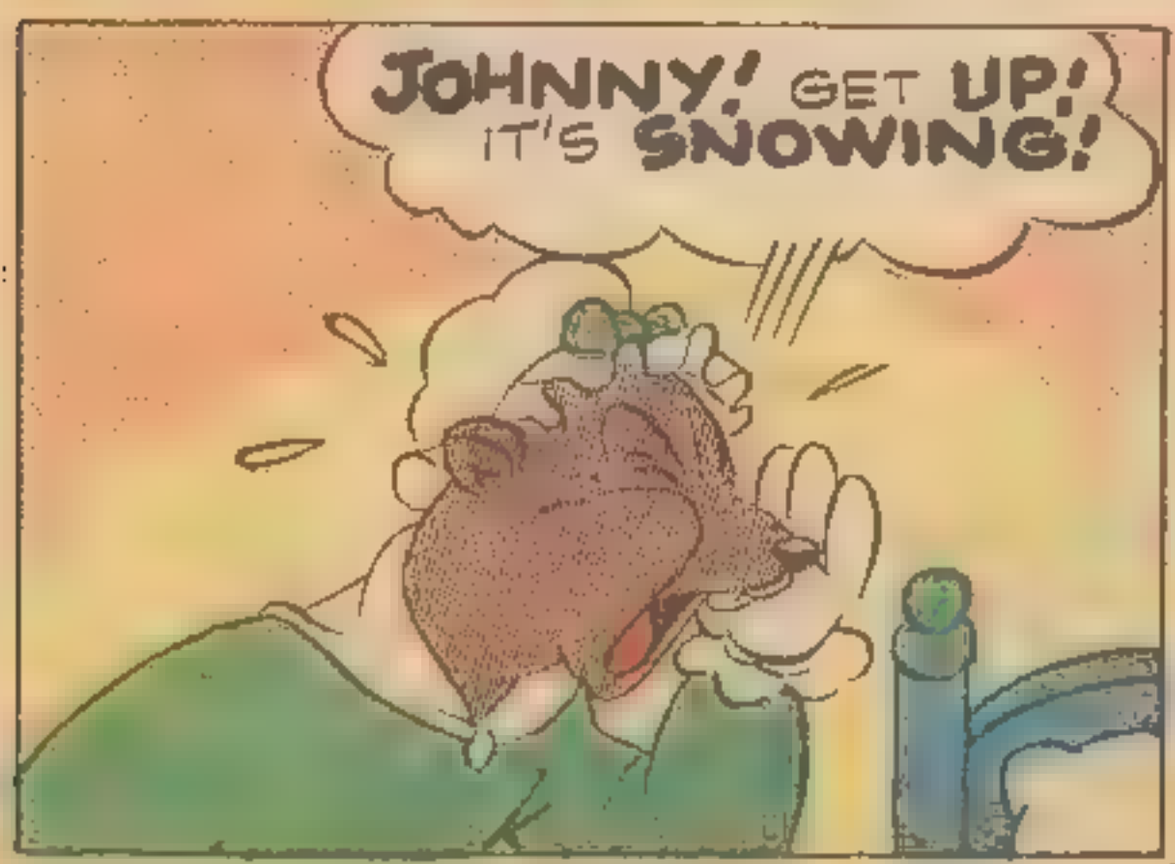

MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THE BLIZZARD!!!

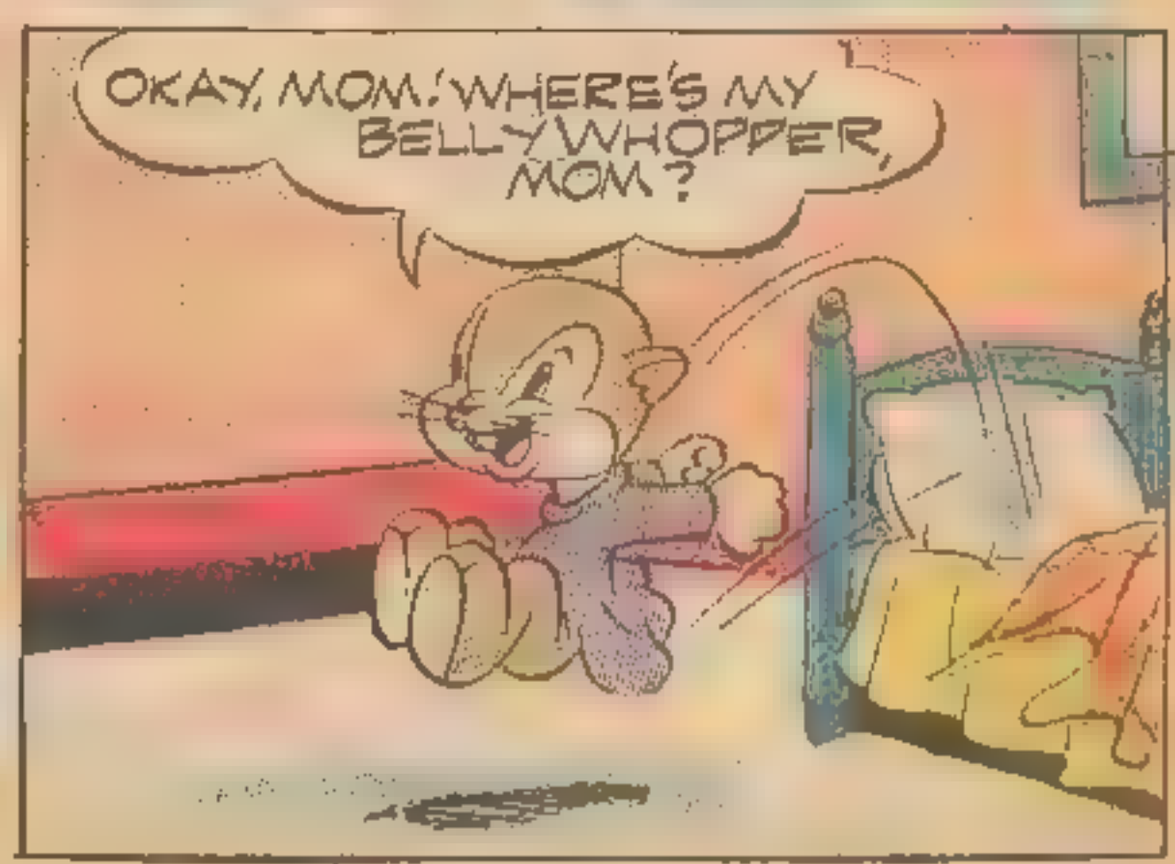

AND DADDY WILL BE SO TIRED WHEN HE COMES HOME HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SHOVEL A PATH!

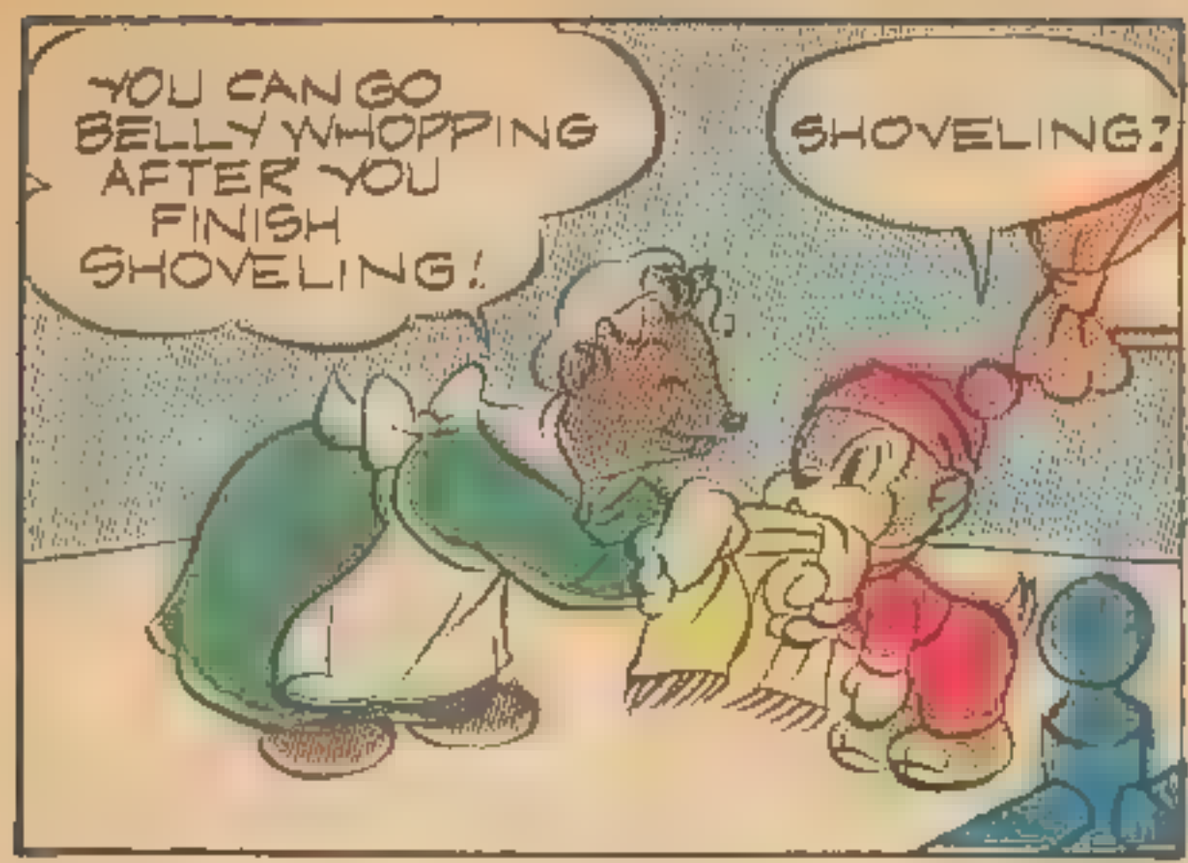

JOHNNY--JOHNNY! WAKE UP!! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME! WAKE UP!!
Z-Z-Z-Z-ZAZ!

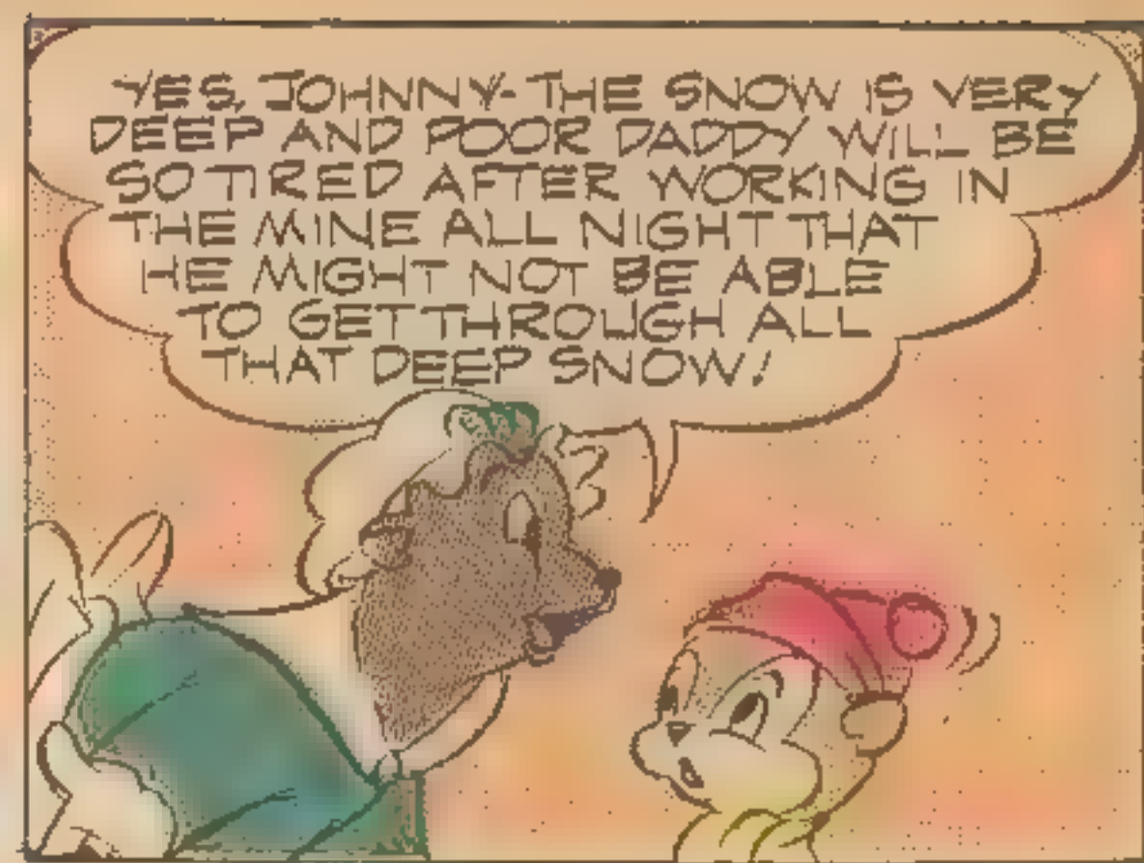

JOHNNY, DO YOU HEAR ME? WAKE UP! DADDY WILL BE HOME ANY MINUTE!
AZZ-Z--Z! ZZZZZZ!!

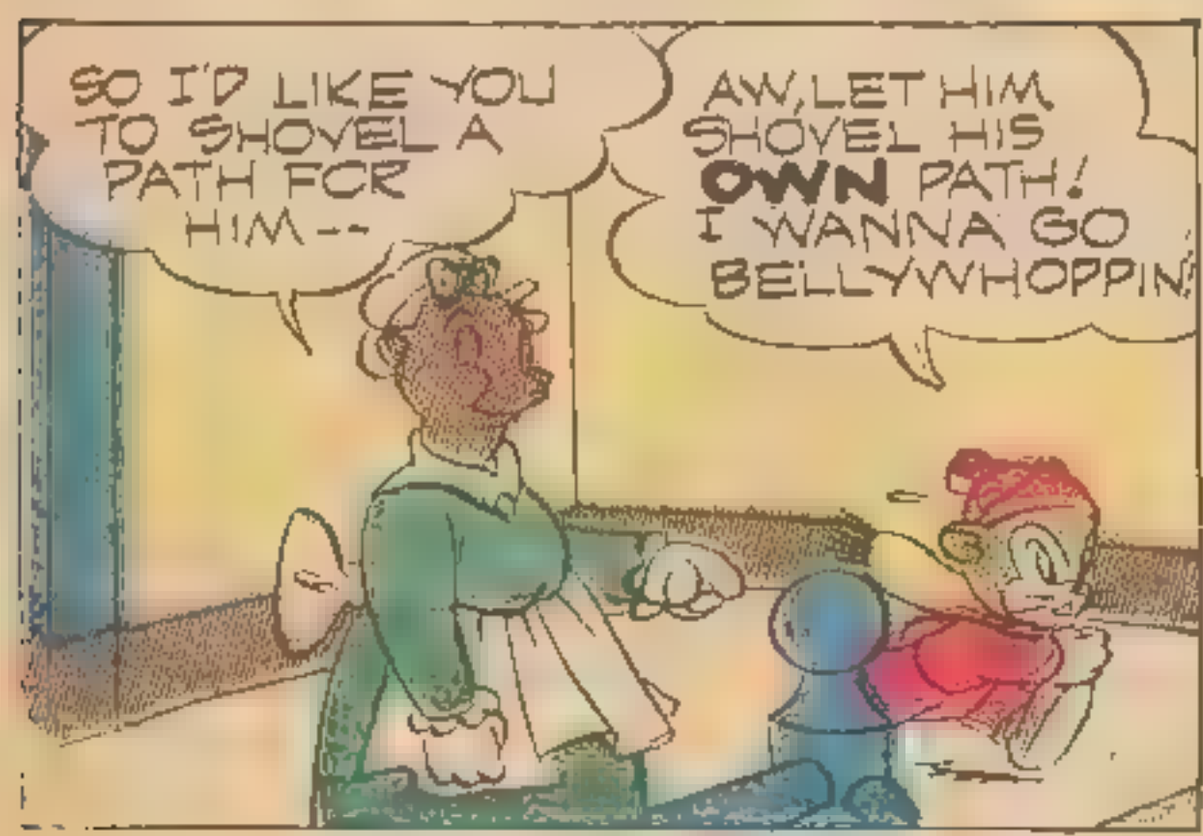

WE'VE GOT TO HELP DADDY! COME ON! HURRY! GET OUT OF THAT BED!
ZZZZZ!

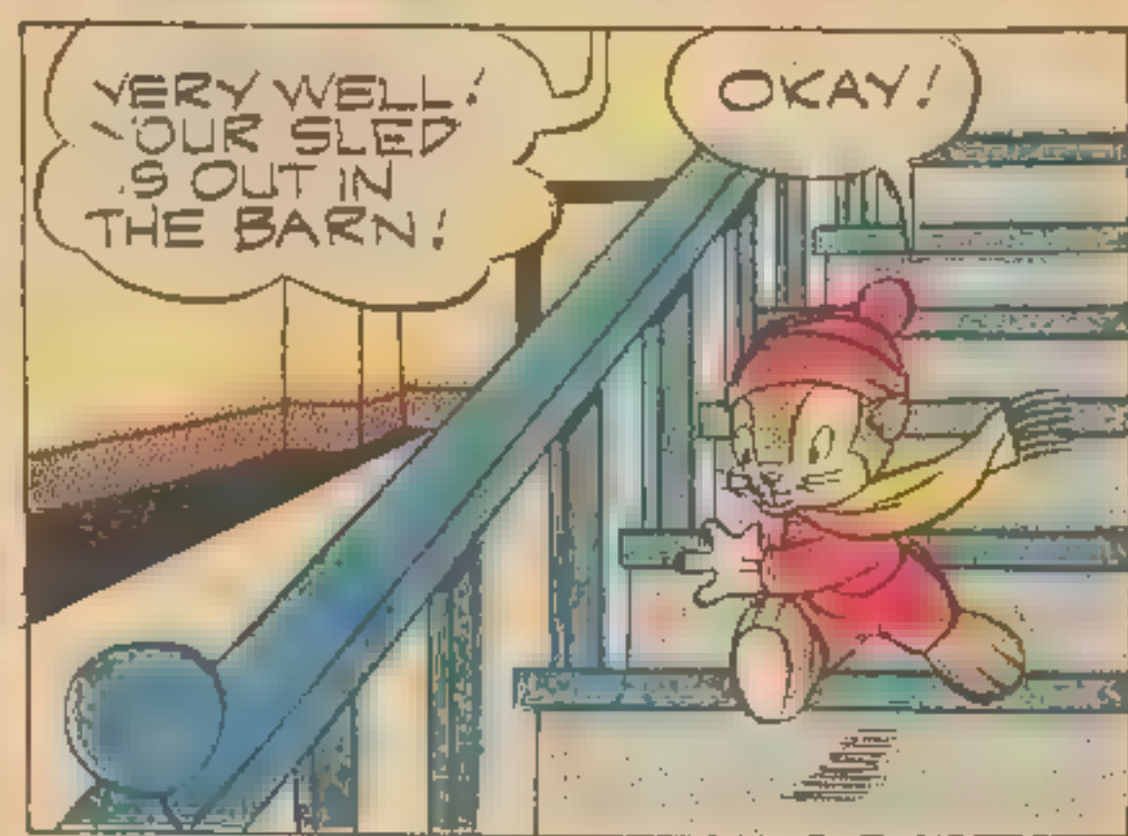

JOHNNY! GET UP! IT'S SNOWING!

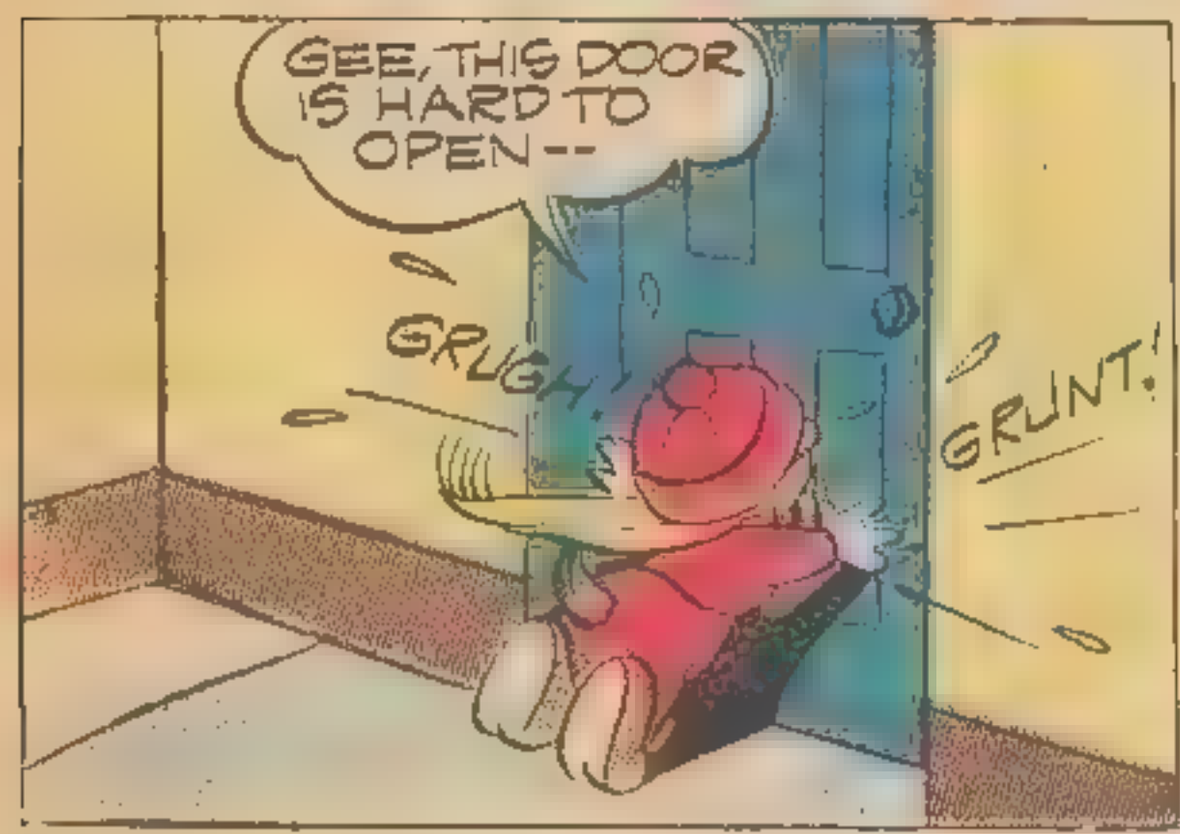

OKAY, MOM! WHERE'S MY BELLYWHOPPER, MOM?

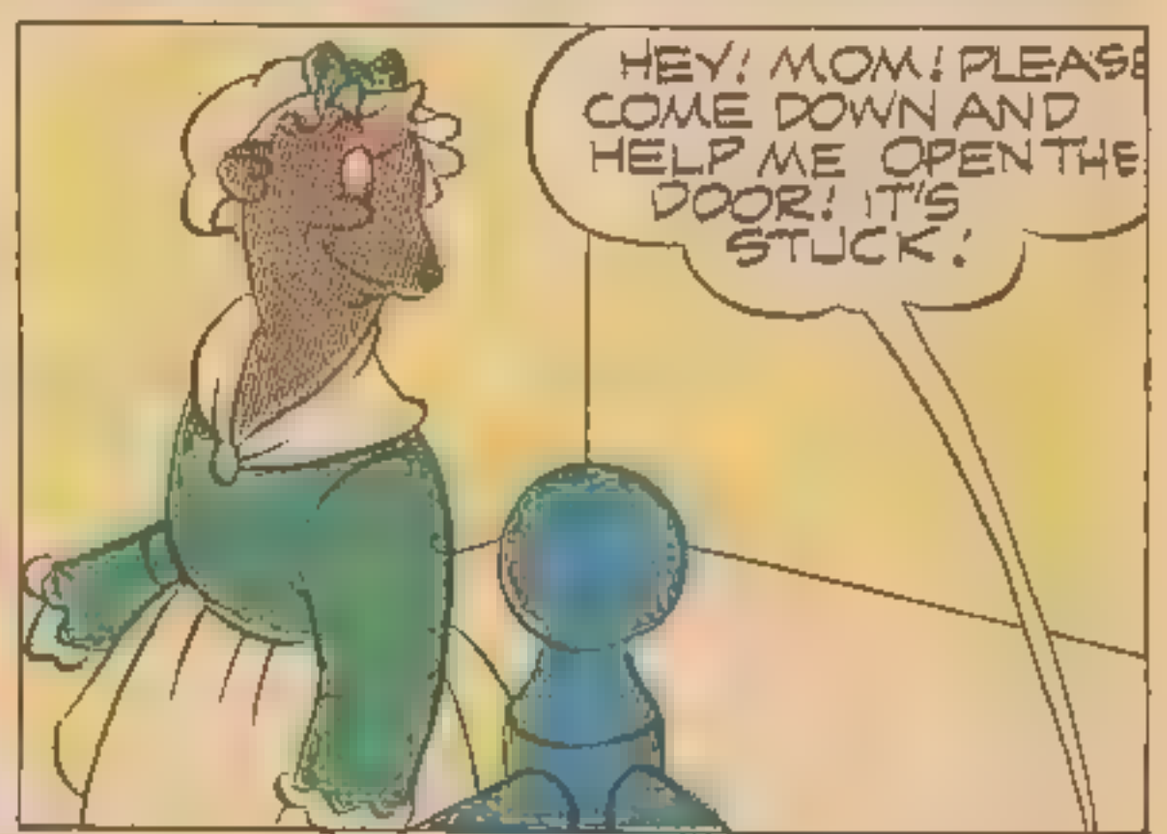

YOU CAN GO BELLY WHOPPING AFTER YOU FINISH SHOVELING!
SHOVELING?

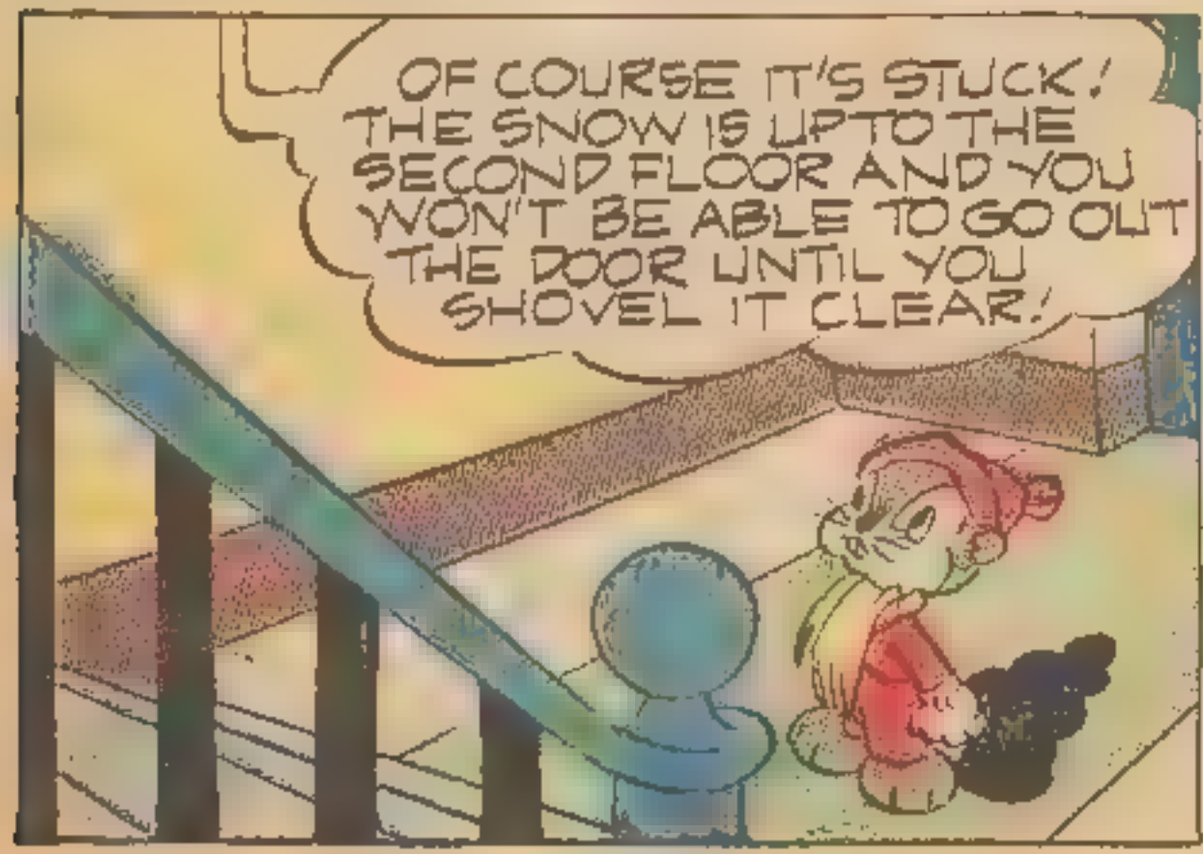

YES, JOHNNY- THE SNOW IS VERY DEEP AND POOR DADDY WILL BE SO TIRED AFTER WORKING IN THE MINE ALL NIGHT THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH ALL THAT DEEP SNOW!

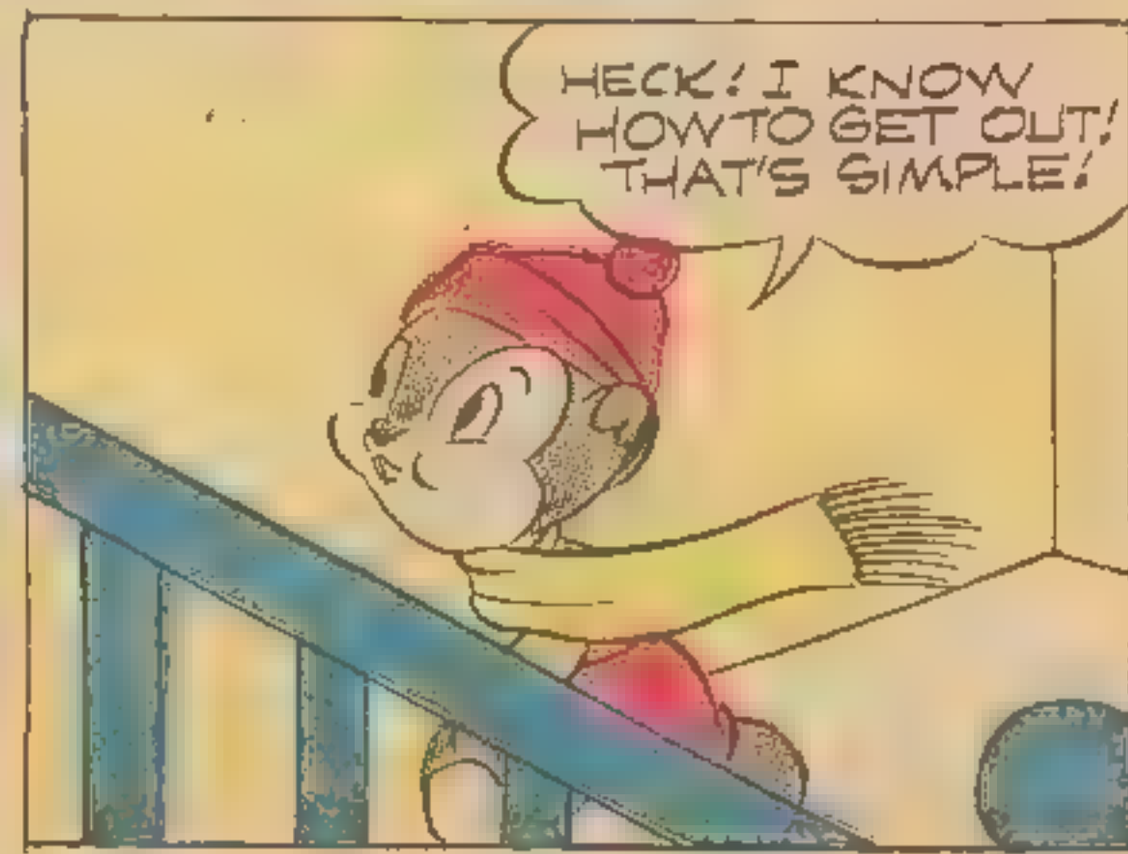

SO I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOVEL A PATH FOR HIM --
AW, LET HIM SHOVEL HIS OWN PATH! I WANNA GO BELLYWHOPPIN!

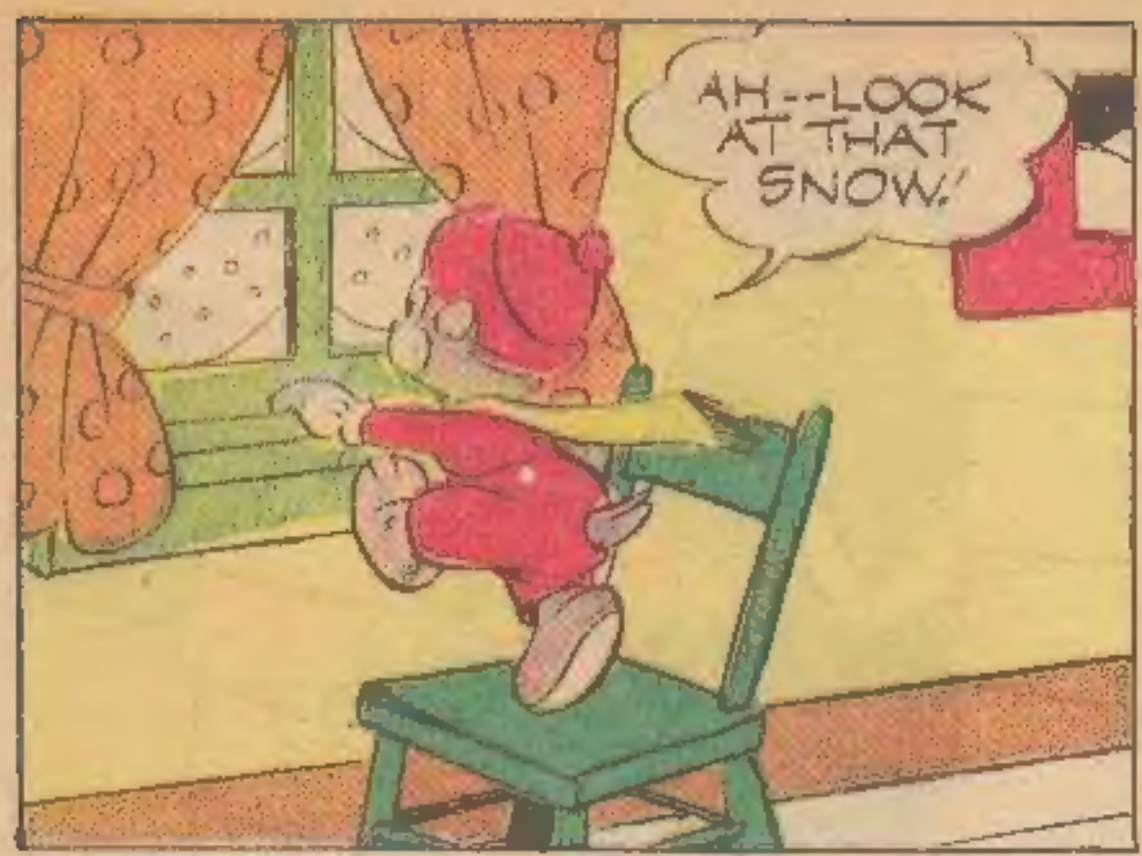

VERY WELL! OUR SLED IS OUT IN THE BARN!
OKAY!


GEE, THIS DOOR IS HARD TO OPEN --
GRUGH!
GRUNT!

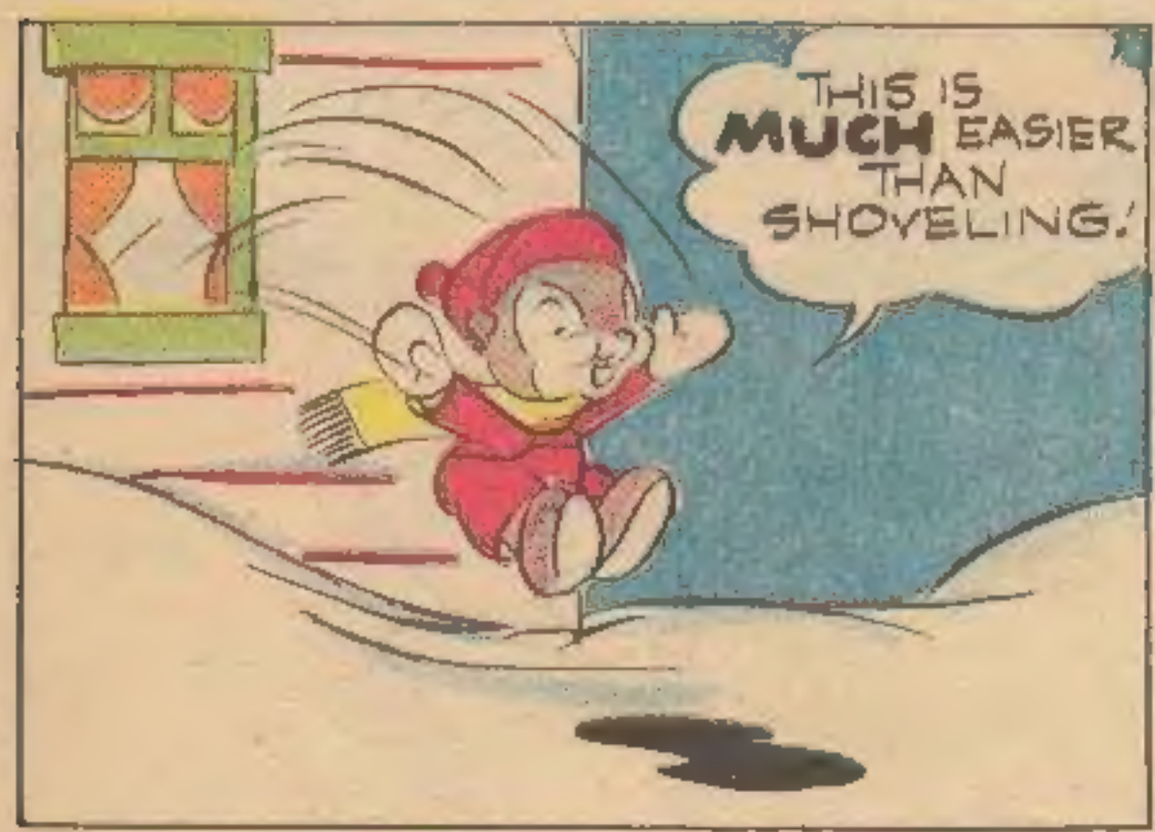

HEY! MOM! PLEASE COME DOWN AND HELP ME OPEN THE DOOR! IT'S STUCK!

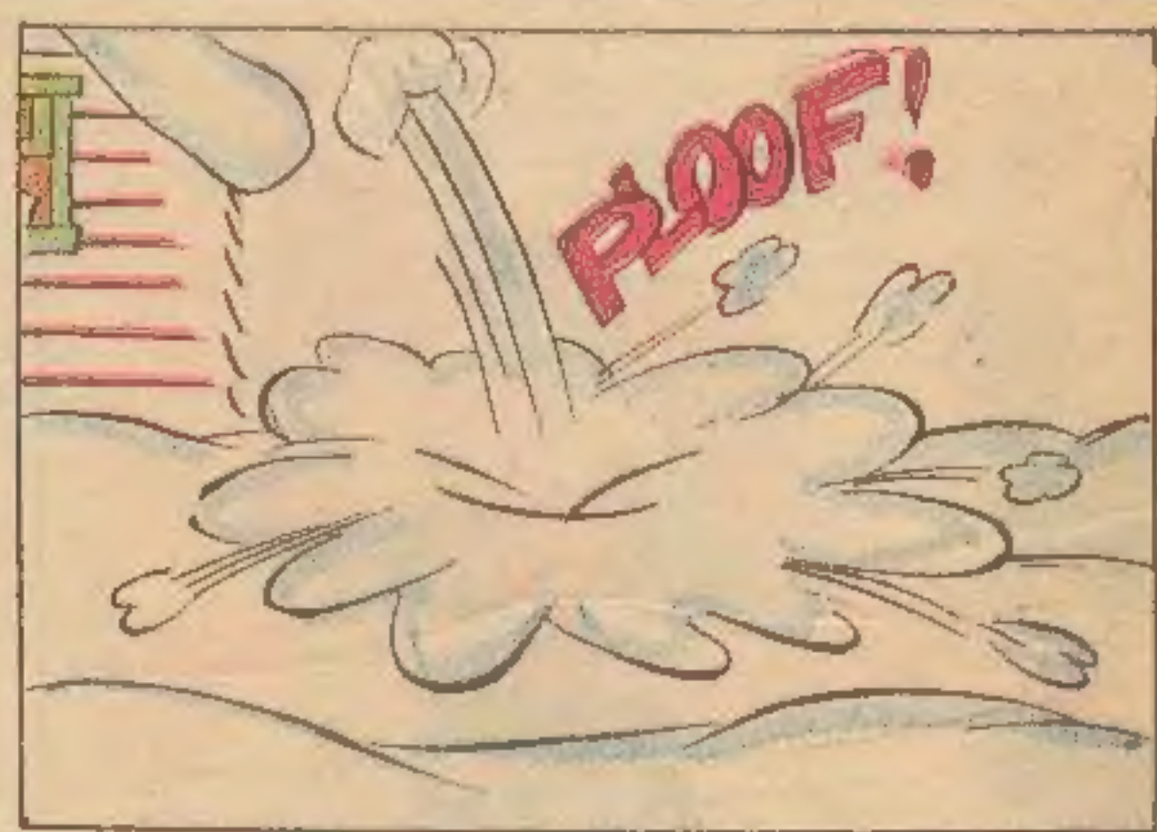

OF COURSE IT'S STUCK! THE SNOW IS UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GO OUT THE DOOR UNTIL YOU SHOVEL IT CLEAR!

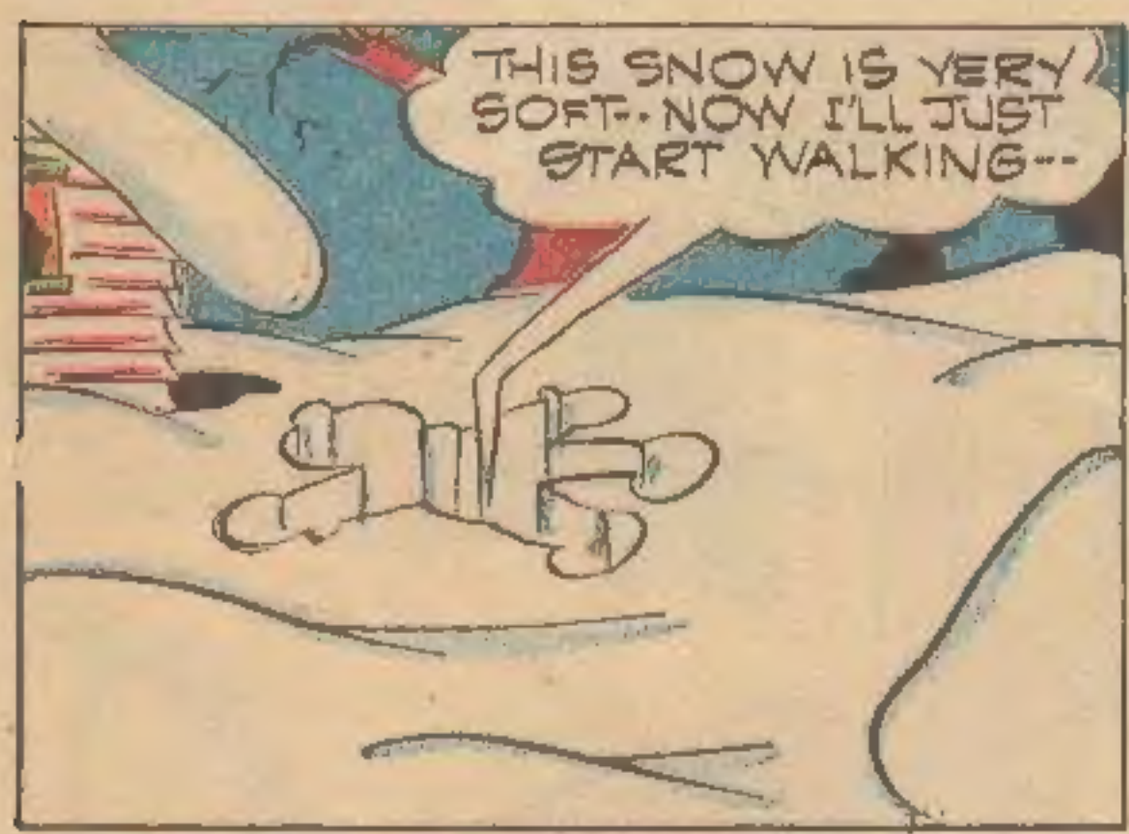

HECK! I KNOW HOW TO GET OUT! THAT'S SIMPLE!

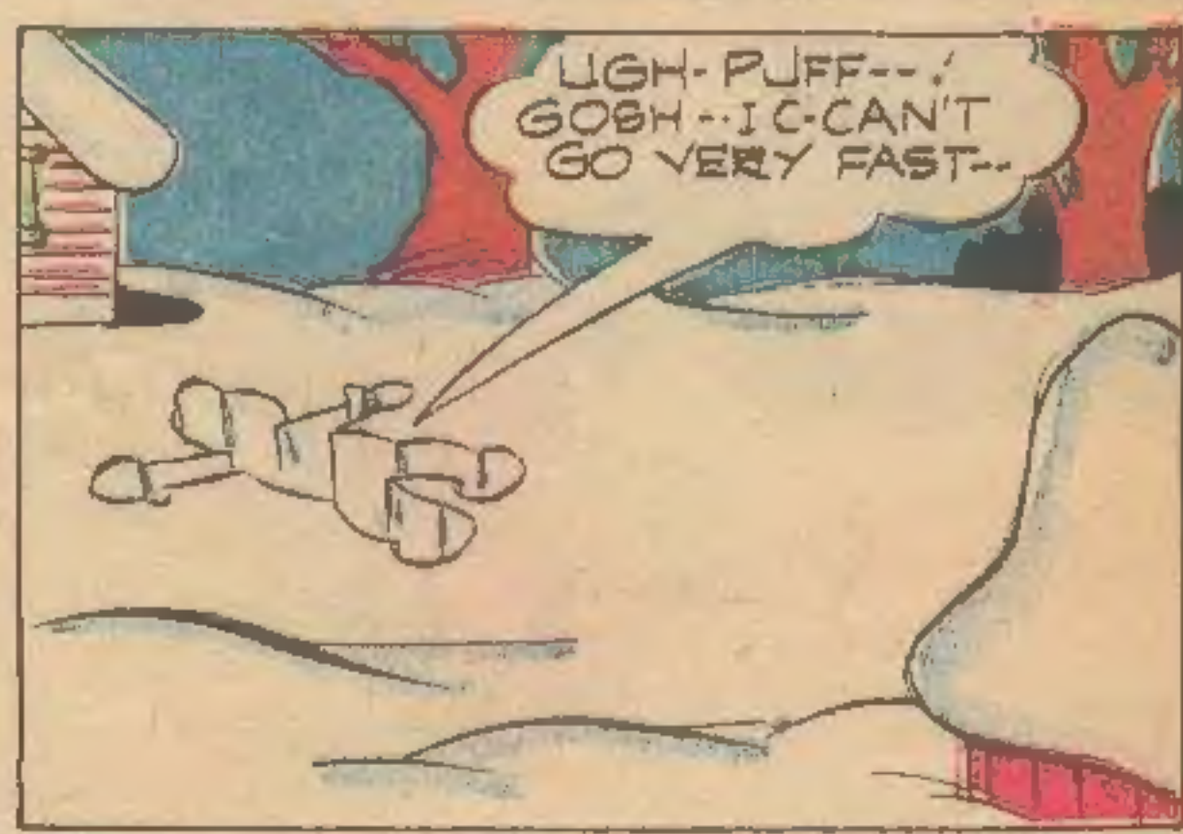

AH--LOOK AT THAT SNOW!

I'LL JUST JUMP DOWN AND WALK TO THE BARN!

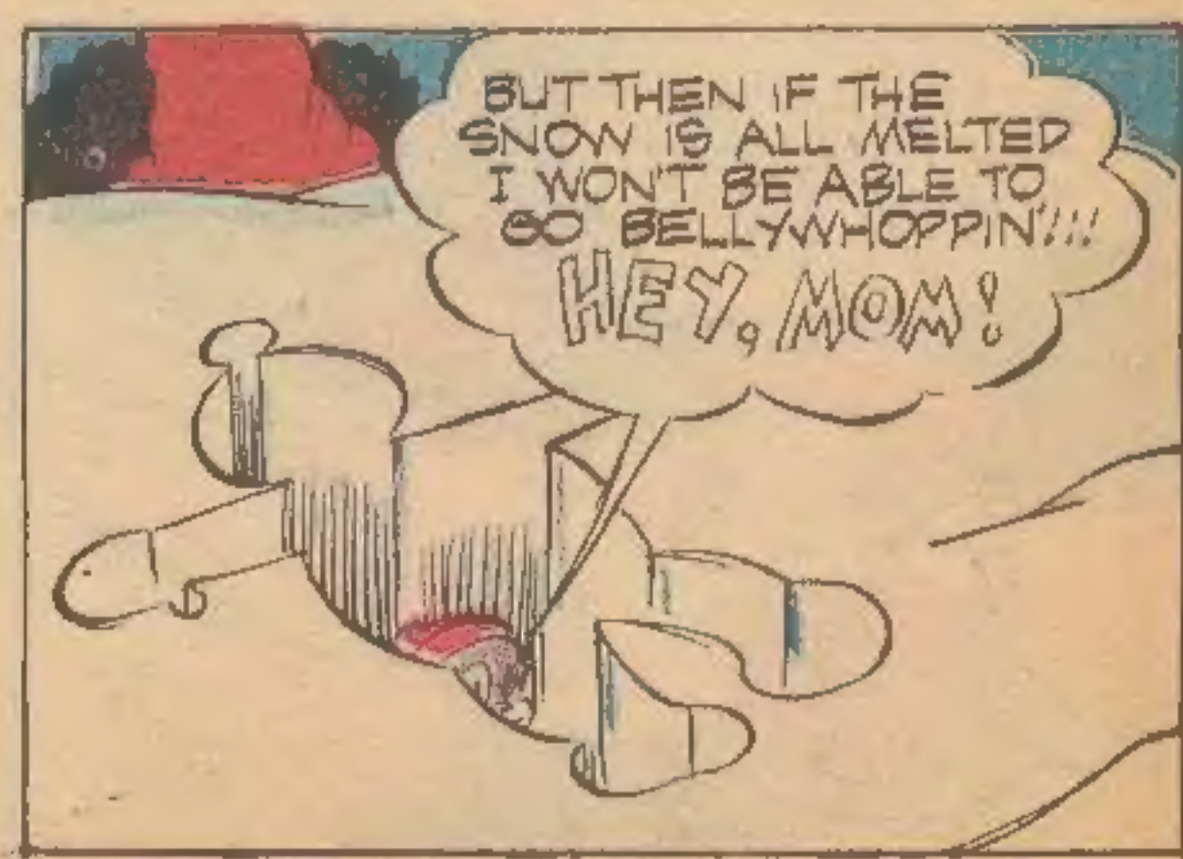

THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN SHOVELING!

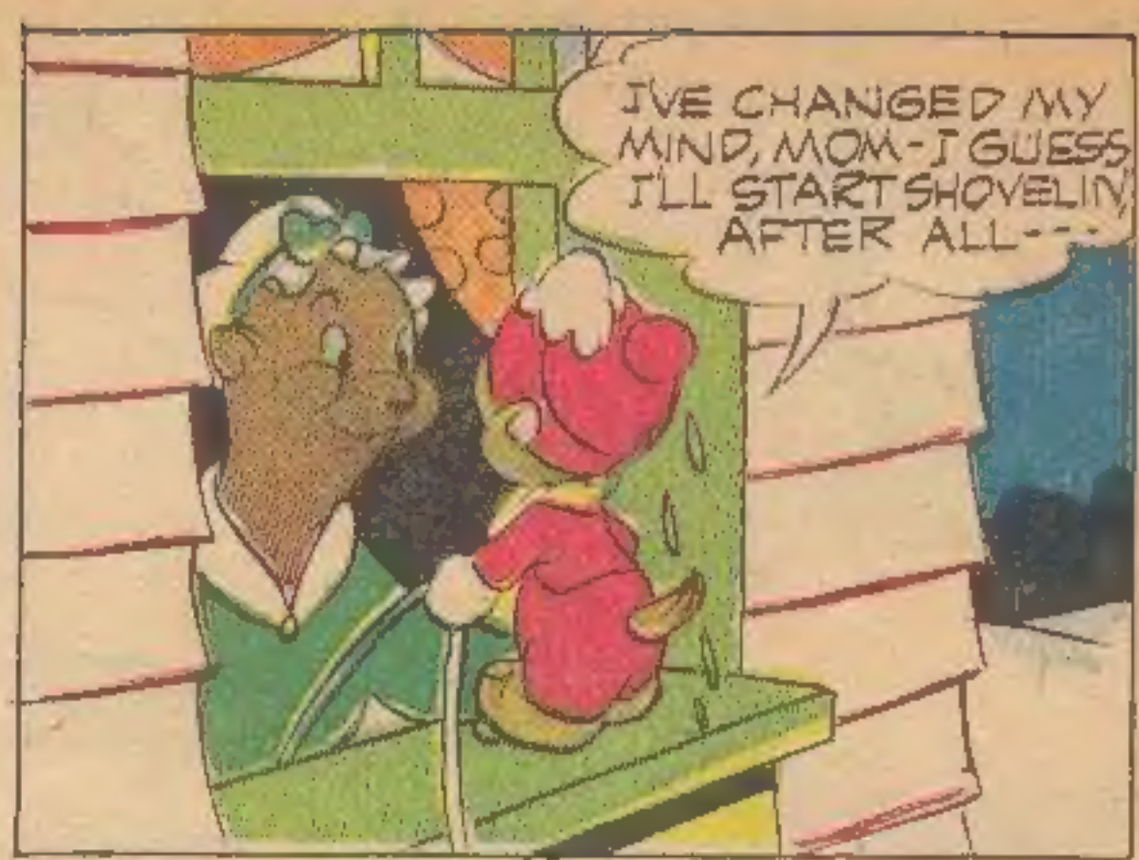

PLOOF!


THIS SNOW IS VERY SOFT--NOW I'LL JUST START WALKING--


UGH-PUFF--! GOSH--I C-CAN'T GO VERY FAST--

MAYBE I'D JUST BETTER STAY HERE TILL THE SNOW MELTS. THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO GET MY SLED EASY!

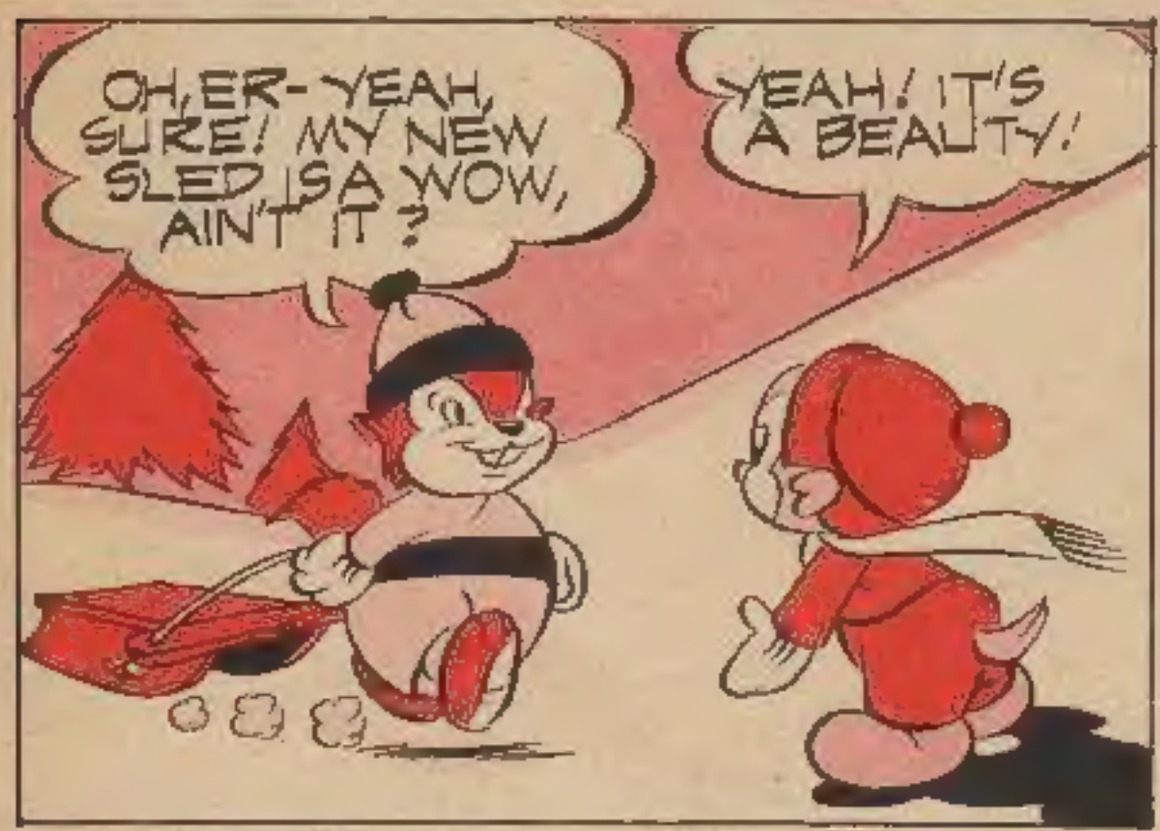

BUT THEN IF THE SNOW IS ALL MELTED I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO BELLYWHOPPIN'!!! HEY, MOM!



M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

AND I KNOW A GOOD WAY TO GET IT BACK!

HEY, WILLIE, DO YA WANT ME TO PULL YOUR SLED BACK UP THE HILL?
HUH?


OH, ER- YEAH, SURE! MY NEW SLED IS A WOW, AIN'T IT?
YEAH! IT'S A BEAUTY!

DO YA MIND IF I RIDE UP WHILE YOU'RE PULLIN' IT?
NO I LOVE TO PULL SLEDS-- ESPECIALLY UP HILL!

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH, THANKS!
ER I KNOW A MUCH BETTER HILL! C'MON, I'LL PULL YA UP!

GOSH! THIS IS SOME STEEP HILL! BOY!
YOU'RE IN FOR SOME RIDE, WILLIE!

WHEEEE--- THERE YA GO!

AIN'T YOU C---HEY!
NO, I GOTTA JOB TO DO! SO LONG!

NO! HEY, JOHNNIE STOP IT!
HA HA! HA HA! YOU STOP IT!

IT'S GETTIN' BIGGER!
I'LL RUN AFTER IT THOUGH, THAT MIGHT HELP!

HELP!

POOSH!

THAT DIDN'T HURT MUCH DID IT, WILLIE? IT'S SOFT SNOW, ISN'T IT?
AH--HERE, TAKE YER OLD SLED. IT DOESN'T STEER RIGHT!

GOSH! THAT BIG SNOW BALL CUT A PATH RIGHT PAST MY DOOR--! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO SHOVEL IT FOR DADDY!

LATER
HELLO, DADDY! DID YOU WORK HARD TODAY?
YES! DEAR, AND I'M VERY TIRED!

SO IS JOHNNY, I SEE! AFTER SHOVELING ALL THAT PATH IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, HE SHOULD BE!
?